# Alexander's Gospel Songs

Elizabeth Hildebrand.

Waterloo,

Iowa.

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# Alexander's Gospel Songs

Compiled by

Charles M. Alexander

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

New York, 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago, 80 Wabash Avenue
Toronto London Edinburgh

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1962

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# FOREWORD

The Gospel hymns which Mr. Alexander has placed in this collection have been tried with all kinds of people. The large variety of the selection is a marked characteristic of the book.

It is first of all a book prepared for evangelistic services, but has old and standard hymns enough for any occasion in the worship of God.

The number of invitation songs, hymns of worship, and especially the selection of solos make it an ideal collection of gospel songs. The great hymns of Robert Harkness are gathered here.

I have seen God's Spirit move great throngs through these beautiful words and melodies. My prayer is that their use may lead multitudes into the service of Christ.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

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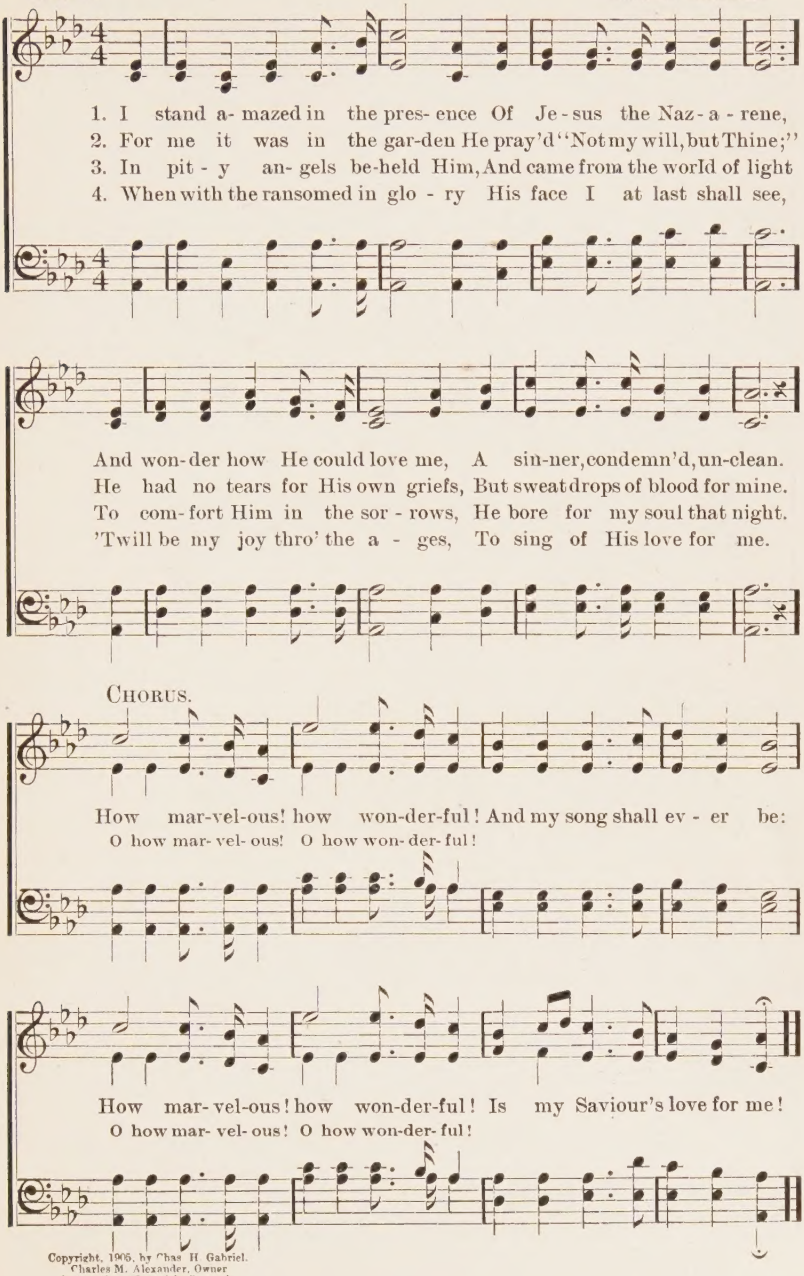
# 1 My Saviour's Love.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I stand a- mazed in the pres- ence Of Je- sus the Naz- a- rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He pray'd "Not my will, but Thine;"
3. In pit- y an- gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransomed in glo- ry His face I at last shall see,
And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemn'd, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.
To com- fort Him in the sor- rows, He bore for my soul that night.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a- ges, To sing of His love for me.
CHORUS.
How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev- er be:
O how mar- vel- ous! O how won- der- ful!
How mar- vel-ous! how won-der-ful! Is my Saviour's love for me!
O how mar- vel- ous! O how won-der- ful!

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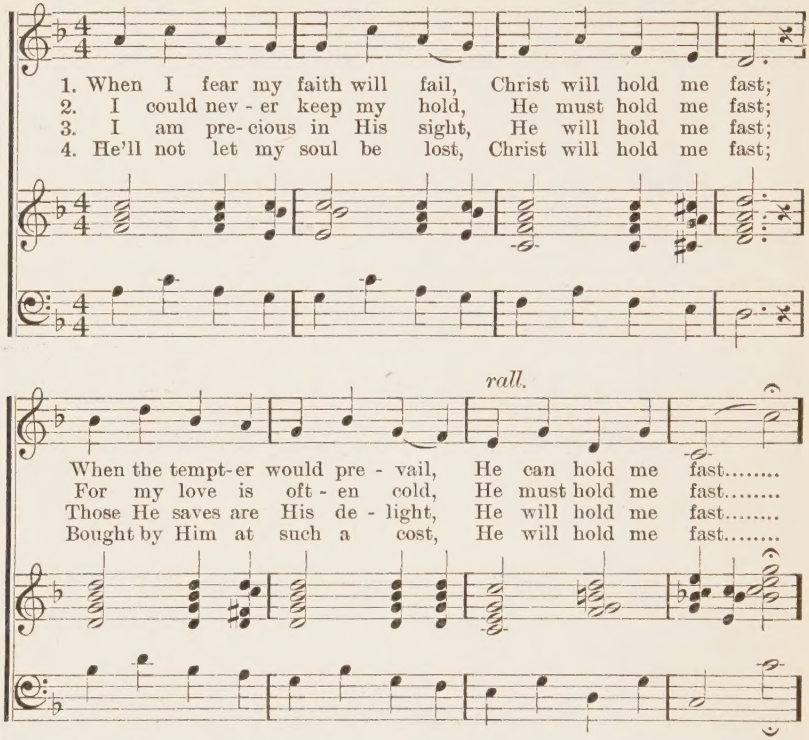
# He Will Hold Me Fast.

"Thy right hand shall hold me."—Psalm cxxxix, 10.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
3. I am pre- cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;
rall.
When the tempt-er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast.....
For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast.....
Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast.....
Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast.....
REFRAIN. a tempo.
He will hold me, fast, He will hold me fast;
hold me fast, hold me fast;
rall.
For my Sav - iour loves me so, He will hold me fast.

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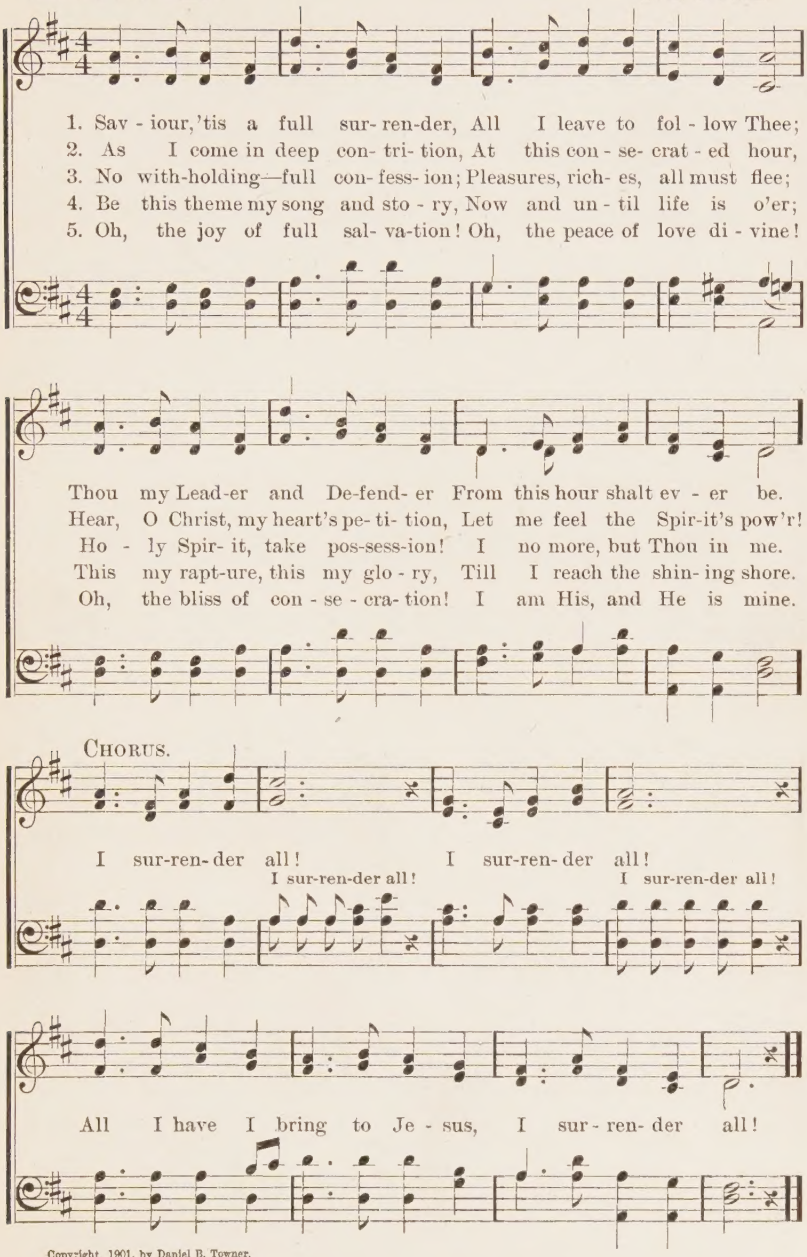
# Full Surrender.

REBECCA S. FOLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sav - iour, 'tis a full sur- ren-der, All I leave to fol - low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con- tri- tion, At this con - se- crat - ed hour,
3. No with-holding—full con- fess- ion; Pleasures, rich- es, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto - ry, Now and un - til life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal- va-tion! Oh, the peace of love di - vine!
Thou my Lead-er and De-fend- er From this hour shalt ev - er be.
Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe- ti- tion, Let me feel the Spir-it's pow'r!
Ho - ly Spir- it, take pos-sess-ion! I no more, but Thou in me.
This my rapt-ure, this my glo - ry, Till I reach the shin- ing shore.
Oh, the bliss of con - se - cra- tion! I am His, and He is mine.
CHORUS.
I sur-ren- der all! I sur-ren- der all!
I sur-ren-der all! I sur-ren-der all!
All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur - ren- der all!

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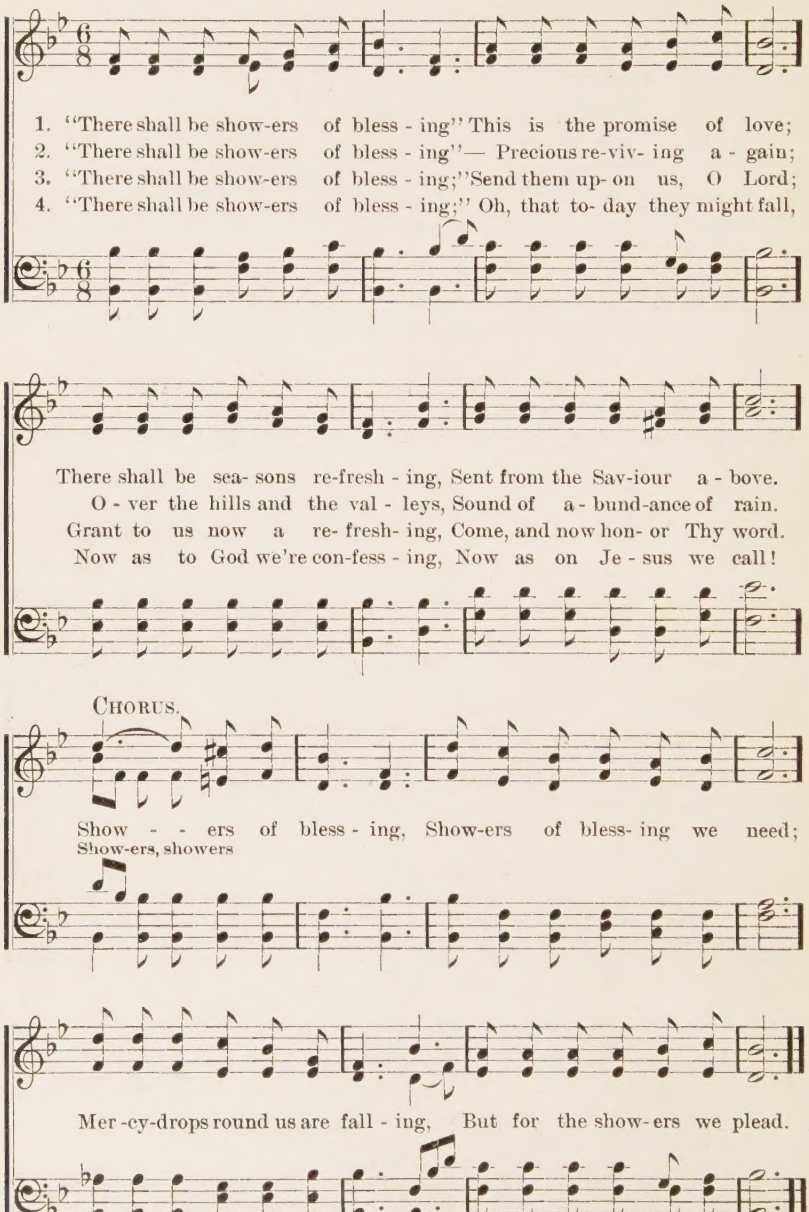
# There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing" This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing"— Precious re-viv- ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing;"Send them up- on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless - ing;" Oh, that to- day they might fall,
There shall be sea- sons re-fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bund-ance of rain.
Grant to us now a re- fresh- ing, Come, and now hon- or Thy word.
Now as to God we're con-fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!
CHORUS.
Show - - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless- ing we need;
Show-ers, showers
Mer -cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

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# Is He Yours?

(The Pilot Song.)

ADA R. HABERSHON. SOLO, or Unison. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. A Sav-iour who died our sal - va-tion to win, A Sav-iour who
2. A Shepherd who giv-eth His life for the sheep, A Shepherd both
3. A Pi - lot who knoweth the dangers at hand, A Pi - lot who
4. A Shel-ter from tem-pest, from wind and from storm, A Shel-ter from

knows how to save us from sin, — Yes, He is the Sav-iour, the
might-y to save and to keep, — Yes, this is the Shepherd, the
bring-eth all ves-sels to land, — Yes, this is the Pi - lot, the
judg-ment, a Shel-ter from harm, — Yes, this is the Shel-ter, the

*rall.* *a tempo.*

Sav - iour we need, And He is a Sav-iour in - deed! . .
Shepherd we need, And He is a Shep-herd in - deed! . .
Pi - lot we need, And He is a Pi - lot in - deed! . .
Shel - ter we need, And He is a Shel-ter in - deed! . .

CHORUS.

Is He yours? Is He yours? Is this Saviour, who loves you, yours?
Is He yours? Is He yours?

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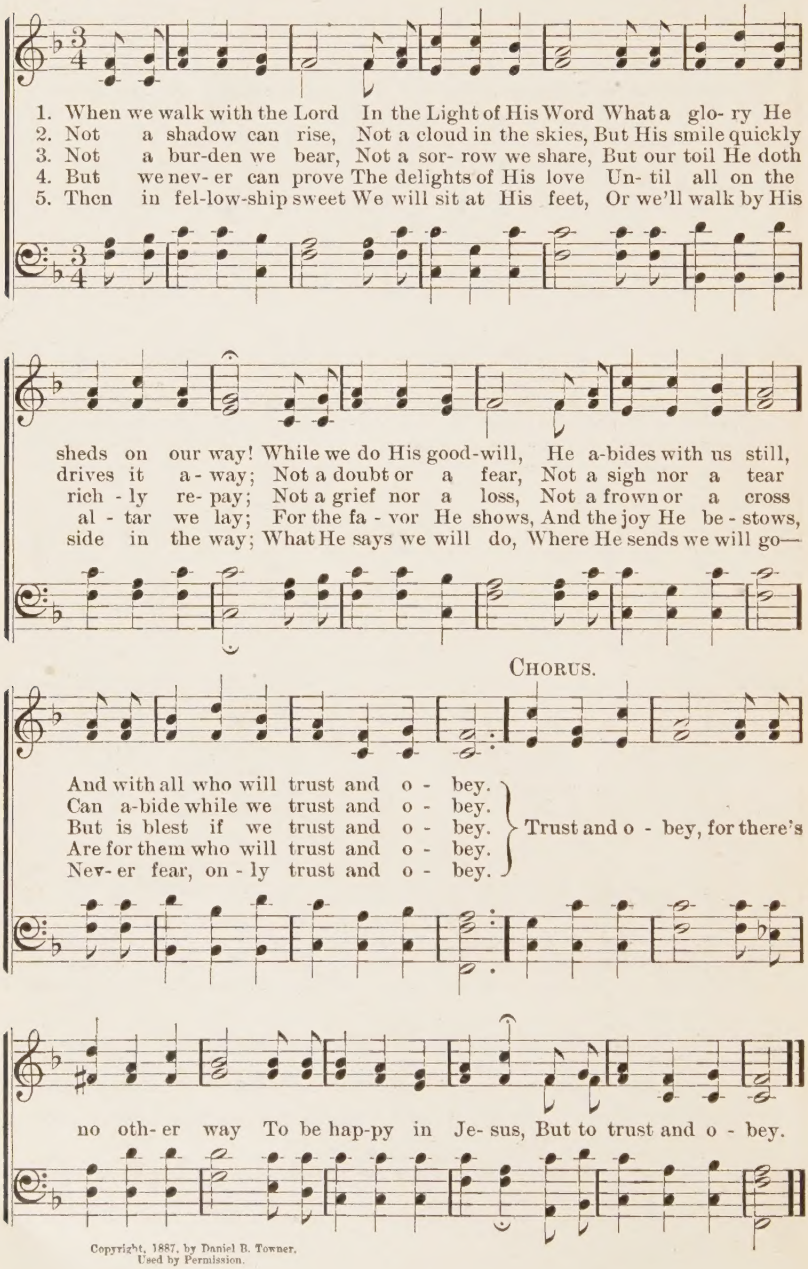
# Trust and Obey.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—Proverbs xxi, 20.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo- ry He
2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor- row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev- er can prove The delights of His love Un- til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His
sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear
rich - ly re- pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be - stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go—
Chorus.
And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev- er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
Trust and o - bey, for there's
no oth- er way To be hap-py in Je- sus, But to trust and o - bey.

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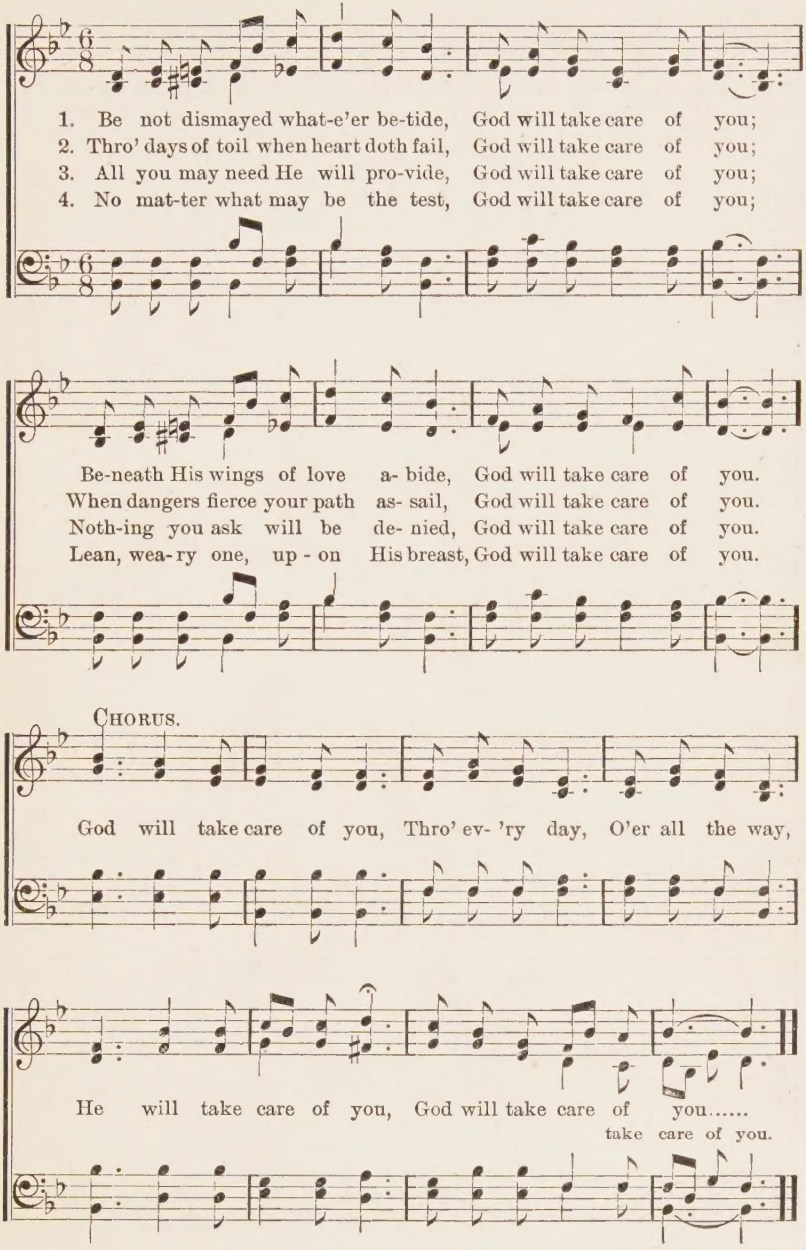
# God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. MARTIN. W. S. MARTIN.

1. Be not dismayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be-neath His wings of love a- bide, God will take care of you.
When dangers fierce your path as- sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de- nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wea-ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.
CHORUS.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev- 'ry day, O'er all the way,
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.

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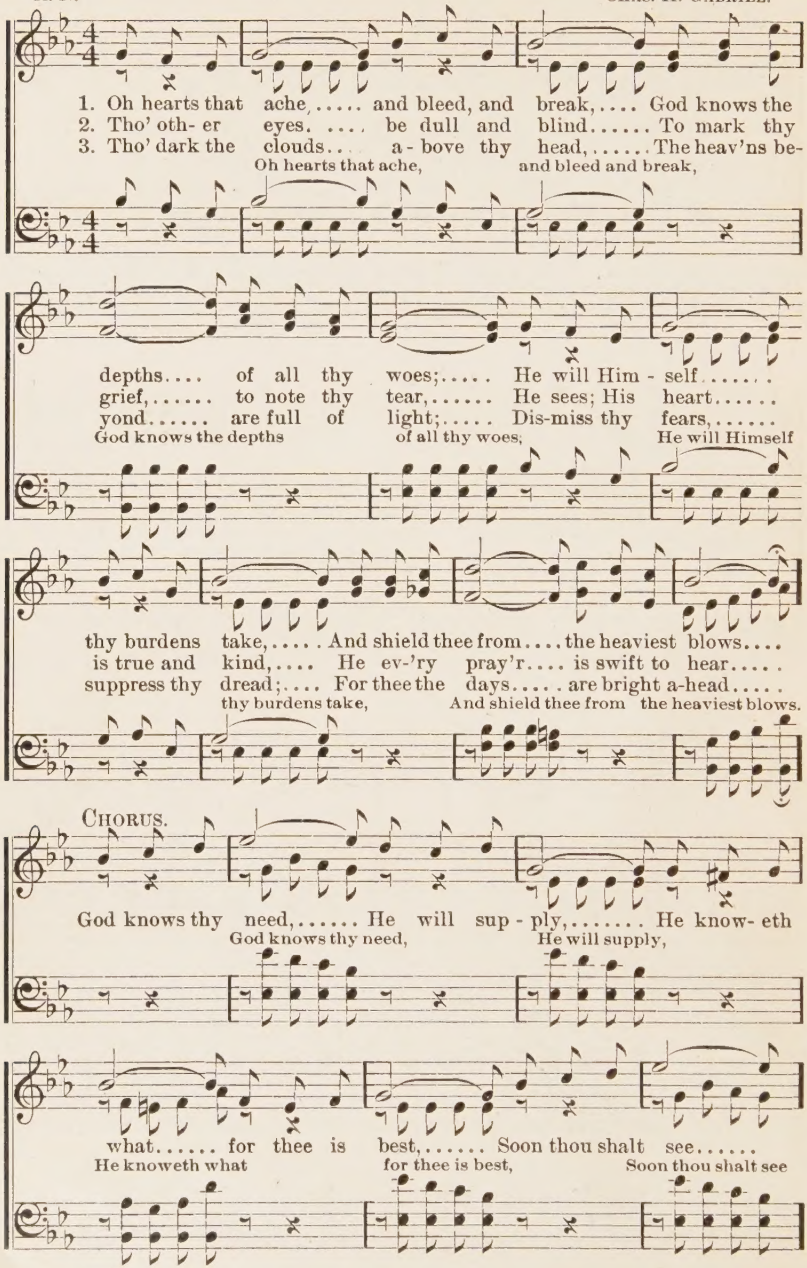
# God Knows Thy Need.

A. N. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh hearts that ache, ..... and bleed, and break,.... God knows the
2. Tho' oth- er eyes. .... be dull and blind..... To mark thy
3. Tho' dark the clouds... a- bove thy head,.....The heav'ns be-
Oh hearts that ache, and bleed and break,
depths.... of all thy woes;..... He will Him - self.....
grief,..... to note thy tear,..... He sees; His heart.....
yond..... are full of light;..... Dis-miss thy fears,.....
God knows the depths of all thy woes; He will Himself
thy burdens take,..... And shield thee from....the heaviest blows....
is true and kind,.... He ev-'ry pray'r.... is swift to hear.....
suppress thy dread;.... For thee the days..... are bright a-head.....
thy burdens take, And shield thee from the heaviest blows.
CHORUS.
God knows thy need,..... He will sup - ply,..... He know- eth
God knows thy need, He will supply,
what..... for thee is best,..... Soon thou shalt see.....
He knoweth what for thee is best, Soon thou shalt see

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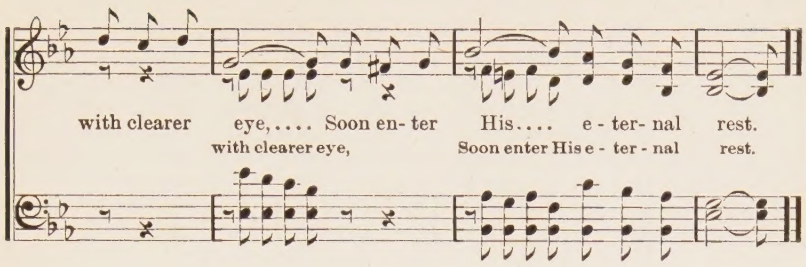
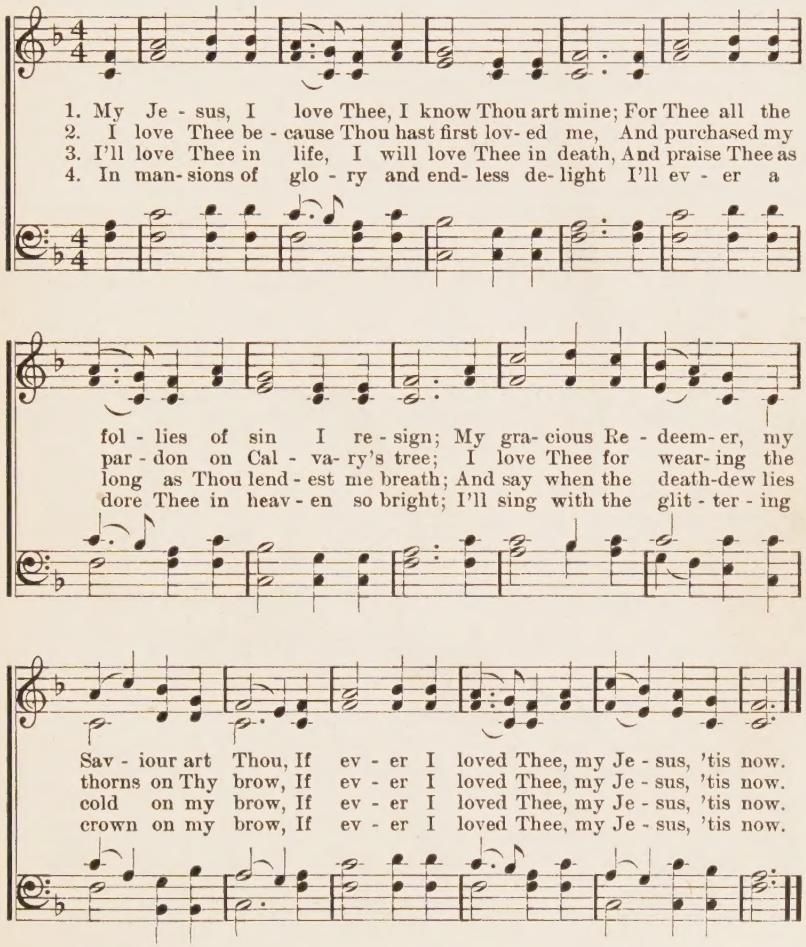
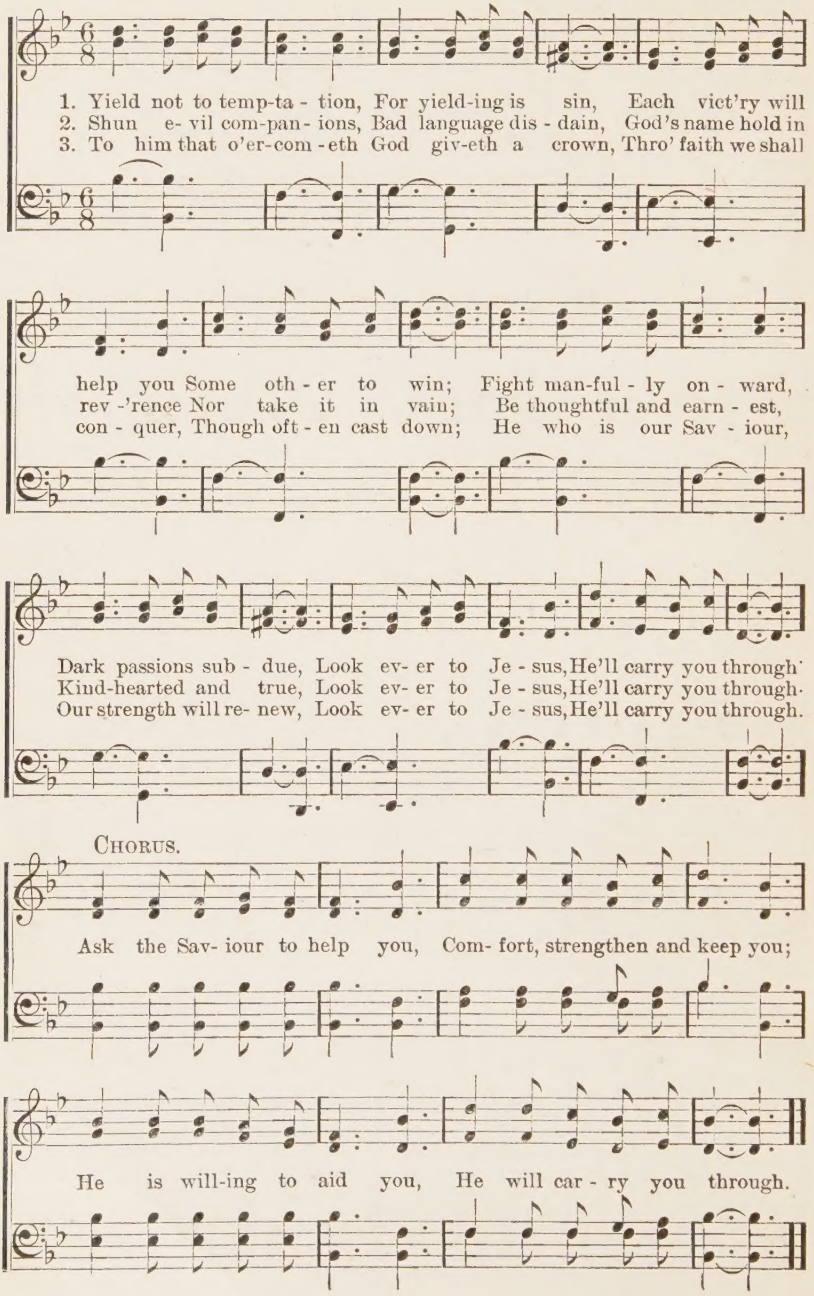



## 9 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

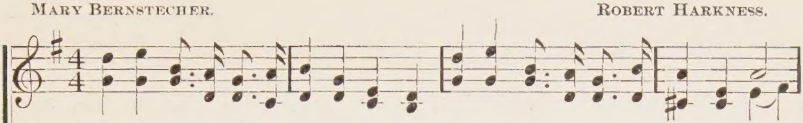
A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov- ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man- sions of glo - ry and end- less de- light I'll ev - er a
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra- cious Re - deem- er, my
par - don on Cal - va- ry's tree; I love Thee for wear- ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

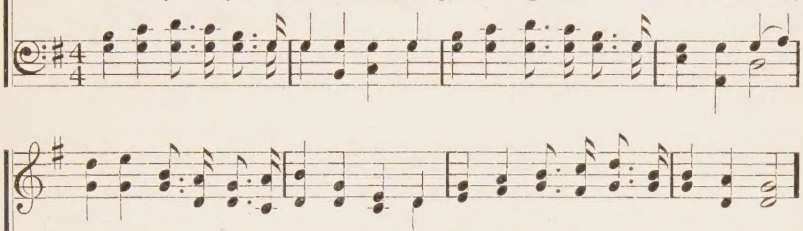
# Yield Not to Temptation.

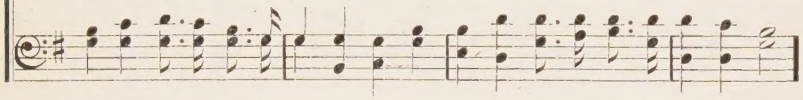
H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vict'ry will
2. Shun e- vil com-pan- ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com - eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
rev -'rence Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,
Dark passions sub - due, Look ev- er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev- er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through
Our strength will re- new, Look ev- er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav- iour to help you, Com- fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

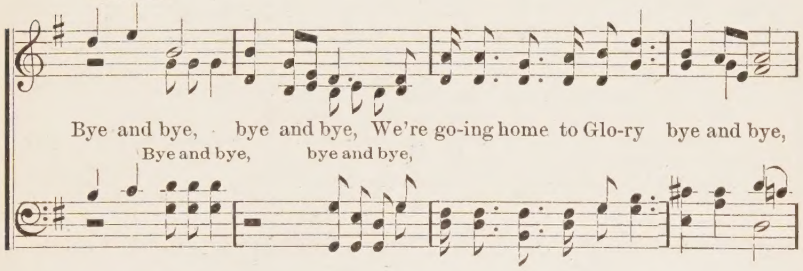
# Bye and Bye.

MAUD FRAZER.
MARY BERNSTECHER.

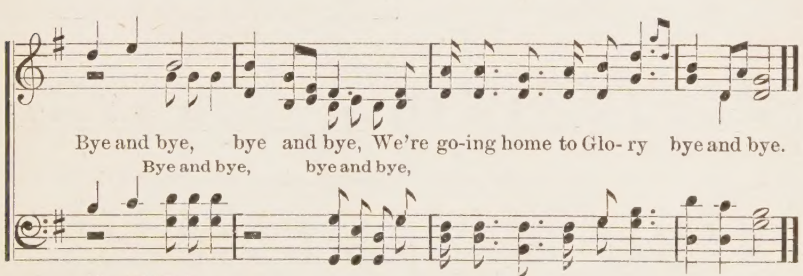
ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. O-ver on the other side of Jordan, Yonder in the land of end-less day
2. In the Father's house are many mansions Pearly gates are there and streets of gold,
3. When we meet the wonderful Redeemer, When our sheafs of golden grain we bring,
4. We will journey onward with rejoicing, Trusting when we cannot understand,



When the Master calls us from earth's darkness We shall sing His wondrous praise for aye·
Best of all, our wonderful Redeemer, Shall our longing eyes at last be- hold.
When we hear His "well done faithful servant," Joyfully we reign with Christ our King.
Bye and bye we'll see how God has led us Thro' the light and dark with loving hand.

CHORUS.



Bye and bye, bye and bye, We're go-ing home to Glo-ry bye and bye,
Bye and bye, bye and bye,



Bye and bye, bye and bye, We're go-ing home to Glo- ry bye and bye.
Bye and bye, bye and bye,

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# Looking This Way.

J. W. V. DUET

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn- ing,
2. Fa - ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat- man,
3. Broth- er and sis - ter, gone to that clime Wait for the oth - ers,
4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look-ing for some- one,
5. Je - sus the Sav - iour, bright Morning Star, Look-ing for lost ones,

look- ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and de - spair,
wait for the sail, Bear-ing the loved ones o - ver the tide,
com - ing some - time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow,
beck - on - ing "Come!" Bright as a sun- beam, pure as the dew,
stray-ing a - far; Hear the glad mes-sage,—why will you roam?

CHORUS.

Waiting and watch-ing pa- tient- ly there.
In - to the har - bor near to their side.
Watching for dear ones wait-ing be - low.
Anx-ious - ly look - ing, moth- er, for you.
Je - sus is call - ing: "Sin- ner, come home!"
} Look-ing this way, yes,

looking this way, Loved ones are waiting, Looking this way; Fair as the

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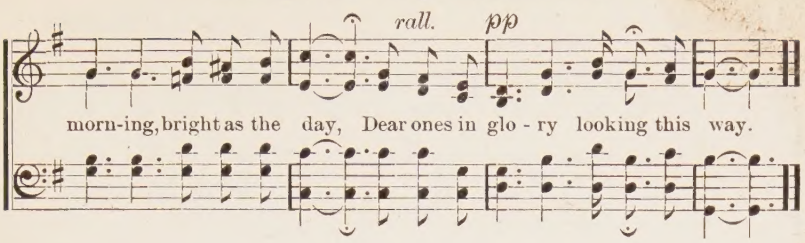
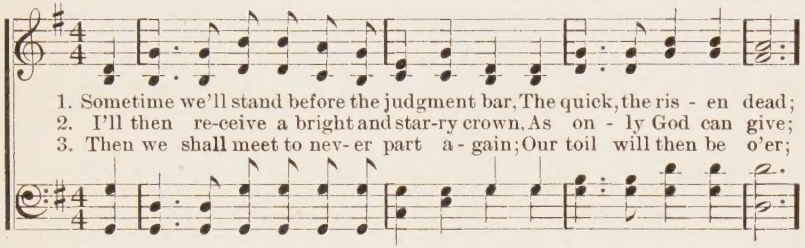
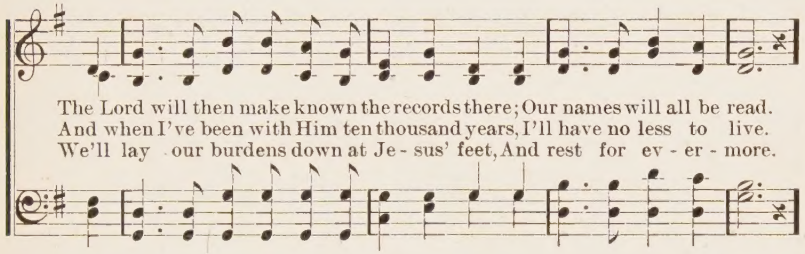


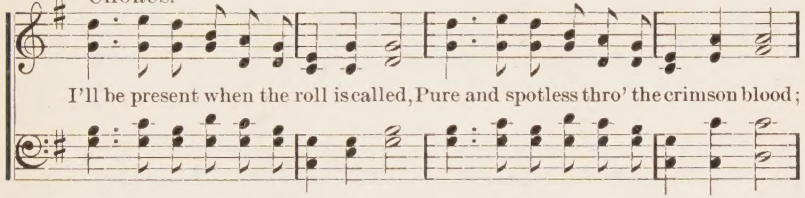

## 13 Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

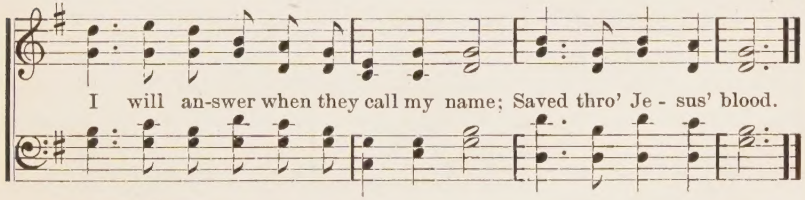
J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.


1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then re-ceive a bright and star-ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet to nev- er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;


The Lord will then make known the records there; Our names will all be read.
And when I've been with Him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
We'll lay our burdens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for ev - er - more.

Chorus.

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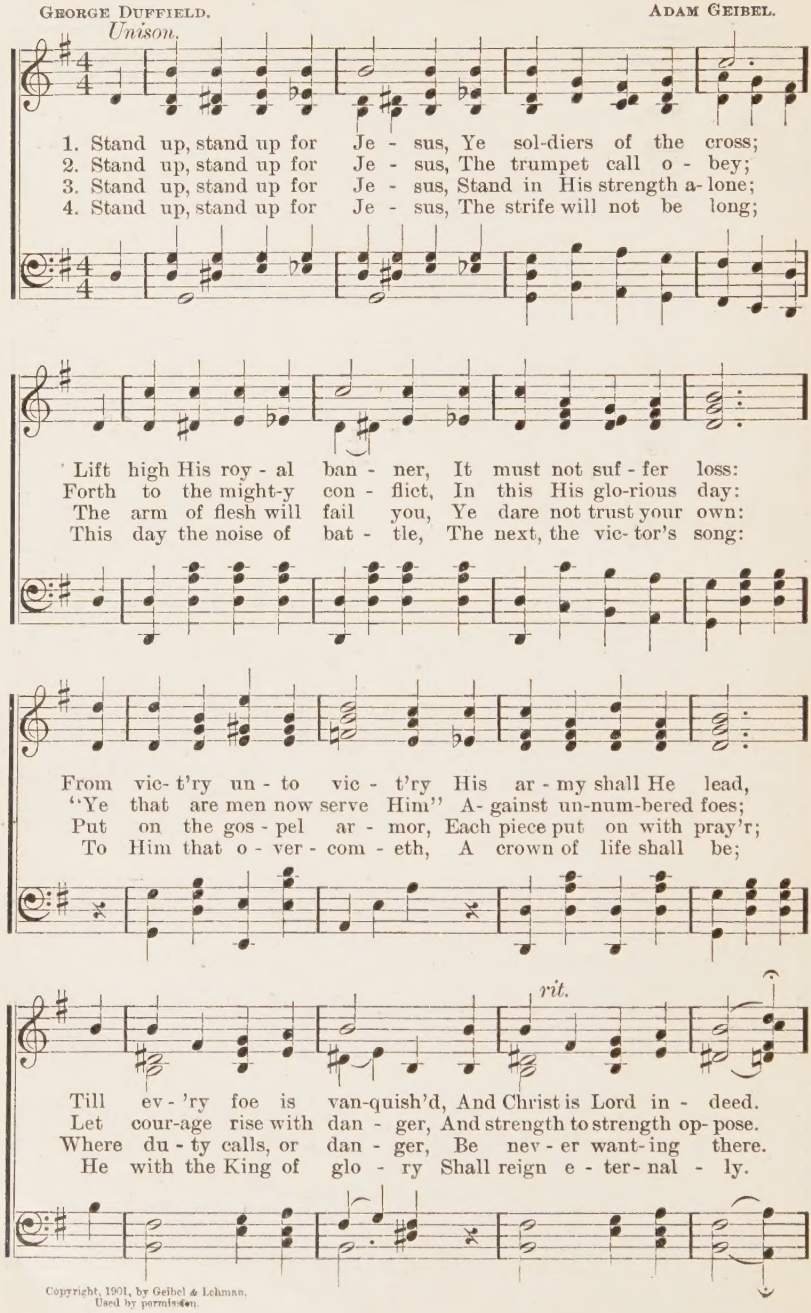
# Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.

*Unison.*

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a- lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo-rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic- tor's song:
From vic- t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
"Ye that are men now serve Him" A- gainst un-num-bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r;
To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;
rit.
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op- pose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter- nal - ly.

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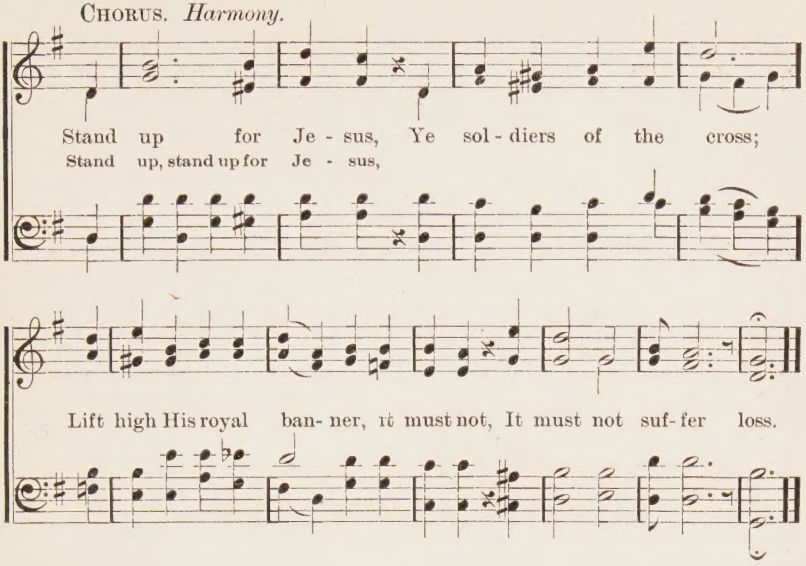
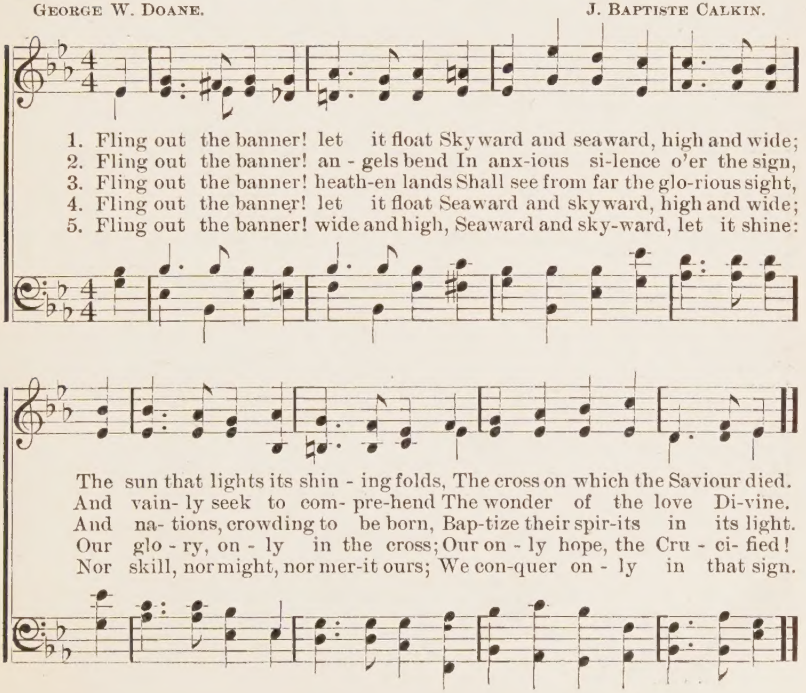
CHORUS. *Harmony.*

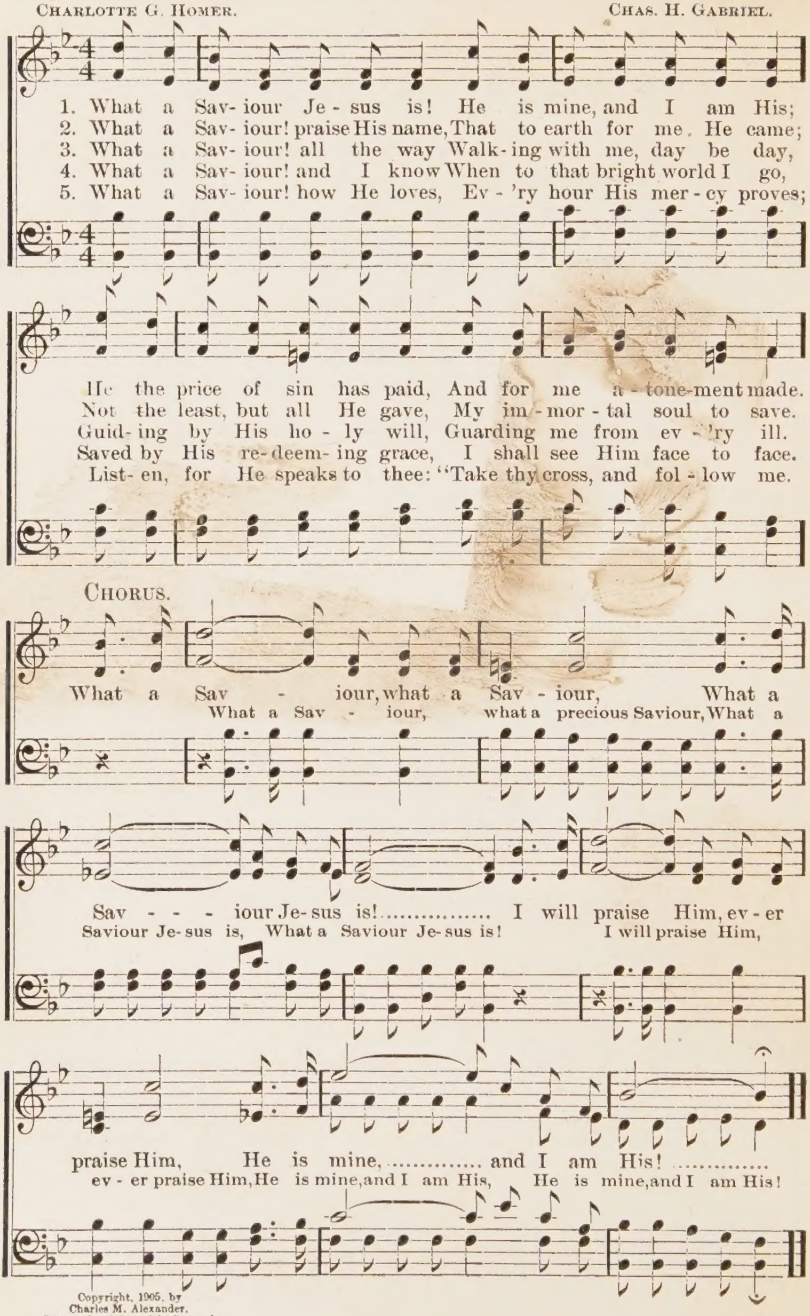

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,
Lift high His royal ban- ner, it must not, It must not suf- fer loss.

## 15 Fling Out the Banner!

GEORGE W. DOANE. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.


1. Fling out the banner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the banner! an - gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the banner! heath-en lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
4. Fling out the banner! let it float Seaward and skyward, high and wide;
5. Fling out the banner! wide and high, Seaward and sky-ward, let it shine:
The sun that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross on which the Saviour died.
And vain- ly seek to com- pre-hend The wonder of the love Di-vine.
And na- tions, crowding to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci- fied!
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on - ly in that sign.

# What a Saviour!

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. What a Sav- iour Je - sus is! He is mine, and I am His;
2. What a Sav- iour! praise His name, That to earth for me He came;
3. What a Sav- iour! all the way Walk- ing with me, day be day,
4. What a Sav- iour! and I know When to that bright world I go,
5. What a Sav- iour! how He loves, Ev - 'ry hour His mer - cy proves;
He the price of sin has paid, And for me a - tone-ment made.
Not the least, but all He gave, My im - mor - tal soul to save.
Guid- ing by His ho - ly will, Guarding me from ev - 'ry ill.
Saved by His re-deem- ing grace, I shall see Him face to face.
List- en, for He speaks to thee: "Take thy cross, and fol - low me.
CHORUS.
What a Sav - iour, what a Sav - iour, What a
What a Sav - iour, what a precious Saviour, What a
Sav - - - iour Je-sus is! ..... I will praise Him, ev - er
Saviour Je-sus is, What a Saviour Je-sus is! I will praise Him,
praise Him, He is mine, ..... and I am His! .....
ev - er praise Him, He is mine, and I am His, He is mine, and I am His!

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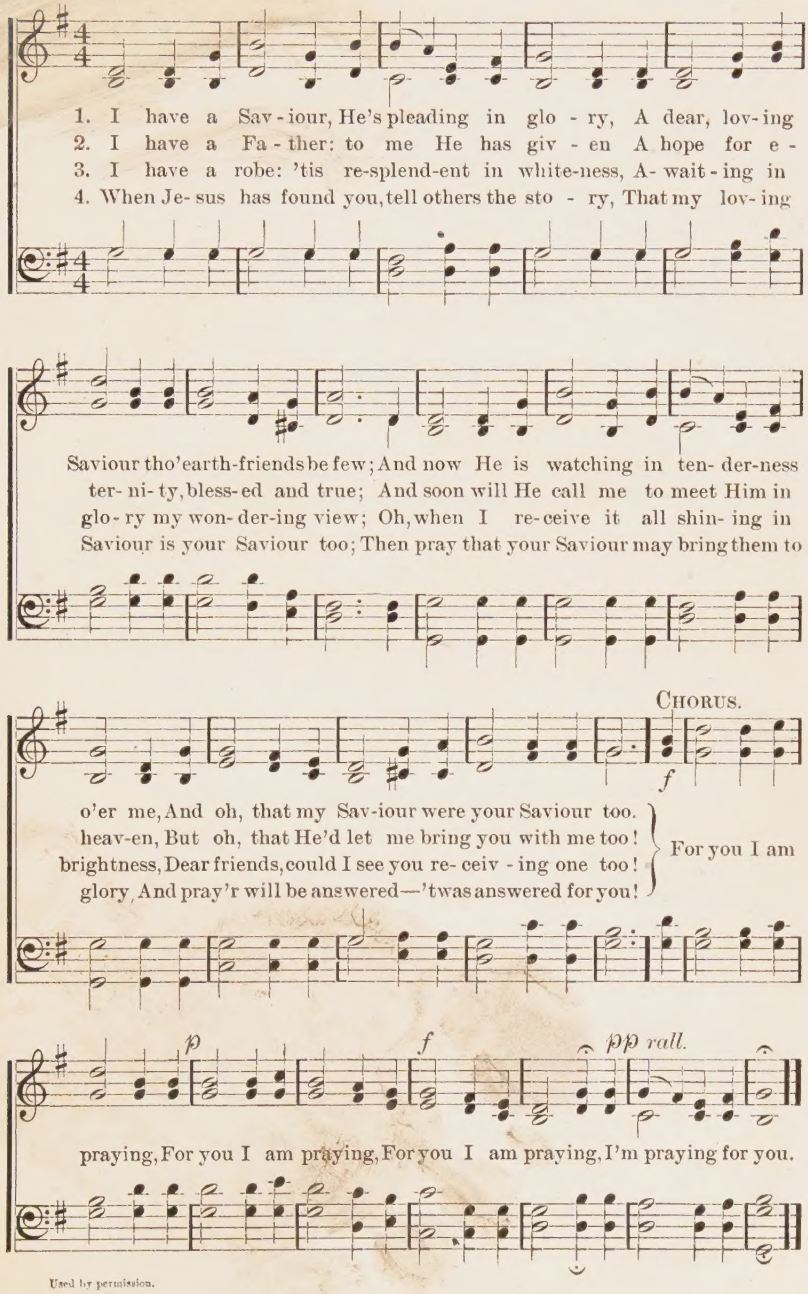
# I Am Praying For You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. I have a Sav - iour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splend-ent in white-ness, A- wait - ing in
4. When Je- sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov - ing
Saviour tho'earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in ten- der-ness
ter- ni- ty, bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
glo- ry my won- der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin- ing in
Saviour is your Saviour too; Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to
CHORUS.
f
o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-iour were your Saviour too.
heav-en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
brightness, Dear friends, could I see you re- ceiv - ing one too!
glory, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!
For you I am
p
f
pp rall.
praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

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# Shadows.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.

SOLO.

1. When we cross the val - ley there need be no shad - ows, When life's
2. When our loved ones leave us there need be no shad - ows, If their
3. When He comes to meet us there need be no shad - ows, When He

day is end - ed and its sor-rows o'er; When the summons comes to
faith is fixed in Je - sus as their Lord; For they go to be with
comes in all His glo - ri - ous ar - ray; When the trump of God shall

meet the bless-ed Saviour, When we rise to dwell with Him for-ev-er-more.
Him who died to save them, To be with the One whom they have long a-dored.
sound and lov'd ones waken, When He leads us onward with triumphant sway.

CHORUS.

Shadows! no need of shadows When at last we lay life's burden down;

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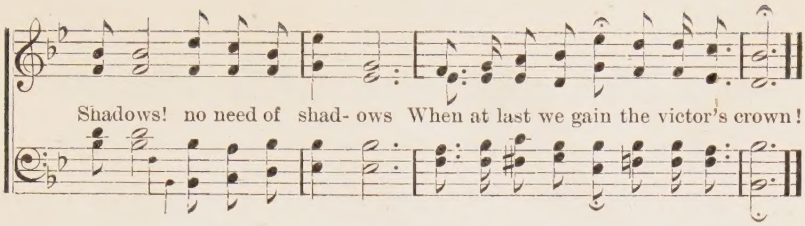
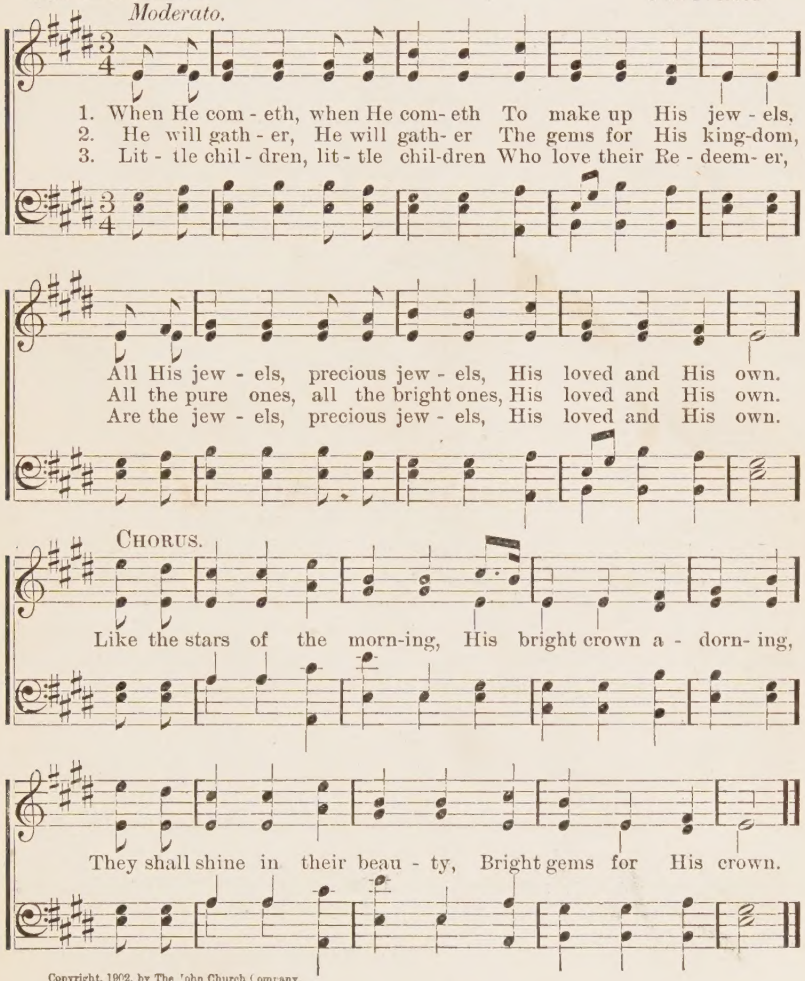



## 19 Jewels.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels"—Mal. 3, 17.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.
1. When He com - eth, when He com- eth To make up His jew - els,
2. He will gath - er, He will gath- er The gems for His king-dom,
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil-dren Who love their Re - deem- er,
All His jew - els, precious jew - els, His loved and His own.
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
Are the jew - els, precious jew - els, His loved and His own.
Chorus.
Like the stars of the morn-ing, His bright crown a - dorn- ing,
They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

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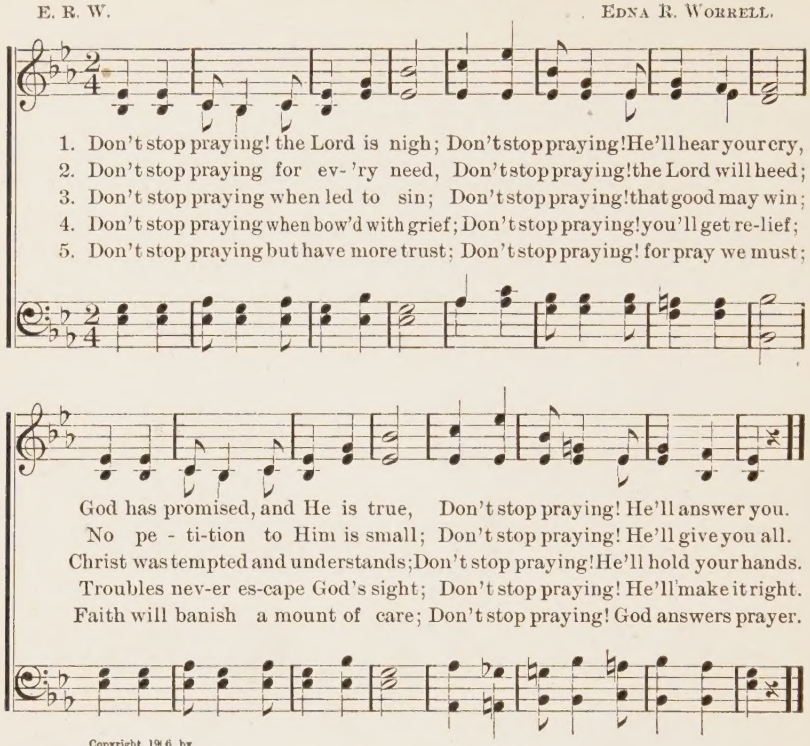
# Don't Stop Praying.

E. R. W. EDNA R. WORRELL.


1. Don't stop praying! the Lord is nigh; Don't stop praying! He'll hear your cry,
2. Don't stop praying for ev-'ry need, Don't stop praying! the Lord will heed;
3. Don't stop praying when led to sin; Don't stop praying! that good may win;
4. Don't stop praying when bow'd with grief; Don't stop praying! you'll get re-lief;
5. Don't stop praying but have more trust; Don't stop praying! for pray we must;
God has promised, and He is true, Don't stop praying! He'll answer you.
No pe - ti-tion to Him is small; Don't stop praying! He'll give you all.
Christ was tempted and understands; Don't stop praying! He'll hold your hands.
Troubles nev-er es-cape God's sight; Don't stop praying! He'll make it right.
Faith will banish a mount of care; Don't stop praying! God answers prayer.

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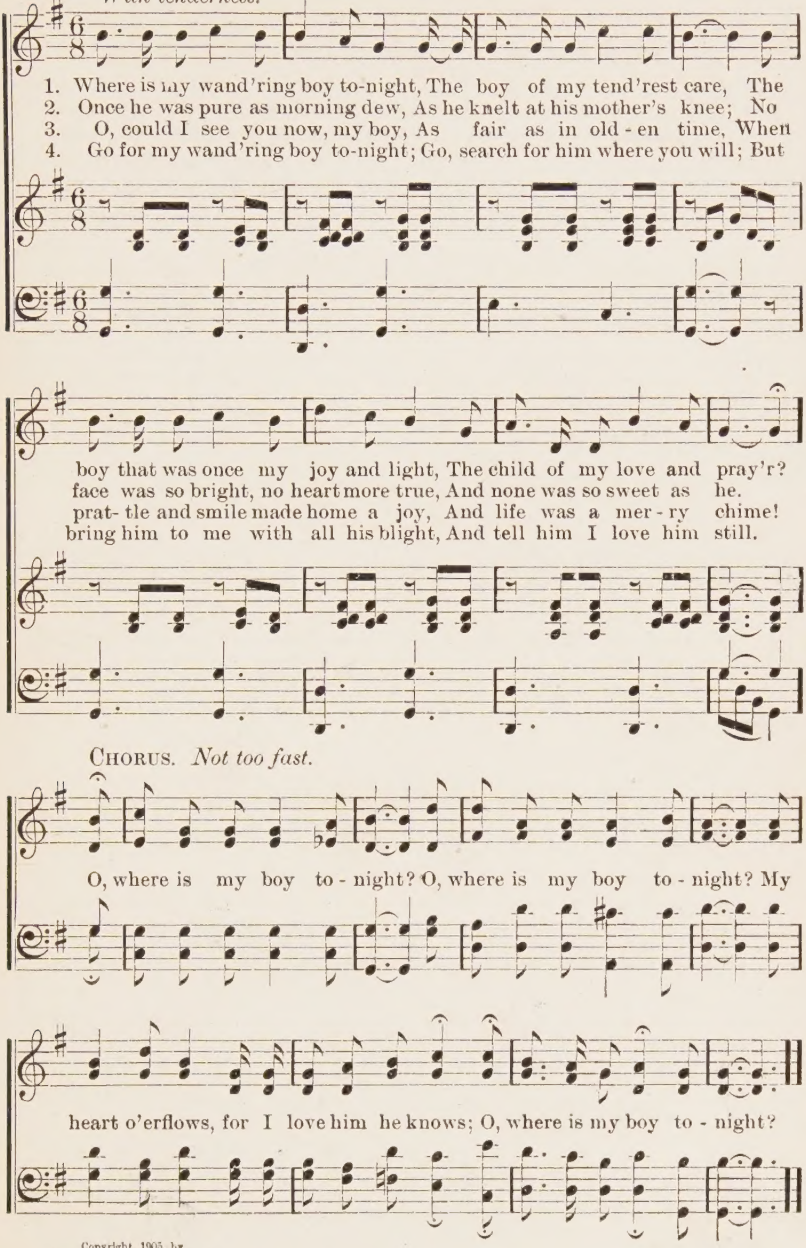
## A Personal Testimony.

I was standing at a Bank counter in Liverpool, waiting for a clerk to come; I picked up a pen and began to print on a blotter in large letters, two words, which had gripped me like a vice: "PRAY THROUGH." I kept talking to a friend and printing until I had the big blotter filled from top to bottom with a column. I transacted my business and went away. The next day my friend came to see me, and said he had a striking story to tell me. A business man came into the bank soon after we had gone. He had grown discouraged with business troubles. He started to transact some business with the same clerk over that blotter, when his eye caught the long column of "PRAY THROUGH." He asked who wrote those words, and when he was told exclaimed: "That is the very message I needed. I will pray through. I have tried to worry through in my own strength, and have merely mentioned my troubles to God; now I am going to pray the situation through until I get light."

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

# Where is My Boy To-night?

R. L. R. LOWRY.

*With tenderness.*

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night, The boy of my tend'rest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee; No
3. O, could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But
boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and pray'r?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.
CHORUS. *Not too fast.*
O, where is my boy to-night? O, where is my boy to-night? My
heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows; O, where is my boy to-night?

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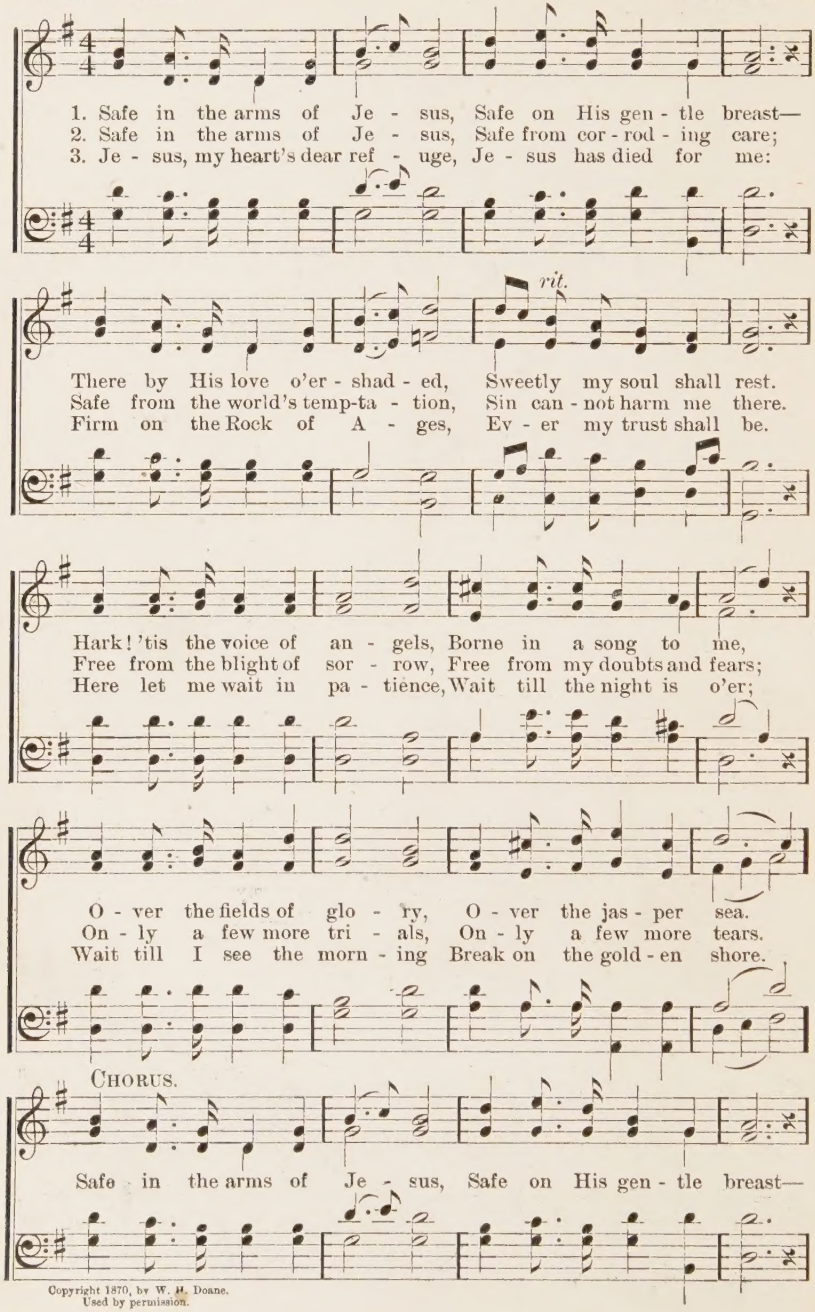
# Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me:
rit.
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tion, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait in pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.
CHORUS.
Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—

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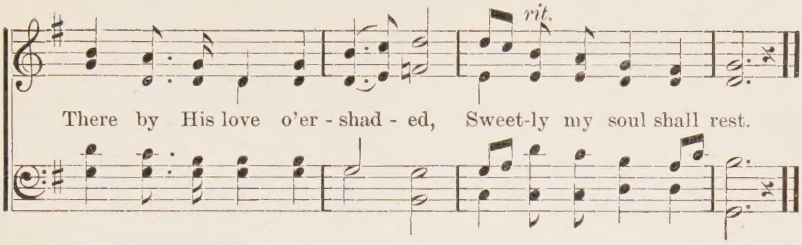
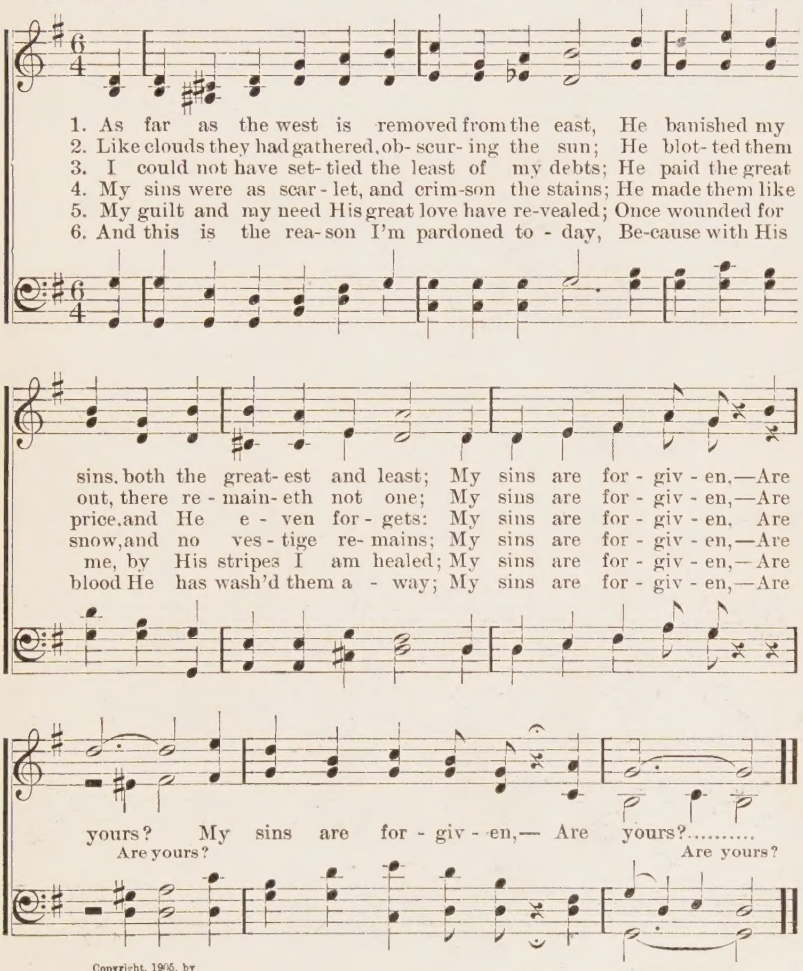



## 23 My Sins Are Forgiven.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. As far as the west is removed from the east, He banished my
2. Like clouds they had gathered, ob- scur- ing the sun; He blot- ted them
3. I could not have set- tled the least of my debts; He paid the great
4. My sins were as scar - let, and crim-son the stains; He made them like
5. My guilt and my need His great love have re-vealed; Once wounded for
6. And this is the rea- son I'm pardoned to - day, Be-cause with His
sins, both the great- est and least; My sins are for - giv - en,—Are
out, there re - main- eth not one; My sins are for - giv - en,—Are
price, and He e - ven for - gets: My sins are for - giv - en, Are
snow, and no ves - tige re- mains; My sins are for - giv - en,—Are
me, by His stripes I am healed; My sins are for - giv - en,—Are
blood He has wash'd them a - way; My sins are for - giv - en,—Are
yours? My sins are for - giv - en,— Are yours?.....
Are yours? Are yours?

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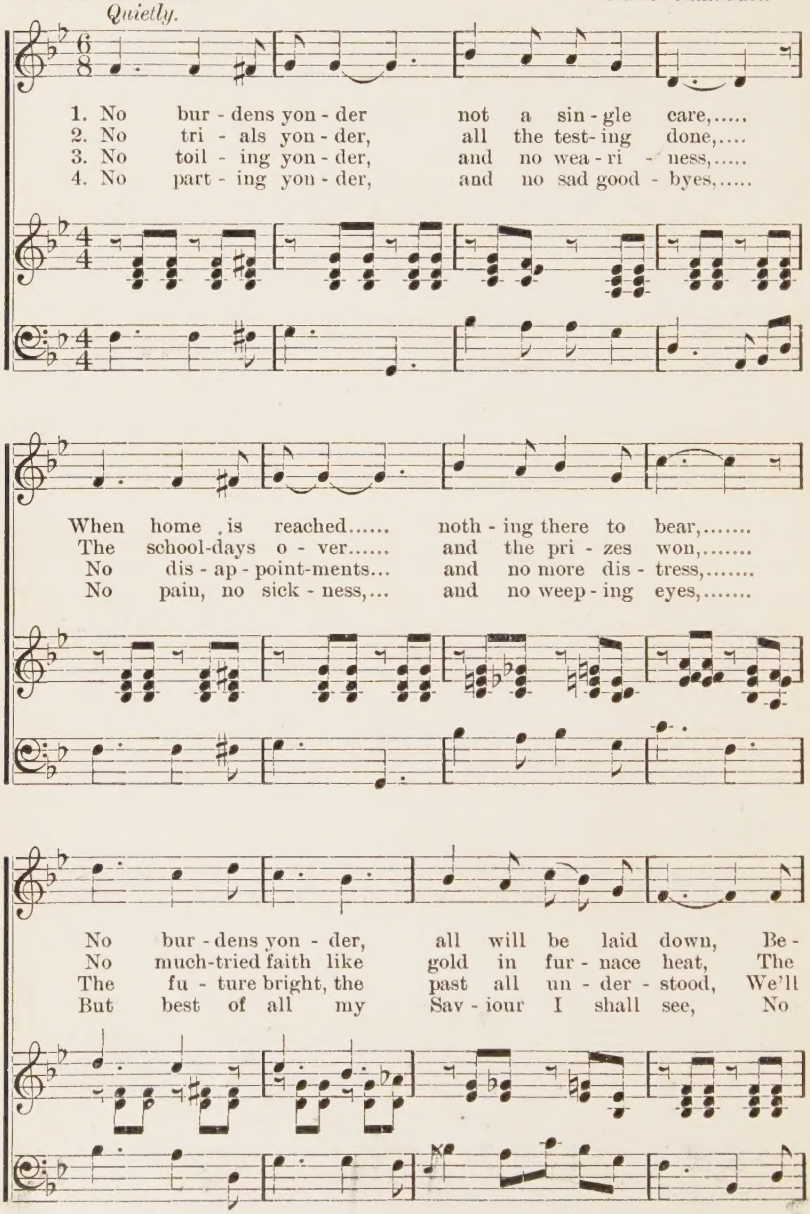
# No Burdens Yonder.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."—Rev. xxl, 14.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

Quietly.
1. No bur - dens yon - der not a sin - gle care,.....
2. No tri - als yon - der, all the test- ing done,....
3. No toil - ing yon - der, and no wea - ri - ness,.....
4. No part - ing yon - der, and no sad good - byes,.....
When home is reached..... noth - ing there to bear,.....
The school-days o - ver..... and the pri - zes won,.....
No dis - ap - point-ments... and no more dis - tress,.....
No pain, no sick - ness,... and no weep - ing eyes,.....
No bur - dens yon - der, all will be laid down, Be -
No much-tried faith like gold in fur - nace heat, The
The fu - ture bright, the past all un - der - stood, We'll
But best of all my Sav - iour I shall see, No

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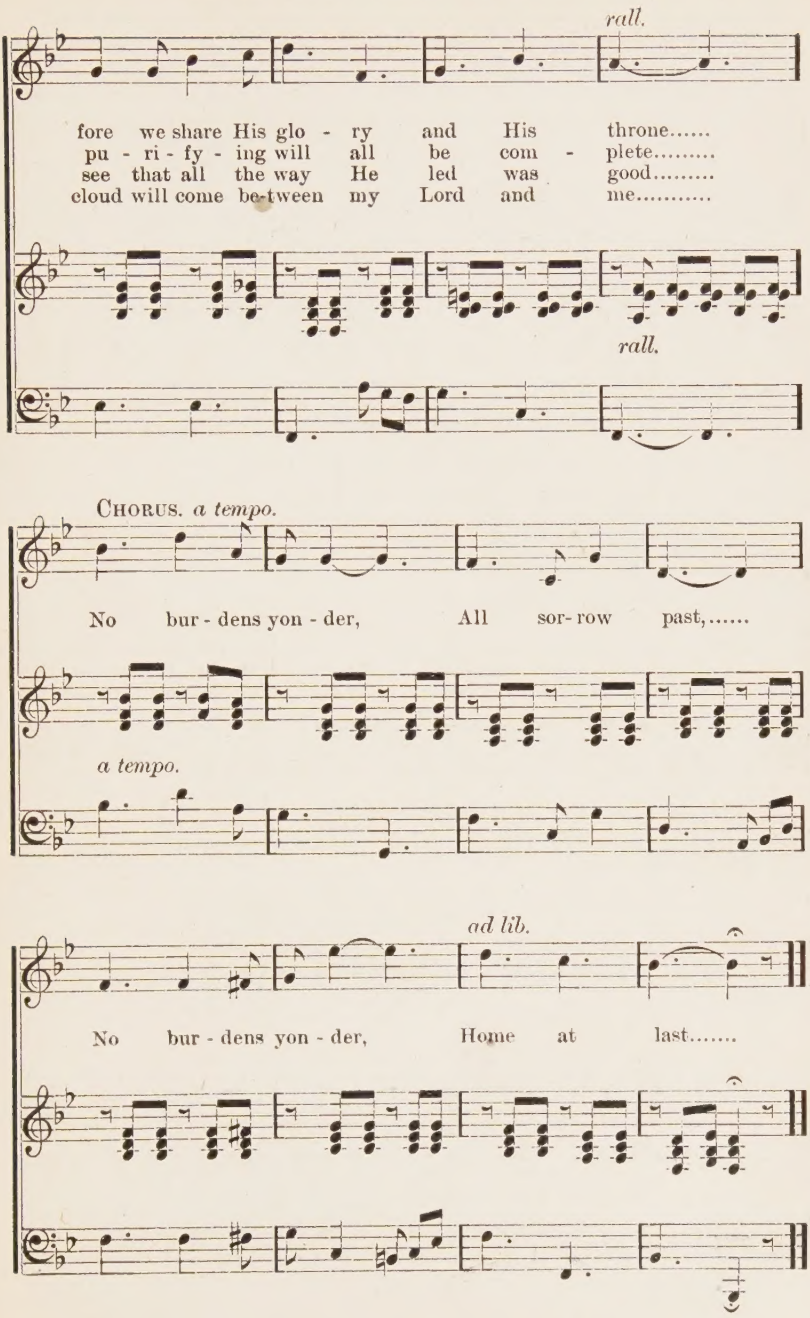
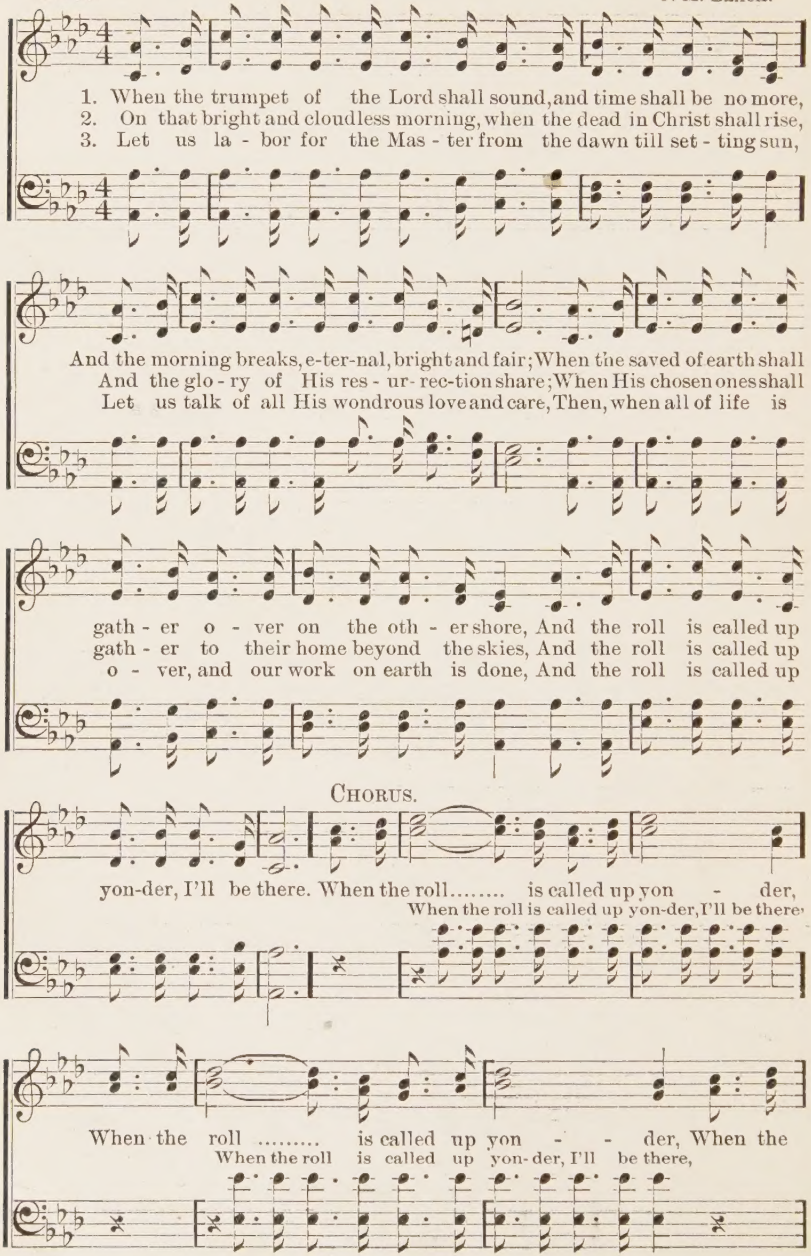
## No Burdens Yonder.—Concluded.

rall.
fore we share His glo - ry and His throne.....
pu - ri - fy - ing will all be com - plete.....
see that all the way He led was good.....
cloud will come be-tween my Lord and me.....
rall.
Chorus. a tempo.
No bur - dens yon - der, All sor- row past,.....
a tempo.
ad lib.
No bur - dens yon - der, Home at last.....

# 25 When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,
And the morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of His res - ur- rec-tion share; When His chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is
gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up
CHORUS.
yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there
When the roll ..... is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

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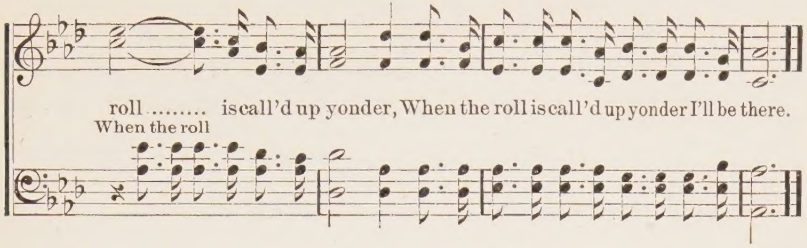
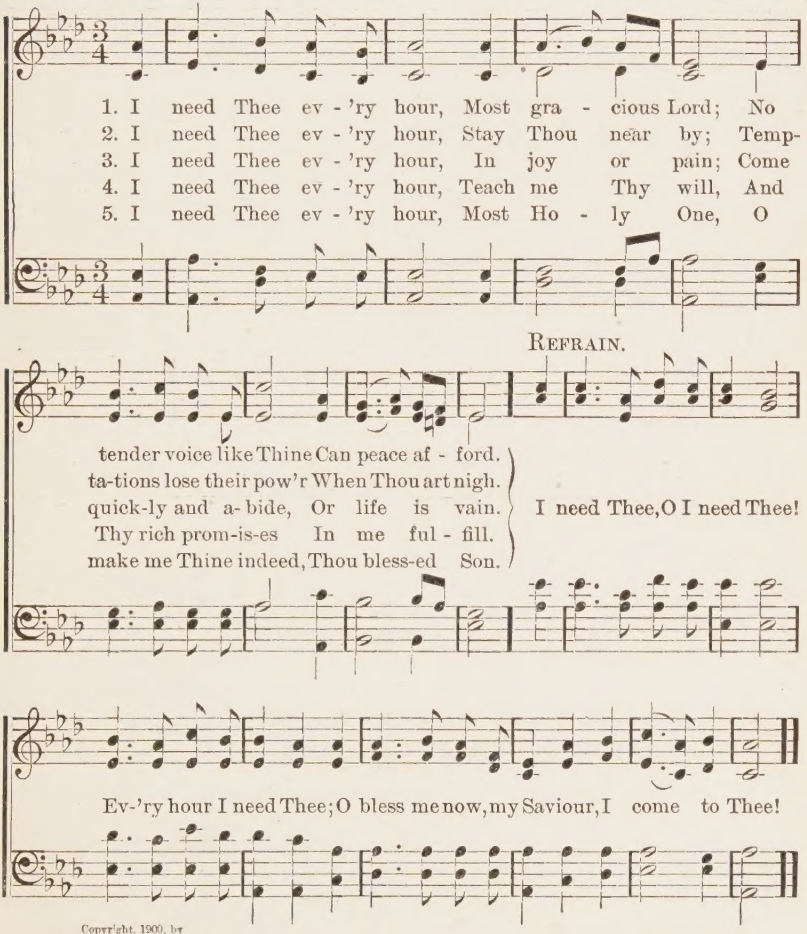



## 26 I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE R. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Teach me Thy will, And
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One, O
REFRAIN.
tender voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
ta-tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
quick-ly and a-bide, Or life is vain.
Thy rich prom-is-es In me ful - fill.
make me Thine indeed, Thou bless-ed Son.
I need Thee, O I need Thee!
Ev-'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour, I come to Thee!

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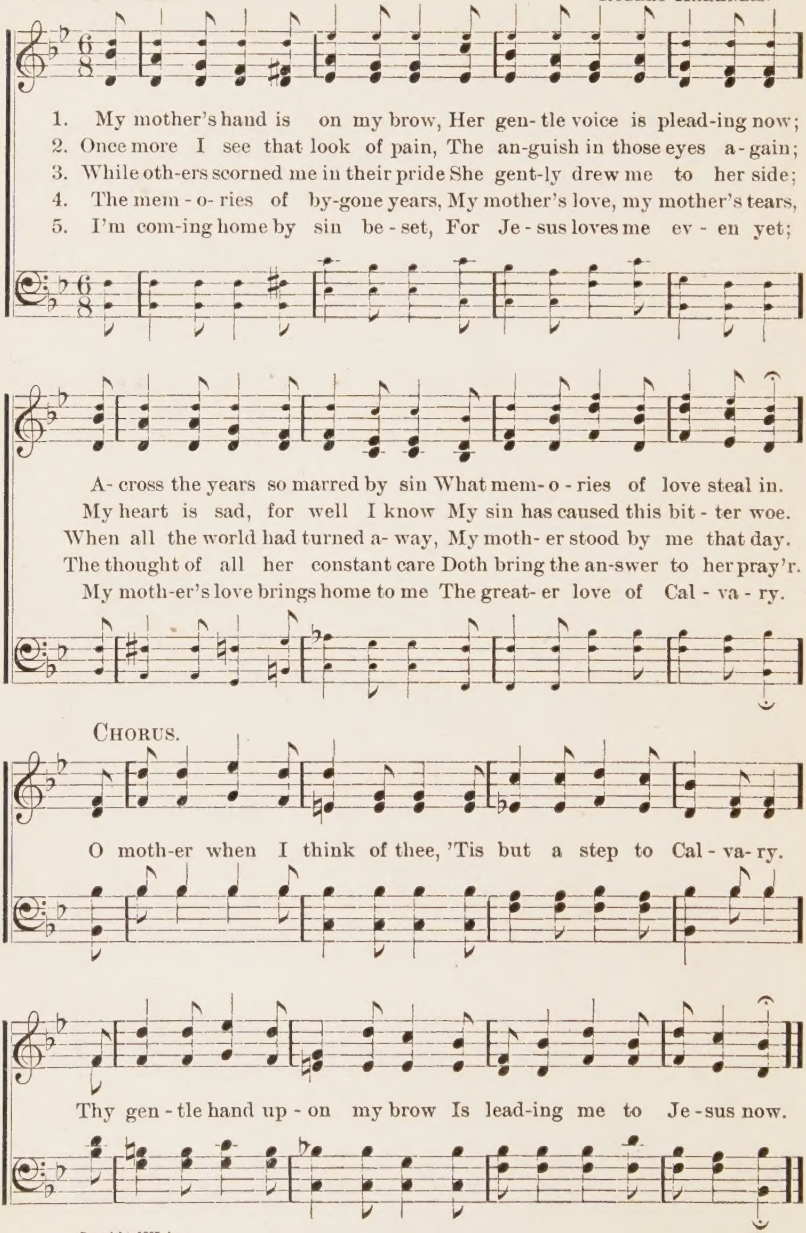
# Memories of Mother.

"If sinners entice thee consent thou not."—PROV. i, 10.

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. My mother's hand is on my brow, Her gen- tle voice is plead-ing now;
2. Once more I see that look of pain, The an-guish in those eyes a- gain;
3. While oth-ers scorned me in their pride She gent-ly drew me to her side;
4. The mem - o- ries of by-gone years, My mother's love, my mother's tears,
5. I'm com-ing home by sin be - set, For Je - sus loves me ev - en yet;
A- cross the years so marred by sin What mem- o - ries of love steal in.
My heart is sad, for well I know My sin has caused this bit - ter woe.
When all the world had turned a- way, My moth- er stood by me that day.
The thought of all her constant care Doth bring the an-swer to her pray'r.
My moth-er's love brings home to me The great- er love of Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
O moth-er when I think of thee, 'Tis but a step to Cal - va- ry.
Thy gen - tle hand up - on my brow Is lead-ing me to Je - sus now.

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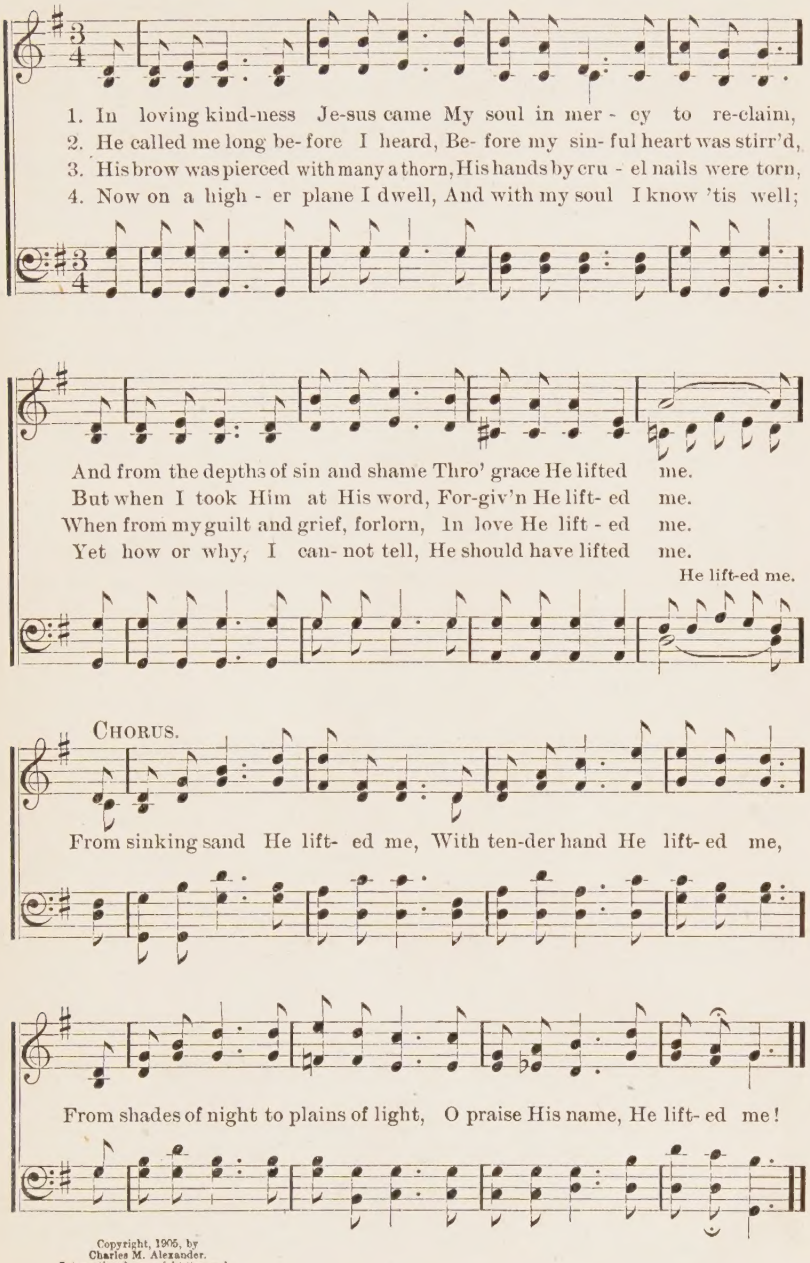
# He Lifted Me.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. In loving kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be- fore I heard, Be- fore my sin- ful heart was stirr'd,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;
And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lifted me.
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift- ed me.
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift - ed me.
Yet how or why, I can- not tell, He should have lifted me.
He lift-ed me.
CHORUS.
From sinking sand He lift- ed me, With ten-der hand He lift- ed me,
From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift- ed me!

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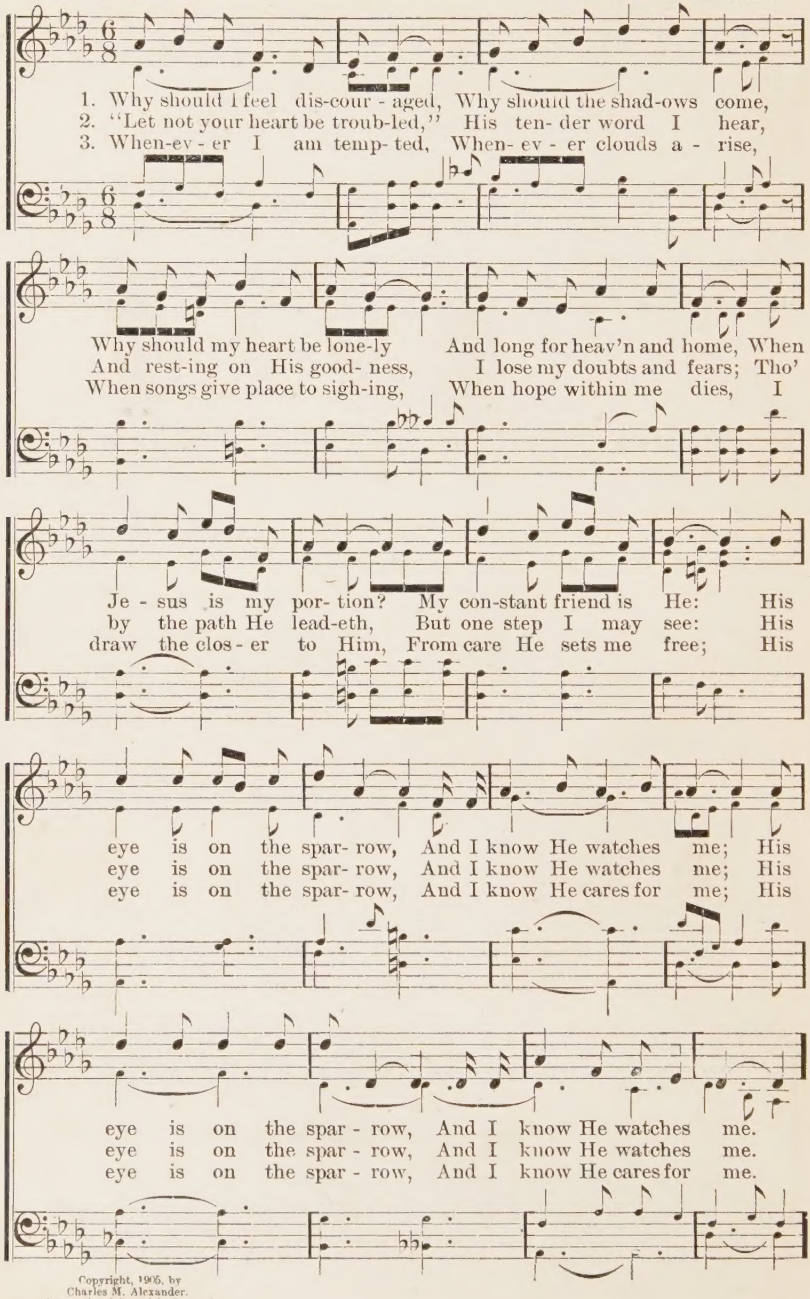
# His Eye Is on the Sparrow.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Why should I feel dis-cour - aged, Why should the shad-ows come,
2. "Let not your heart be troub-led," His ten- der word I hear,
3. When-ev - er I am temp- ted, When- ev - er clouds a - rise,
Why should my heart be lone-ly And long for heav'n and home, When
And rest-ing on His good- ness, I lose my doubts and fears; Tho'
When songs give place to sigh-ing, When hope within me dies, I
Je - sus is my por- tion? My con-stant friend is He: His
by the path He lead-eth, But one step I may see: His
draw the clos - er to Him, From care He sets me free; His
eye is on the spar- row, And I know He watches me; His
eye is on the spar- row, And I know He watches me; His
eye is on the spar- row, And I know He cares for me; His
eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watches me.
eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watches me.
eye is on the spar - row, And I know He cares for me.

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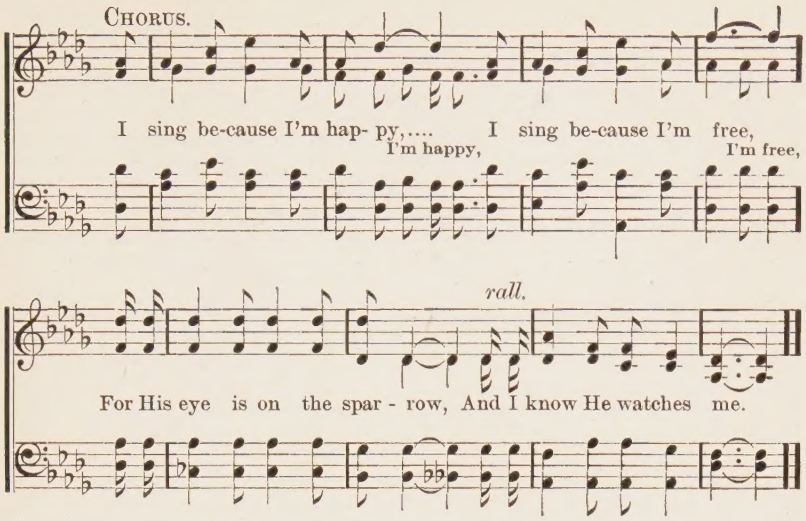
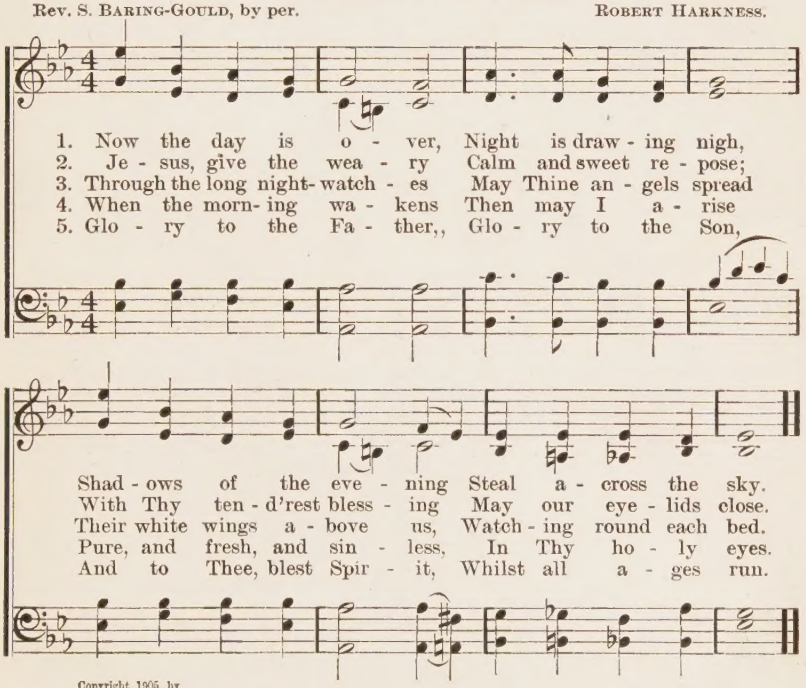
## His Eye Is on the Sparrow.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
I sing be-cause I'm hap- py,.... I sing be-cause I'm free,
I'm happy, I'm free,
rall.
For His eye is on the spar - row, And I know He watches me.

## 30 Now the Day is Over.

"For the shadows of the evening are stretched out."—Jer. vi, 4.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, by per. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Through the long night- watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn- ing wa - kens Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther,, Glo - ry to the Son,
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch - ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.

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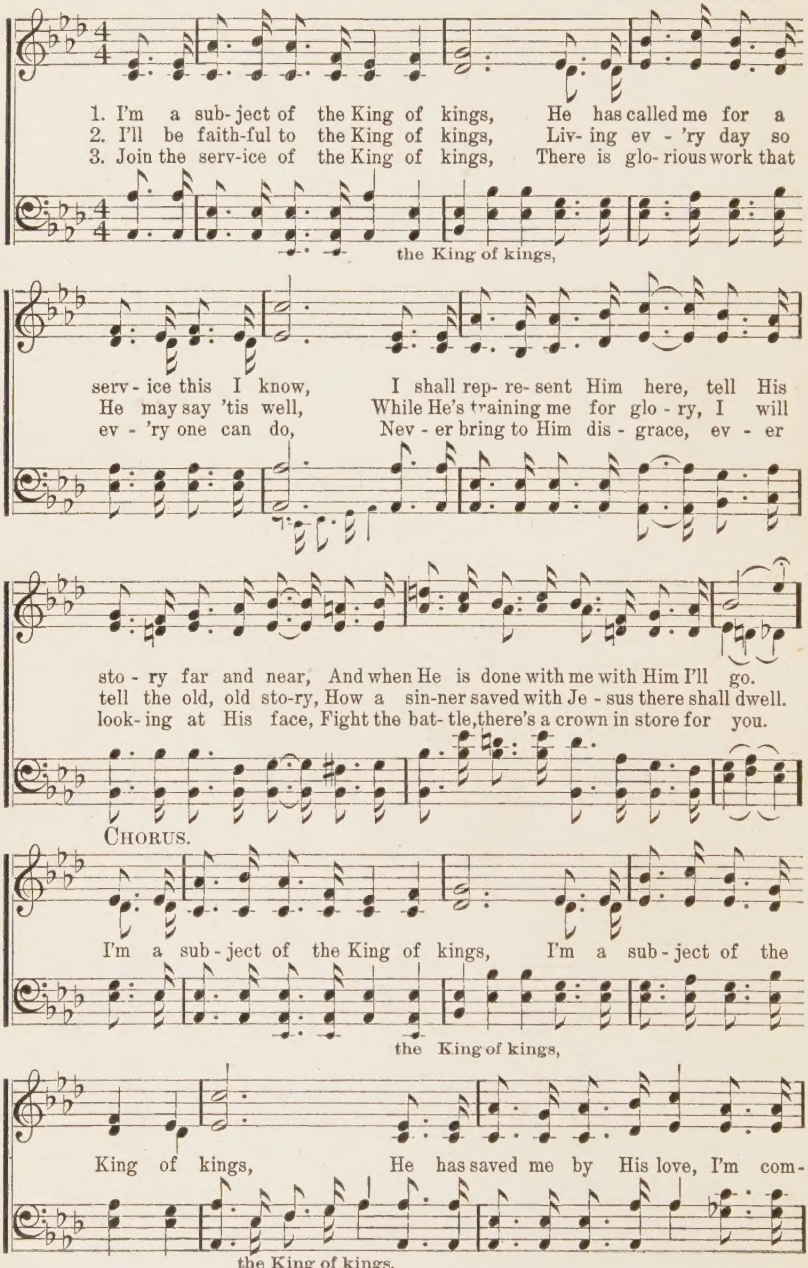
# I'm a Subject of the King.

GEO. J. FULCHER. Arr. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. I'm a sub-ject of the King of kings, He has called me for a
2. I'll be faith-ful to the King of kings, Liv-ing ev-'ry day so
3. Join the serv-ice of the King of kings, There is glo-rious work that
the King of kings,
serv-ice this I know, I shall rep-re-sent Him here, tell His
He may say 'tis well, While He's training me for glo-ry, I will
ev-'ry one can do, Nev-er bring to Him dis-grace, ev-er
sto-ry far and near, And when He is done with me with Him I'll go.
tell the old, old sto-ry, How a sin-ner saved with Je-sus there shall dwell.
look-ing at His face, Fight the bat-tle, there's a crown in store for you.
CHORUS.
I'm a sub-ject of the King of kings, I'm a sub-ject of the
the King of kings,
King of kings, He has saved me by His love, I'm com-
the King of kings,

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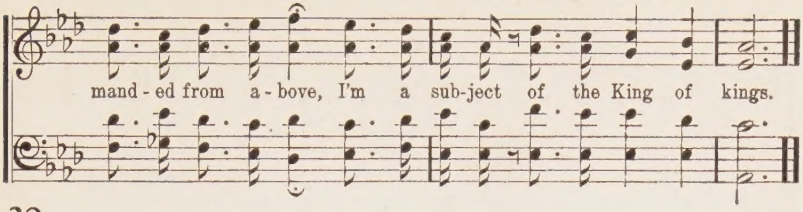
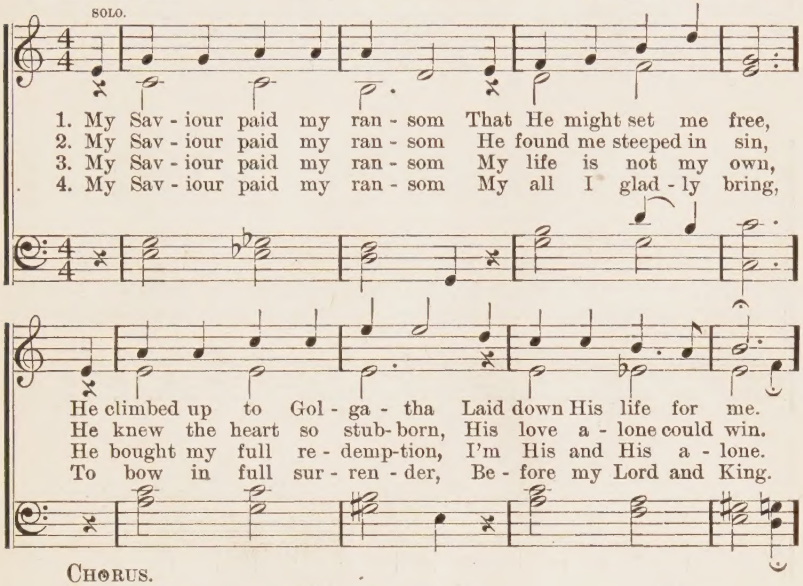



32

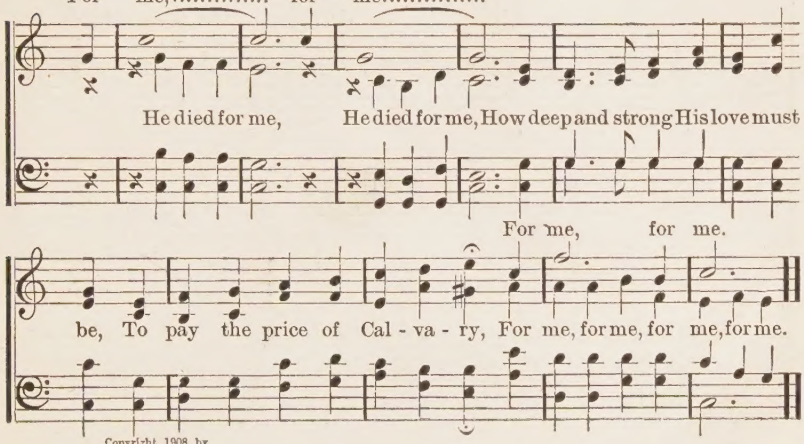
FRED P. MORRIS.

## My Ransom.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

SOLO.

1. My Sav - iour paid my ran - som That He might set me free,
2. My Sav - iour paid my ran - som He found me steeped in sin,
3. My Sav - iour paid my ran - som My life is not my own,
4. My Sav - iour paid my ran - som My all I glad - ly bring,
He climbed up to Gol - ga - tha Laid down His life for me.
He knew the heart so stub-born, His love a - lone could win.
He bought my full re - demp-tion, I'm His and His a - lone.
To bow in full sur - ren - der, Be - fore my Lord and King.

CHORUS.


For me,..... for me.....
He died for me, He died for me, How deep and strong His love must
For me, for me.
be, To pay the price of Cal - va - ry, For me, for me, for me, for me.

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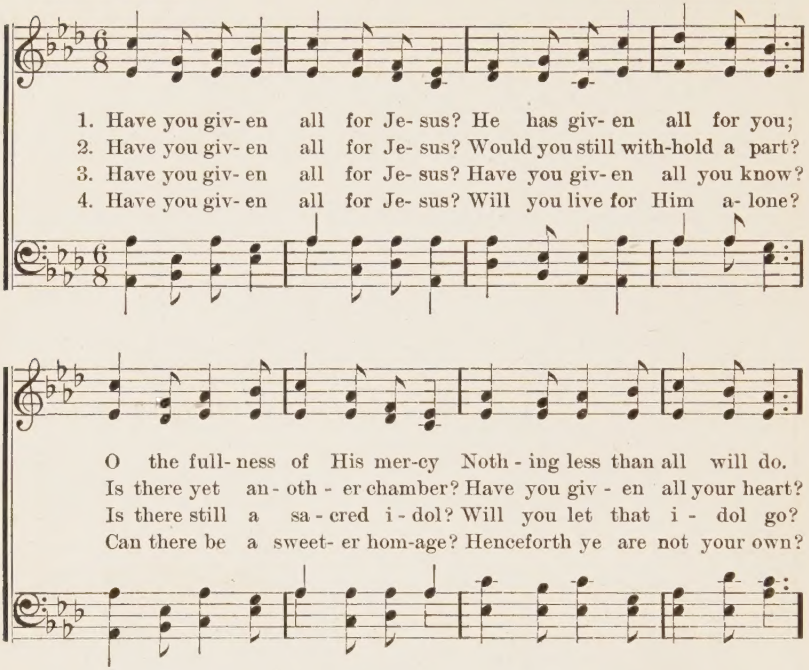
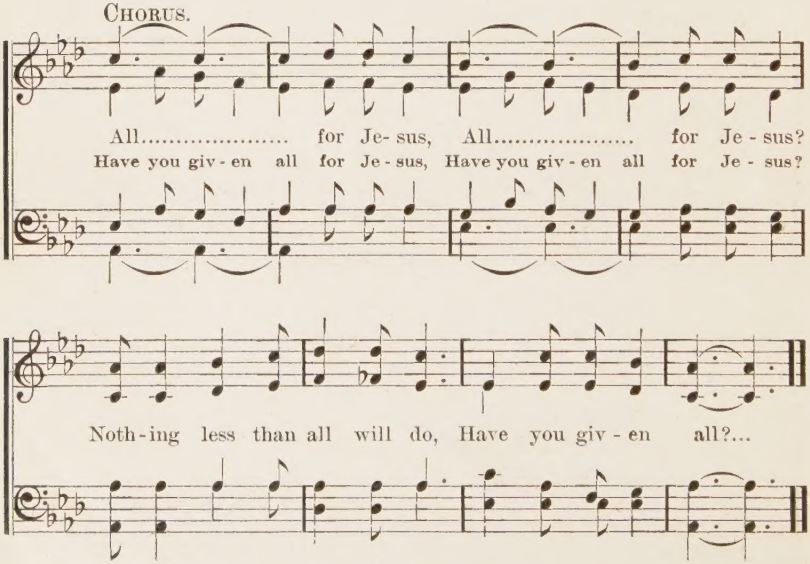
# Nothing Less than All Will Do.

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. Have you giv- en all for Je- sus? He has giv- en all for you;
2. Have you giv- en all for Je- sus? Would you still with-hold a part?
3. Have you giv- en all for Je- sus? Have you giv- en all you know?
4. Have you giv- en all for Je- sus? Will you live for Him a- lone?
O the full- ness of His mer-cy Noth - ing less than all will do.
Is there yet an- oth - er chamber? Have you giv - en all your heart?
Is there still a sa - cred i - dol? Will you let that i - dol go?
Can there be a sweet- er hom-age? Henceforth ye are not your own?

CHORUS.


All..... for Je- sus, All..... for Je - sus?
Have you giv - en all for Je - sus, Have you giv - en all for Je - sus?
Noth - ing less than all will do, Have you giv - en all?...

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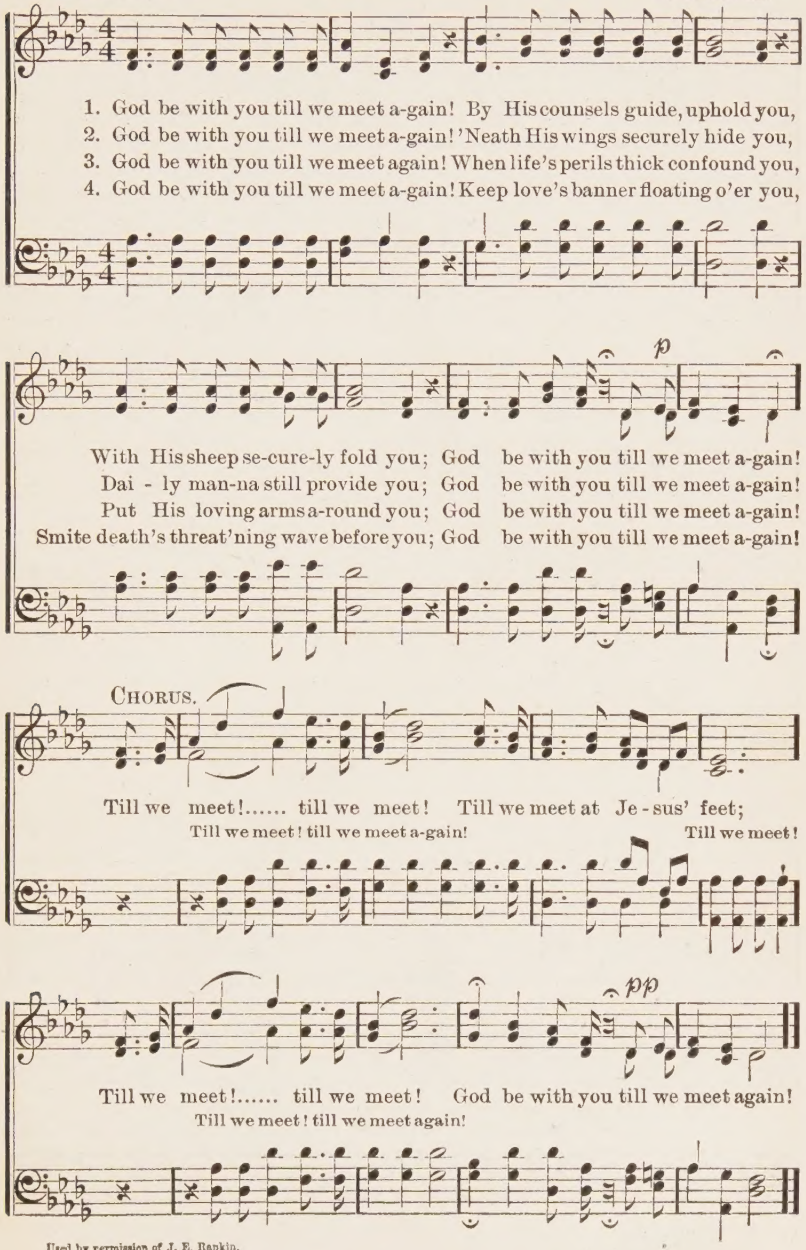
# God Be With You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Romans xvi, 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain! By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain! 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again! When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain! Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
p
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Dai - ly man-na still provide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Put His loving arms a-round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
CHORUS.
Till we meet!..... till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet! till we meet a-gain!
Till we meet!
pp
Till we meet!..... till we meet! God be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet! till we meet again!

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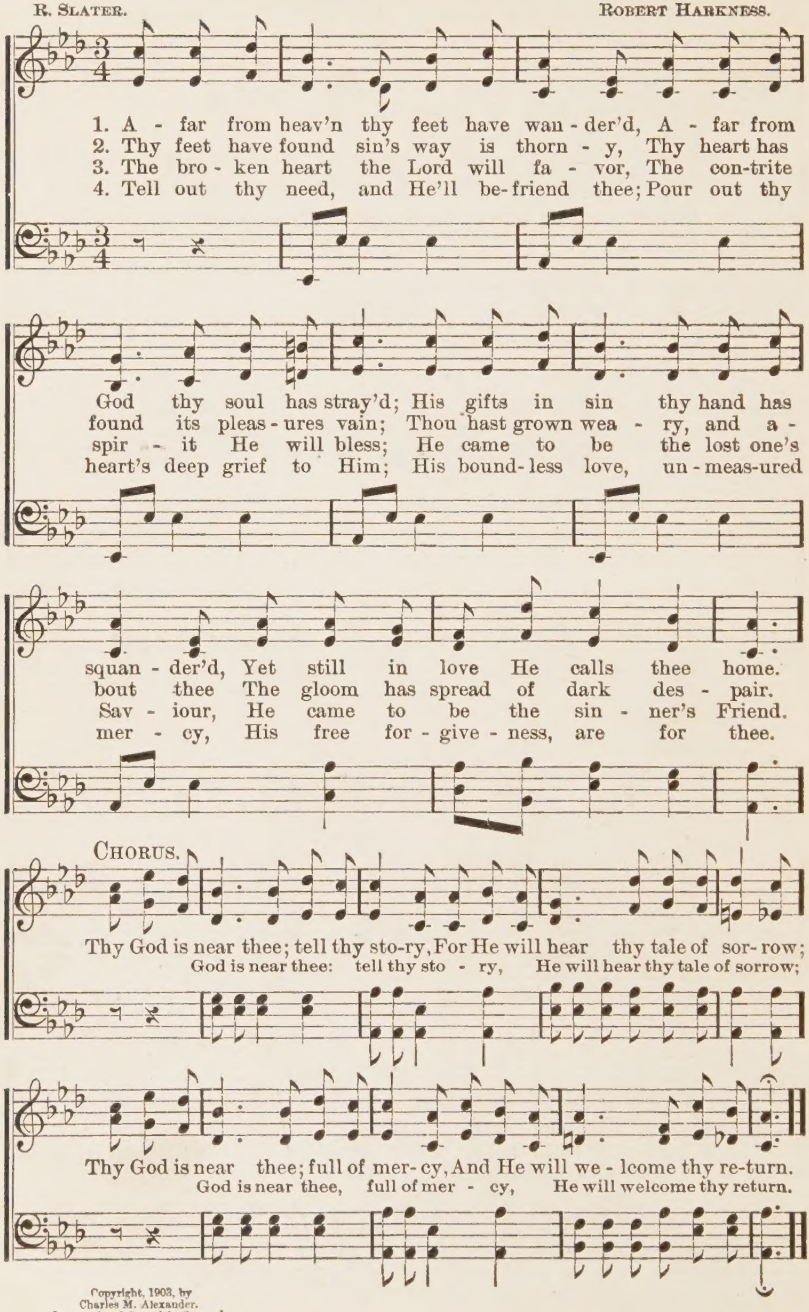
# Afar from God.

R. SLATER. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. A - far from heav'n thy feet have wan - der'd, A - far from
2. Thy feet have found sin's way is thorn - y, Thy heart has
3. The bro - ken heart the Lord will fa - vor, The con-trite
4. Tell out thy need, and He'll be-friend thee; Pour out thy
God thy soul has stray'd; His gifts in sin thy hand has
found its pleas - ures vain; Thou hast grown wea - ry, and a -
spir - it He will bless; He came to be the lost one's
heart's deep grief to Him; His bound-less love, un - meas-ured
squan - der'd, Yet still in love He calls thee home.
bout thee The gloom has spread of dark des - pair.
Sav - iour, He came to be the sin - ner's Friend.
mer - cy, His free for - give - ness, are for thee.
CHORUS.
Thy God is near thee; tell thy sto-ry, For He will hear thy tale of sor- row;
God is near thee: tell thy sto - ry, He will hear thy tale of sorrow;
Thy God is near thee; full of mer- cy, And He will we - lcome thy re-turn.
God is near thee, full of mer - cy, He will welcome thy return.

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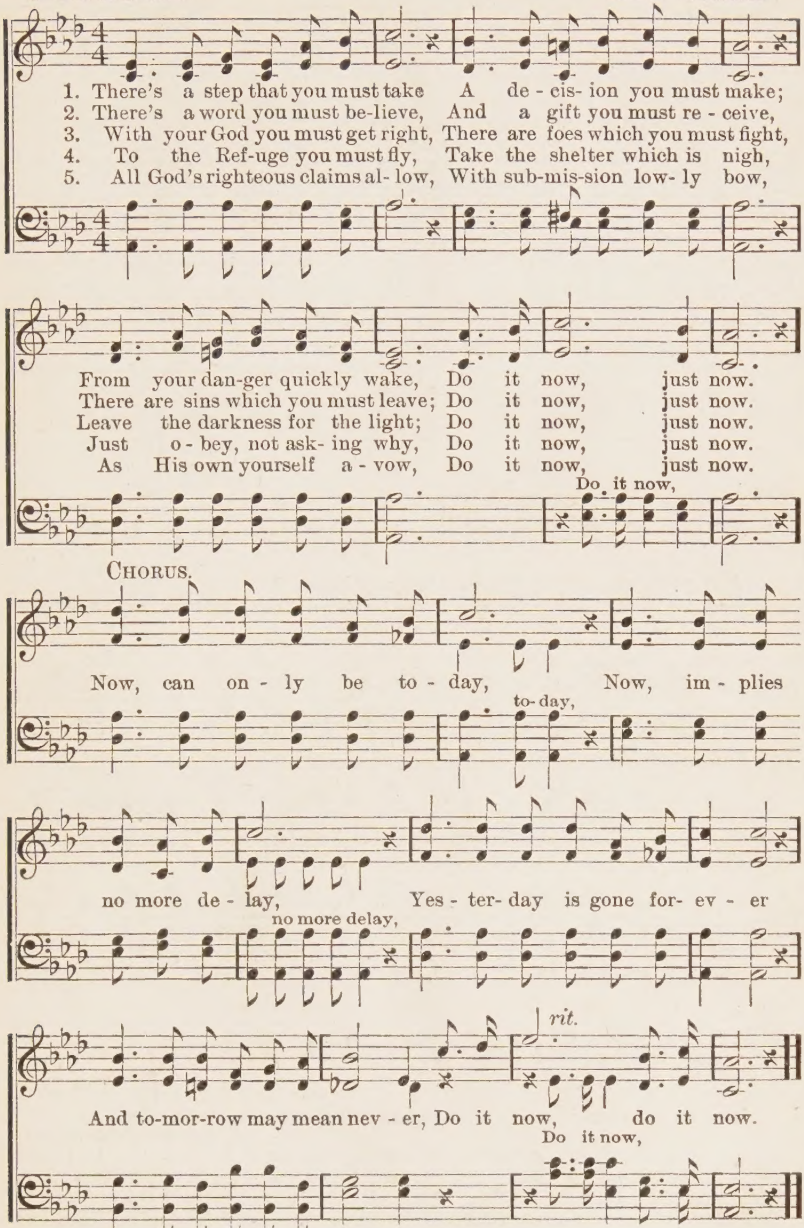
# Now.

"Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi, 2.

ADA R. HABERSHON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a step that you must take A de - cis- ion you must make;
2. There's a word you must be-lieve, And a gift you must re - ceive,
3. With your God you must get right, There are foes which you must fight,
4. To the Ref-uge you must fly, Take the shelter which is nigh,
5. All God's righteous claims al- low, With sub-mis-sion low- ly bow,
From your dan-ger quickly wake, Do it now, just now.
There are sins which you must leave; Do it now, just now.
Leave the darkness for the light; Do it now, just now.
Just o - bey, not ask- ing why, Do it now, just now.
As His own yourself a - vow, Do it now, just now.
Do it now,
CHORUS.
Now, can on - ly be to - day, Now, im - plies
to-day,
no more de - lay, Yes - ter- day is gone for- ev - er
no more delay,
rit.
And to-mor-row may mean nev - er, Do it now, do it now.
Do it now,

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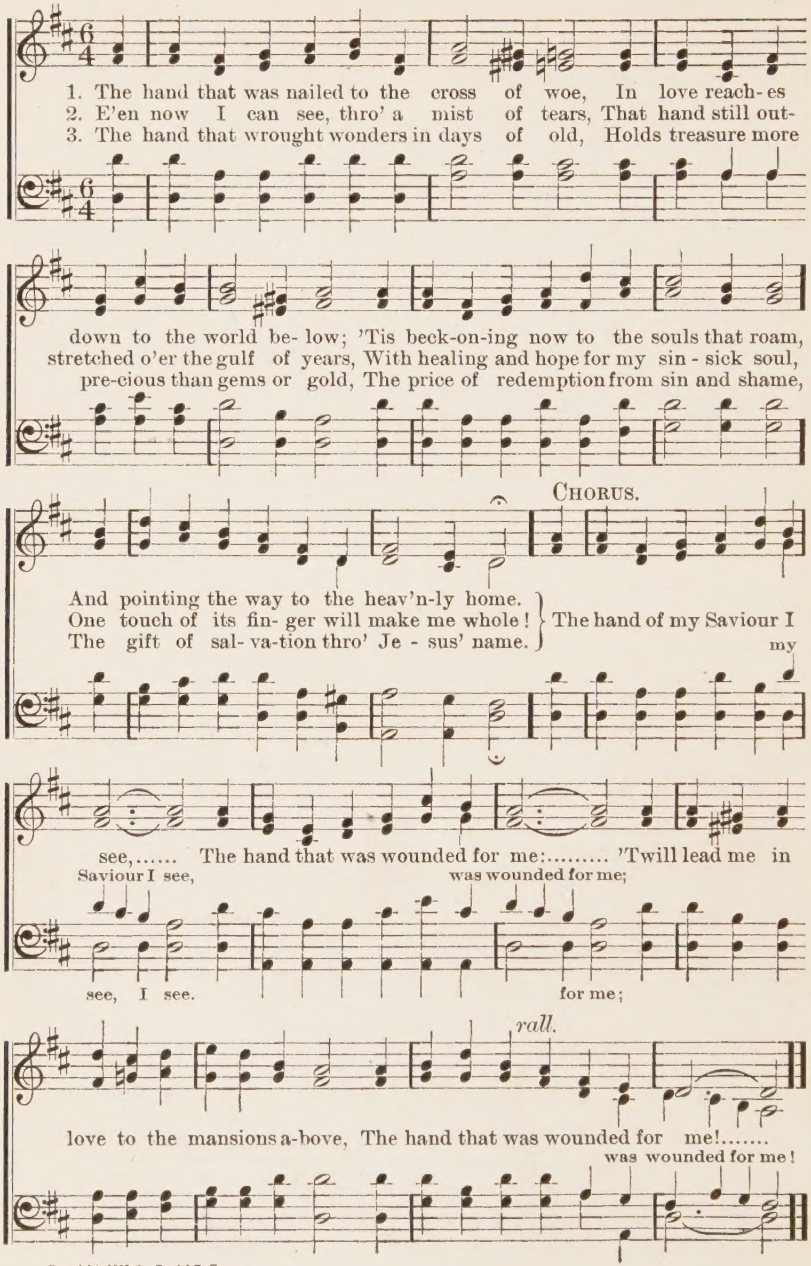
# 37 The Hand that was Wounded for Me.

HATTIE H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach- es
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still out-
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old, Holds treasure more
down to the world be- low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam,
stretched o'er the gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin - sick soul,
pre-cious than gems or gold, The price of redemption from sin and shame,
CHORUS.
And pointing the way to the heav'n-ly home.
One touch of its fin- ger will make me whole!
The gift of sal- va-tion thro' Je - sus' name.
The hand of my Saviour I
my
see,..... The hand that was wounded for me:..... 'Twill lead me in
Saviour I see,
was wounded for me;
see, I see.
for me;
rall.
love to the mansions a-bove, The hand that was wounded for me!.....
was wounded for me!

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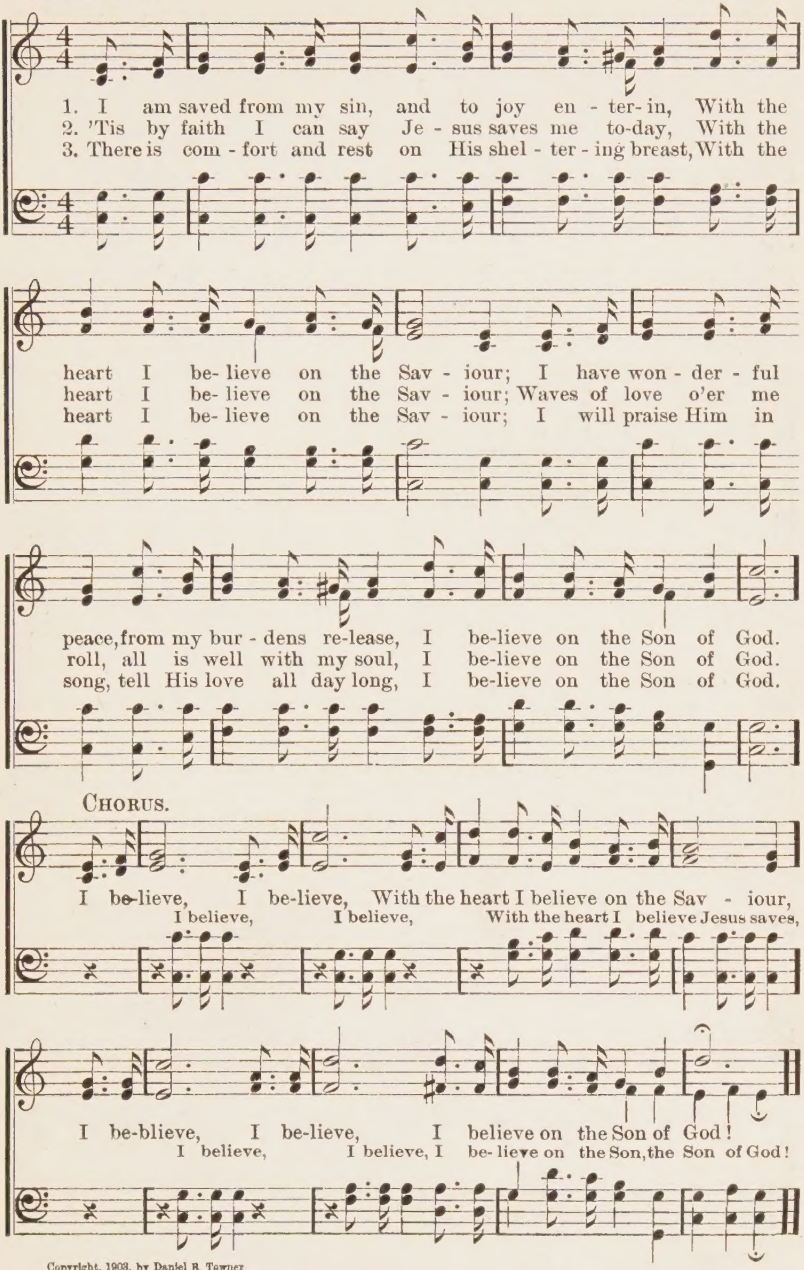
# I Believe.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. I am saved from my sin, and to joy en - ter-in, With the
2. 'Tis by faith I can say Je - sus saves me to-day, With the
3. There is com - fort and rest on His shel - ter - ing breast, With the
heart I be- lieve on the Sav - iour; I have won - der - ful
heart I be- lieve on the Sav - iour; Waves of love o'er me
heart I be- lieve on the Sav - iour; I will praise Him in
peace, from my bur - dens re-lease, I be-lieve on the Son of God.
roll, all is well with my soul, I be-lieve on the Son of God.
song, tell His love all day long, I be-lieve on the Son of God.
CHORUS.
I be-lieve, I be-lieve, With the heart I believe on the Sav - iour,
I believe, I believe, With the heart I believe Jesus saves,
I be-blieve, I be-lieve, I believe on the Son of God!
I believe, I believe, I be-lieve on the Son, the Son of God!

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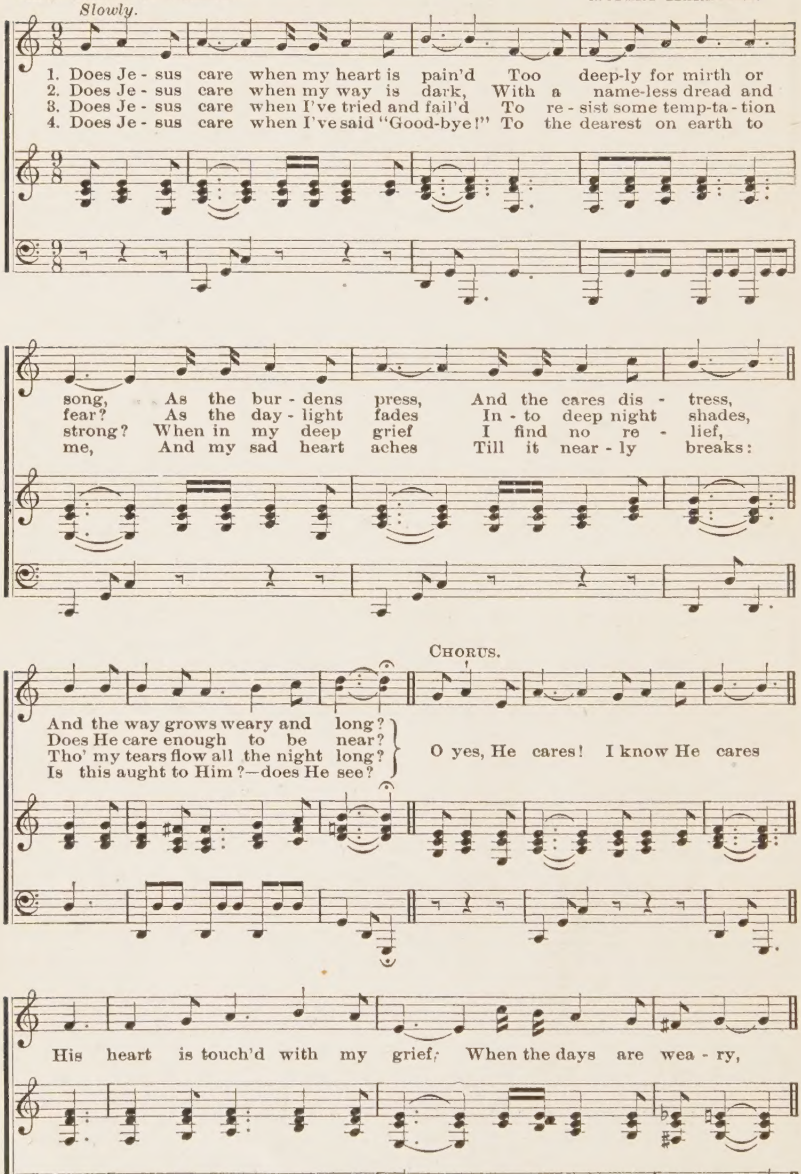
# Does Jesus Care?

"Casting all your cares upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 Peter v, 7.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. Robert Harkness.

*Slowly.*


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pain'd Too deep-ly for mirth or
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark, With a name-less dread and
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and fail'd To re - sist some temp-ta - tion
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "Good-bye!" To the dearest on earth to
song, As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress,
fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,
strong? When in my deep grief I find no re - lief,
me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks:
Chorus.
And the way grows weary and long?
Does He care enough to be near?
Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
Is this aught to Him?—does He see?
O yes, He cares! I know He cares
His heart is touch'd with my grief; When the days are wea - ry,

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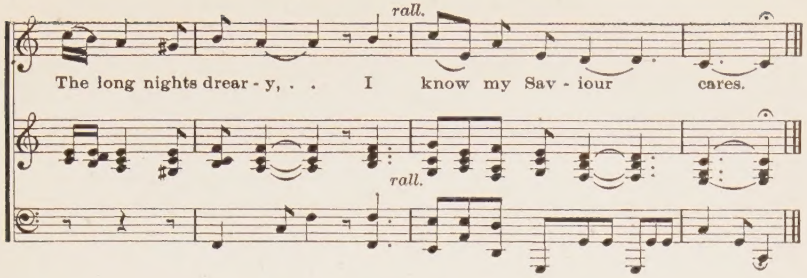
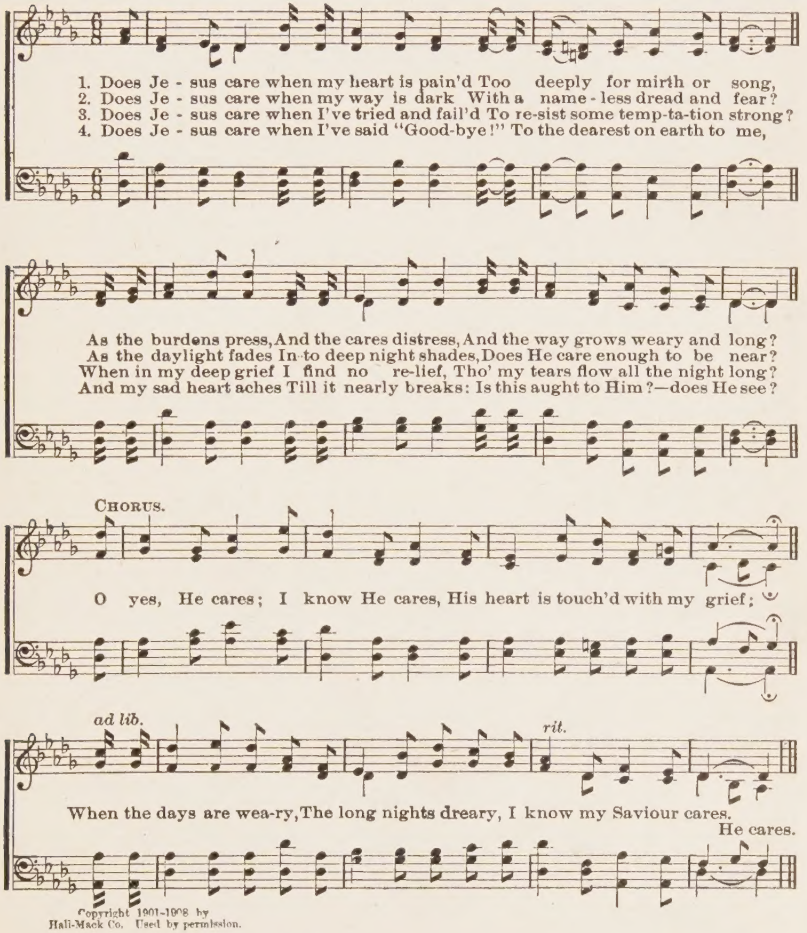



## 40 Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pain'd Too deeply for mirth or song,
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and fail'd To re-sist some temp-ta-tion strong?
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "Good-bye!" To the dearest on earth to me,
As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the daylight fades In-to deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
When in my deep grief I find no re-lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks: Is this aught to Him?—does He see?
CHORUS.
O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touch'd with my grief;
ad lib.
rit.
When the days are wea-ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares.
He cares.

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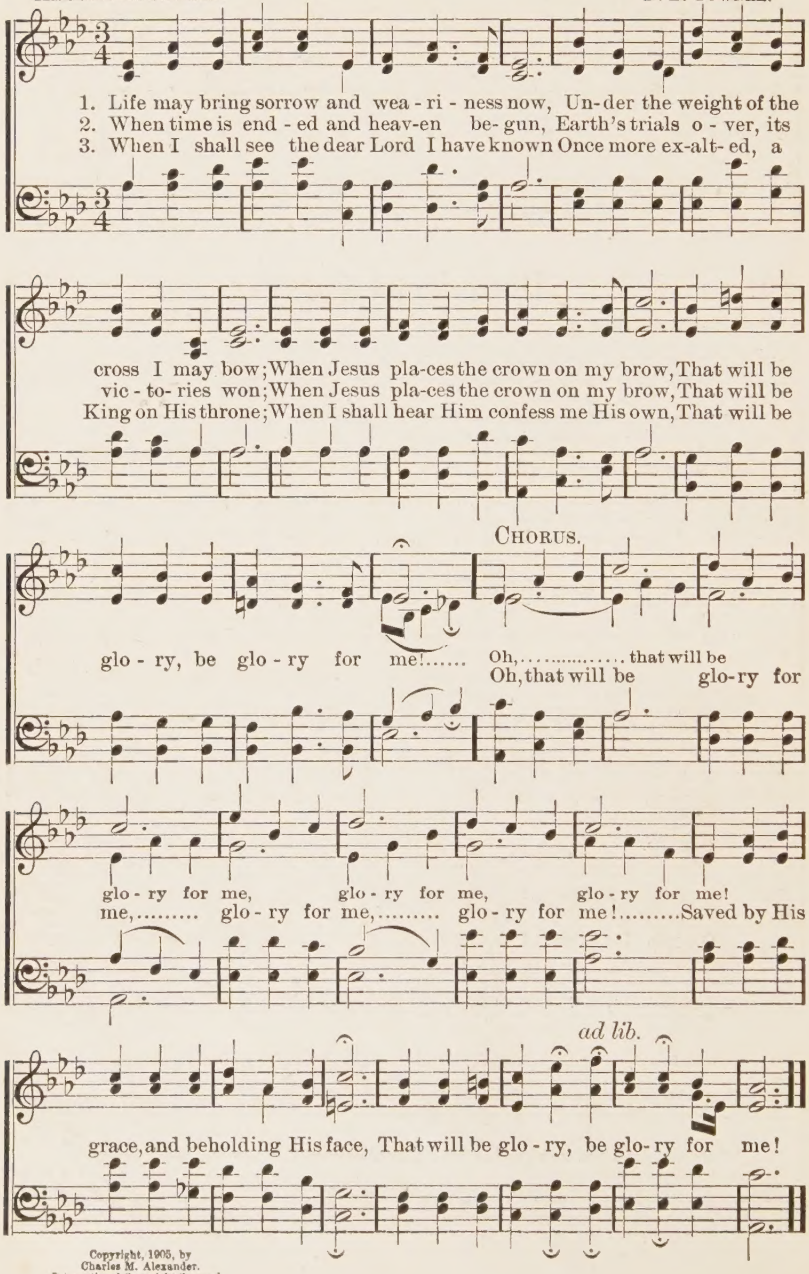
# Glory!

"Before the presence of His glory."—Jude 24.

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Life may bring sorrow and wea - ri - ness now, Un-der the weight of the
2. When time is end - ed and heav-en be- gun, Earth's trials o - ver, its
3. When I shall see the dear Lord I have known Once more ex-alt- ed, a
cross I may bow; When Jesus pla-ces the crown on my brow, That will be
vic - to- ries won; When Jesus pla-ces the crown on my brow, That will be
King on His throne; When I shall hear Him confess me His own, That will be
CHORUS.
glo - ry, be glo - ry for me!..... Oh,..... that will be
Oh, that will be glo-ry for
glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me!
me,..... glo - ry for me,..... glo - ry for me!.....Saved by His
ad lib.
grace, and beholding His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me!

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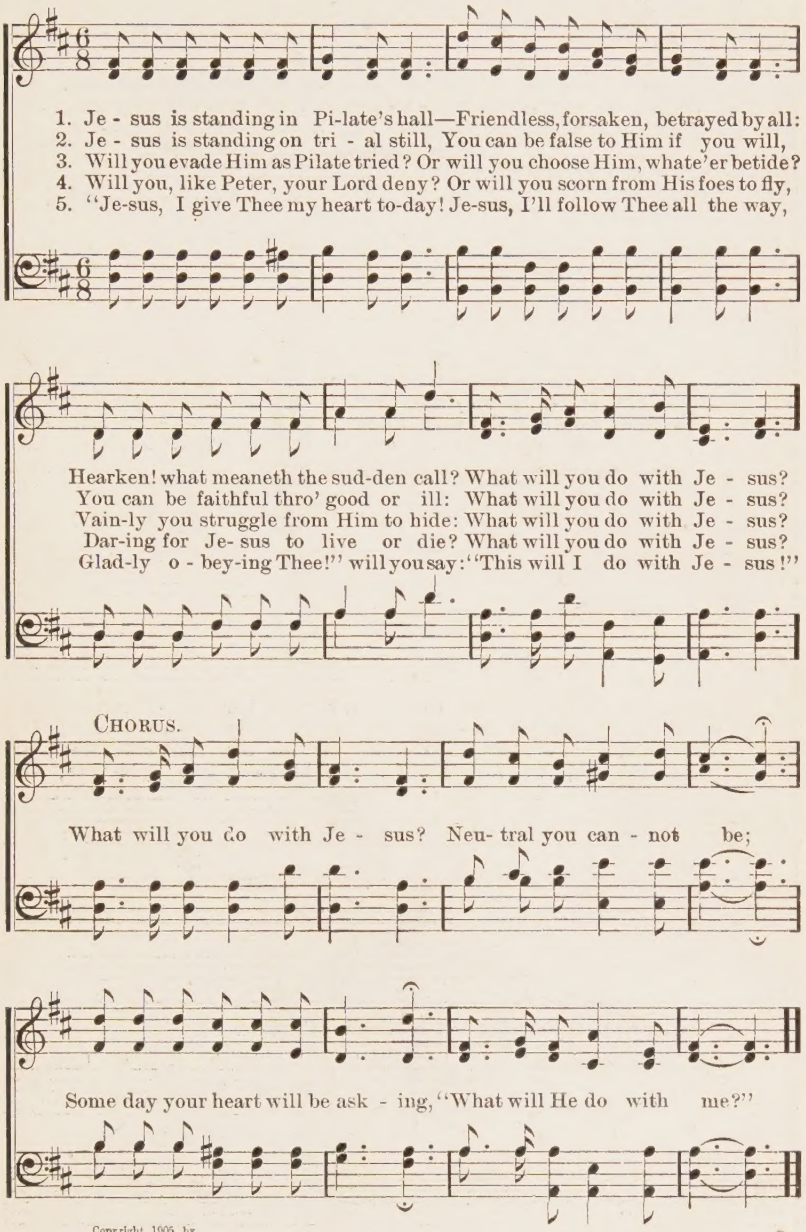
# What Will You Do With Jesus?

"What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—Matt. xxvii, 22.

Anon. M. L. Stocks.

1. Je - sus is standing in Pi-late's hall—Friendless, forsaken, betrayed by all:
2. Je - sus is standing on tri - al still, You can be false to Him if you will,
3. Will you evade Him as Pilate tried? Or will you choose Him, whate'er betide?
4. Will you, like Peter, your Lord deny? Or will you scorn from His foes to fly,
5. "Je-sus, I give Thee my heart to-day! Je-sus, I'll follow Thee all the way,
Hearken! what meaneth the sud-den call? What will you do with Je - sus?
You can be faithful thro' good or ill: What will you do with Je - sus?
Vain-ly you struggle from Him to hide: What will you do with Je - sus?
Dar-ing for Je- sus to live or die? What will you do with Je - sus?
Glad-ly o - bey-ing Thee!" will you say: "This will I do with Je - sus!"
Chorus.
What will you do with Je - sus? Neu- tral you can - not be;
Some day your heart will be ask - ing, "What will He do with me?"

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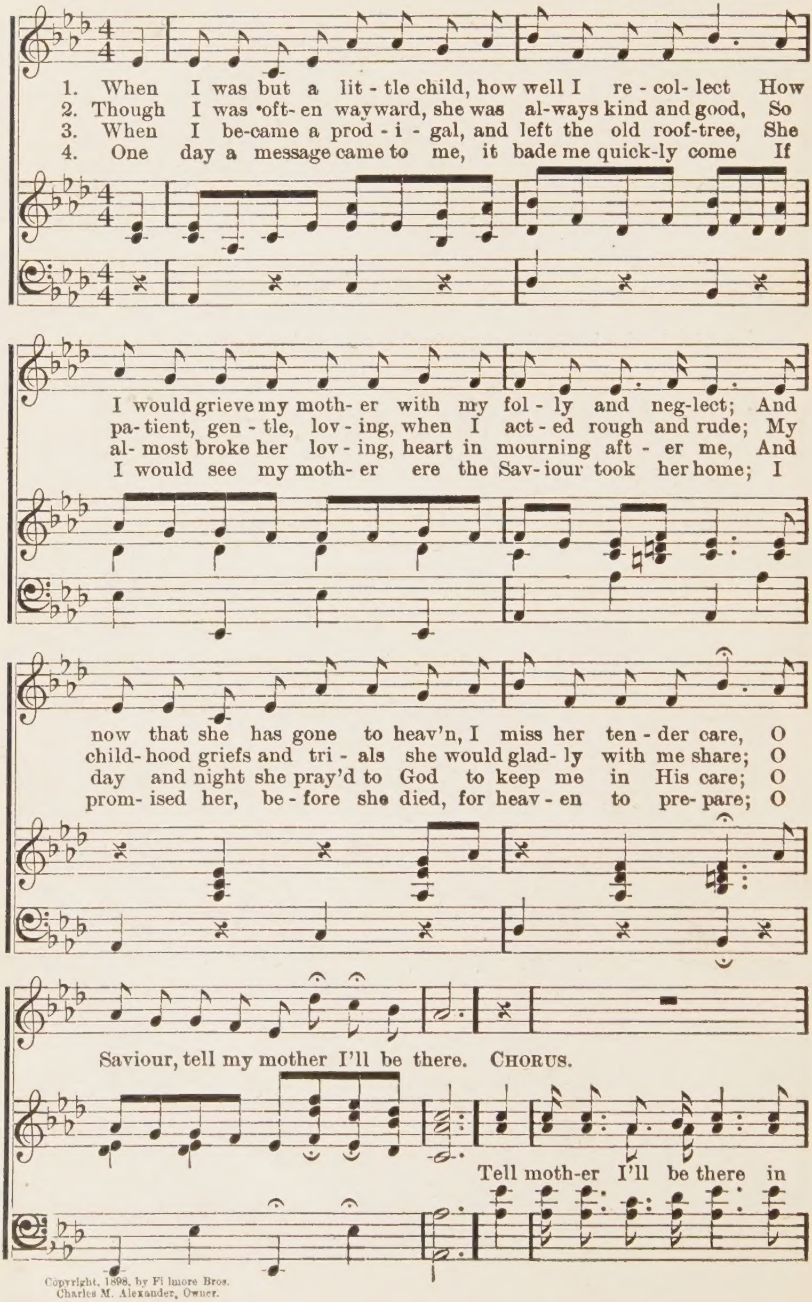
# Tell Mother I'll Be There.

C. M. F. CHARLES M. FILLMORE.

1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I re - col- lect How
2. Though I was oft- en wayward, she was al-ways kind and good, So
3. When I be-came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof-tree, She
4. One day a message came to me, it bade me quick-ly come If
I would grieve my moth- er with my fol - ly and neg-lect; And
pa- tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when I act - ed rough and rude; My
al- most broke her lov - ing, heart in mourning aft - er me, And
I would see my moth- er ere the Sav- iour took her home; I
now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten - der care, O
child- hood griefs and tri - als she would glad- ly with me share; O
day and night she pray'd to God to keep me in His care; O
prom- ised her, be - fore she died, for heav - en to pre- pare; O
Saviour, tell my mother I'll be there. CHORUS.
Tell moth-er I'll be there in

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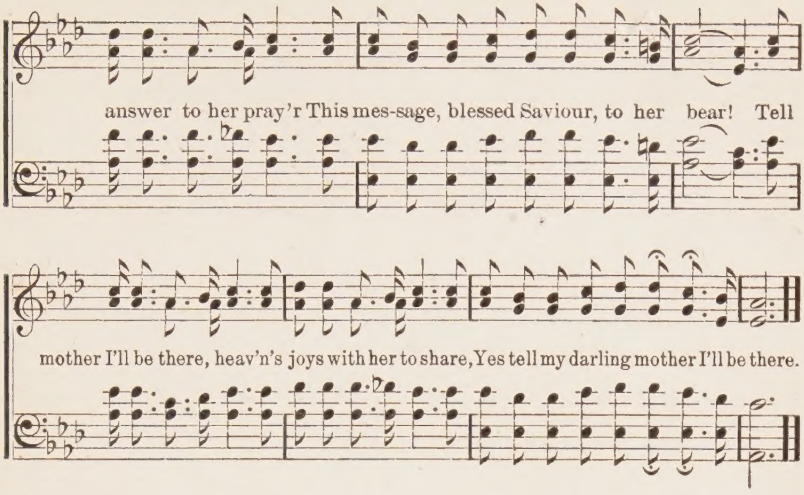
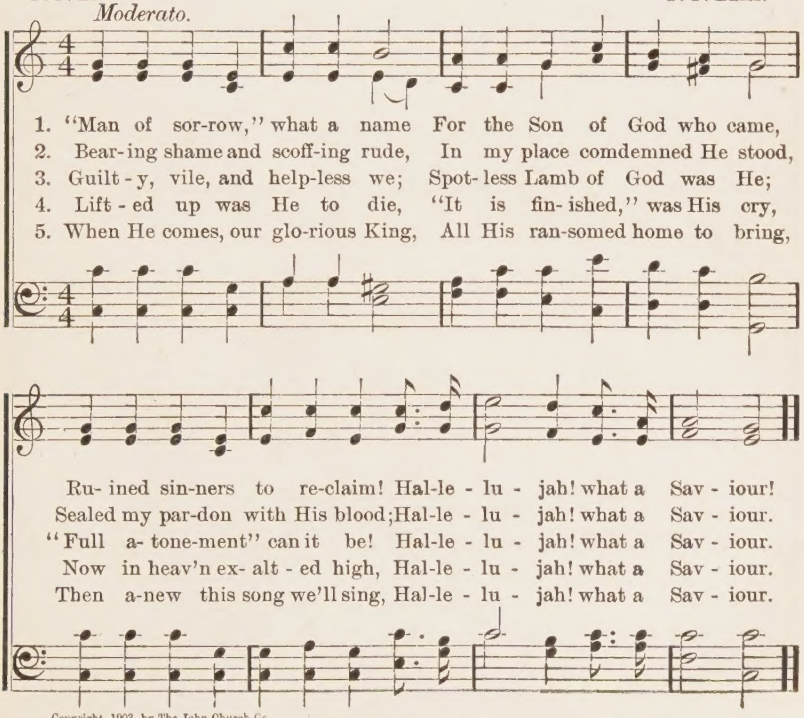

answer to her pray'r This mes-sage, blessed Saviour, to her bear! Tell
mother I'll be there, heav'n's joys with her to share, Yes tell my darling mother I'll be there.

## 44 Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

*Moderato.*


1. "Man of sor-row," what a name For the Son of God who came,
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place comdemned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile, and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,
Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour.
"Full a-tone-ment" can it be! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour.
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour.
Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour.

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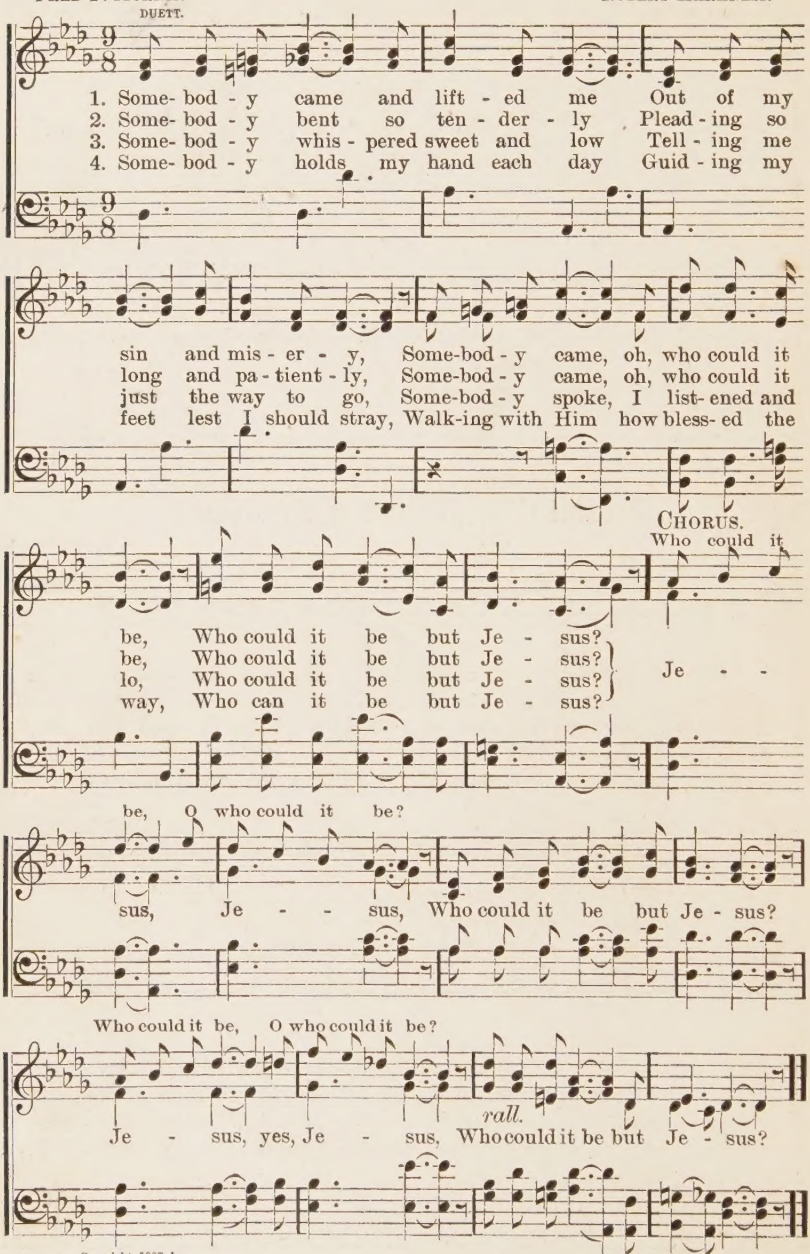
# Who Could It Be?

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii, 24.

FRED P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

DUETT.

1. Some- bod - y came and lift - ed me Out of my
2. Some- bod - y bent so ten - der - ly Plead - ing so
3. Some- bod - y whis - pered sweet and low Tell - ing me
4. Some- bod - y holds my hand each day Guid - ing my
sin and mis - er - y, Some-bod - y came, oh, who could it
long and pa - tient - ly, Some-bod - y came, oh, who could it
just the way to go, Some-bod - y spoke, I list- ened and
feet lest I should stray, Walk-ing with Him how bless- ed the
CHORUS.
Who could it
be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
lo, Who could it be but Je - sus?
way, Who can it be but Je - sus?
Je - -
be, O who could it be?
sus, Je - - sus, Who could it be but Je - sus?
Who could it be, O who could it be?
rall.
Je - sus, yes, Je - sus, Who could it be but Je - sus?

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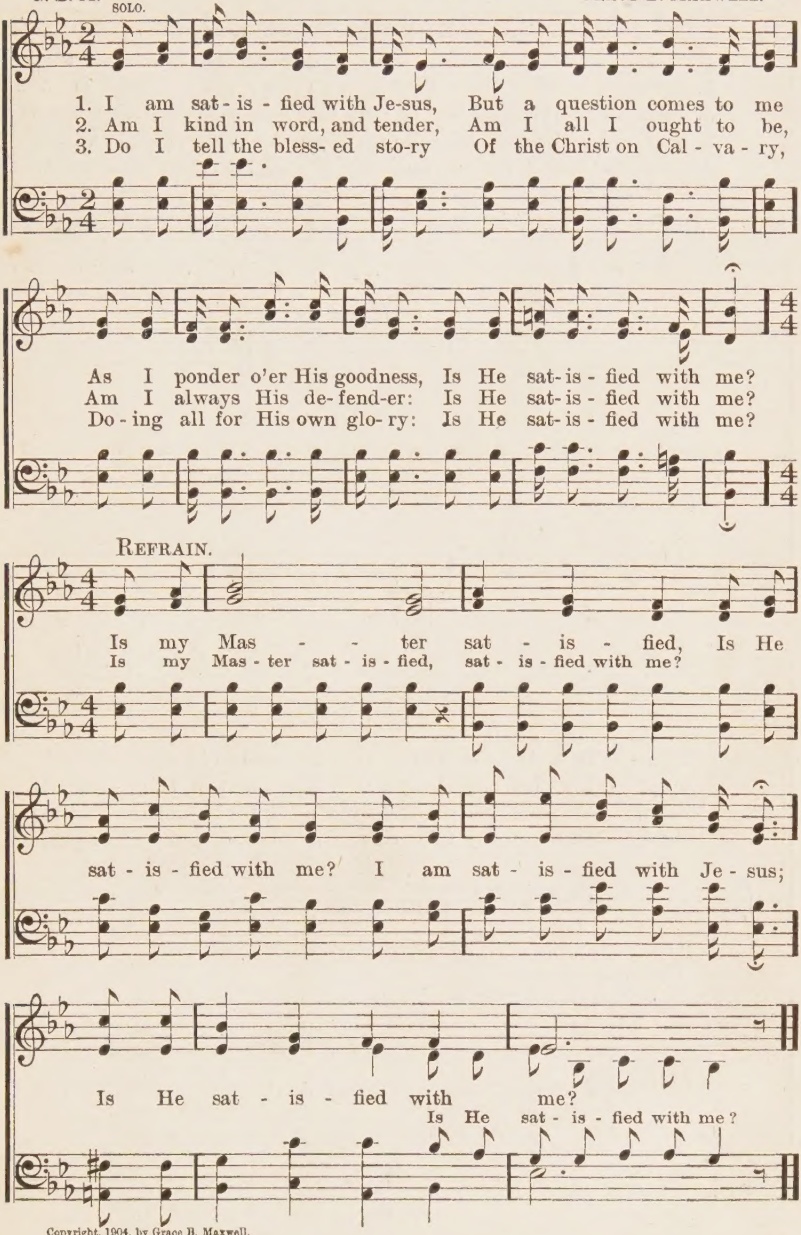
# Is He Satisfied With Me.

"The fear of the Lord tendeth to life; and he that hath it shall abide satisfied."—Proverbs xix, 23.

G. B. M. SOLO. GRACE B. MAXWELL.

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je-sus, But a question comes to me
2. Am I kind in word, and tender, Am I all I ought to be,
3. Do I tell the bless- ed sto-ry Of the Christ on Cal - va - ry,
As I ponder o'er His goodness, Is He sat-is - fied with me?
Am I always His de-fend-er: Is He sat-is - fied with me?
Do - ing all for His own glo- ry: Is He sat-is - fied with me?
REFRAIN.
Is my Mas - - ter sat - is - fied, Is He
Is my Mas - ter sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied with me?
sat - is - fied with me? I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus;
Is He sat - is - fied with me?
Is He sat - is - fied with me?

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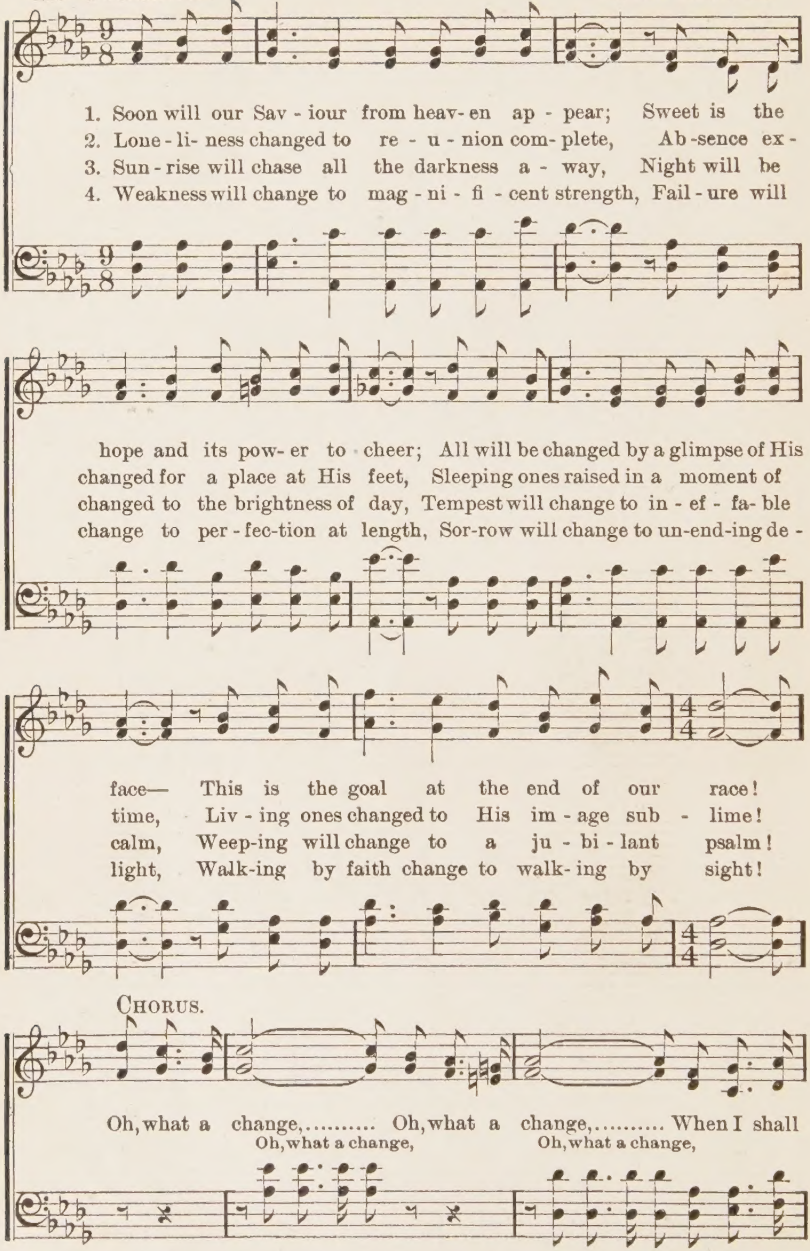
# Oh, What a Change!

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. Soon will our Sav - iour from heav-en ap - pear; Sweet is the
2. Lone - li- ness changed to re - u - nion com- plete, Ab-sence ex-
3. Sun - rise will chase all the darkness a - way, Night will be
4. Weakness will change to mag - ni - fi - cent strength, Fail - ure will
hope and its pow- er to cheer; All will be changed by a glimpse of His
changed for a place at His feet, Sleeping ones raised in a moment of
changed to the brightness of day, Tempest will change to in - ef - fa- ble
change to per - fec-tion at length, Sor-row will change to un-end-ing de -
face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
calm, Weep-ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
light, Walk-ing by faith change to walk- ing by sight!
CHORUS.
Oh, what a change,..... Oh, what a change,..... When I shall
Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change,

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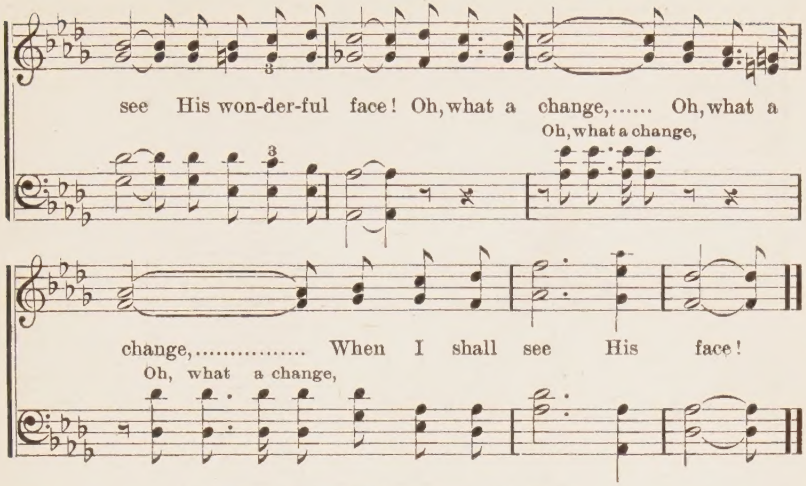
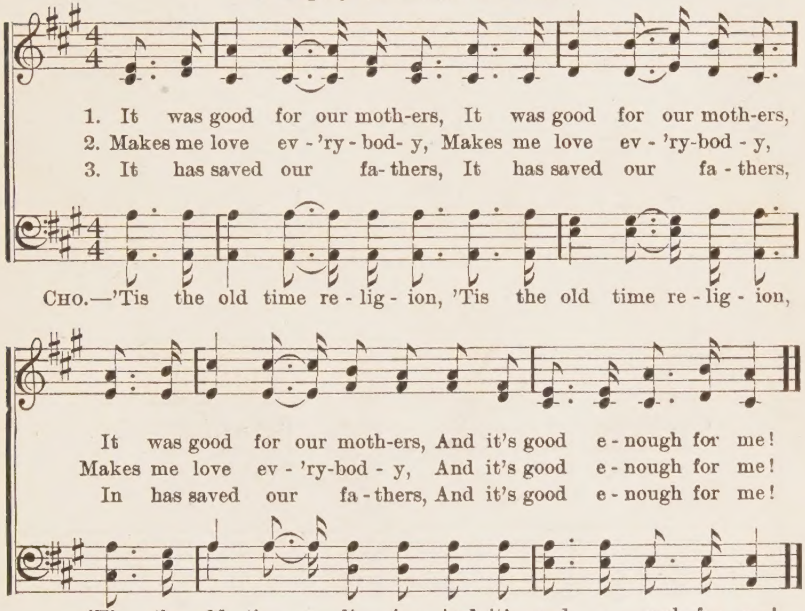
## Oh, What a Change!—Concluded.

## 48 The Old Time Religion.

As Sung by Chas. M. Alexander.


1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
2. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod- y, Makes me love ev - 'ry-bod - y,
3. It has saved our fa- thers, It has saved our fa - thers,
Cho.—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
It was good for our moth-ers, And it's good e - nough for me!
Makes me love ev - 'ry-bod - y, And it's good e - nough for me!
In has saved our fa - thers, And it's good e - nough for me!
'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me!

4 ‖:Makes me love the good old Bible,:‖
And it's good enough for me!

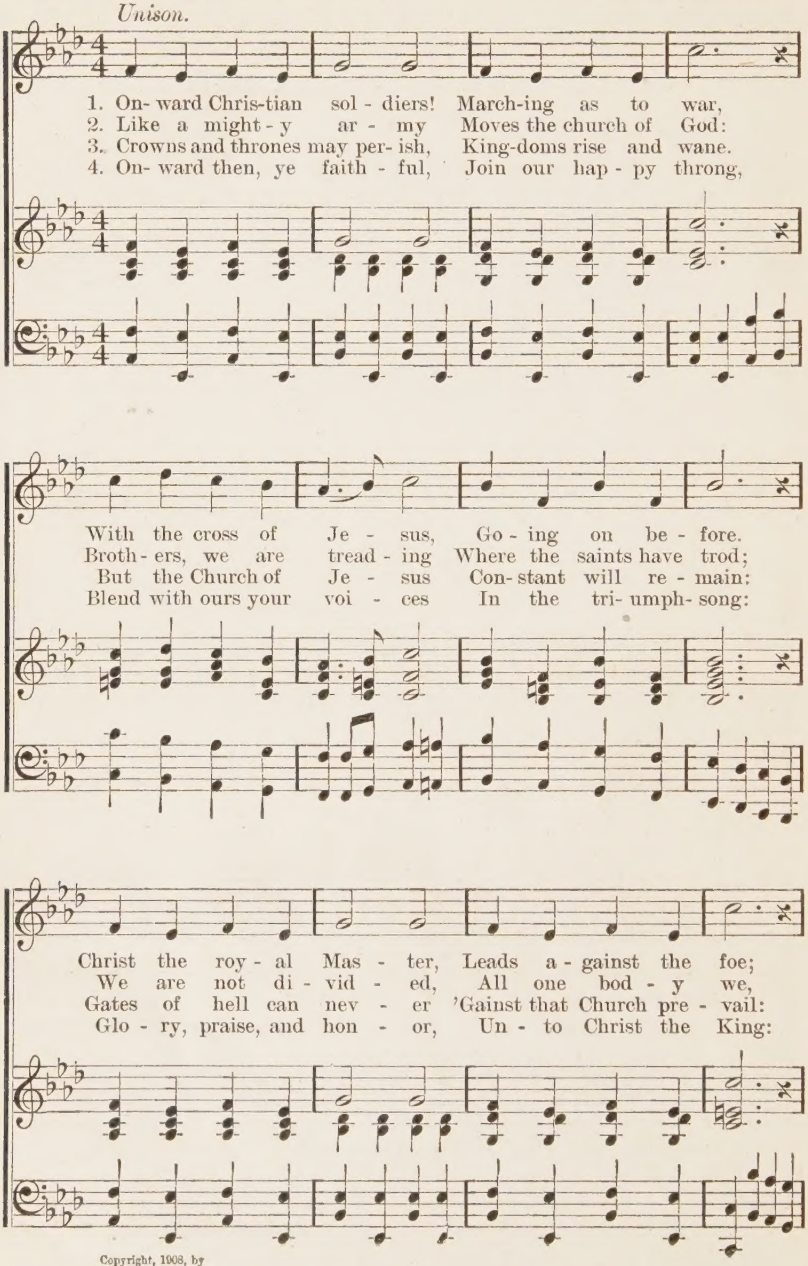
5 ‖:It will lead me to Jesus,:‖
And it's good enough for me!

6 ‖:It will do when I'm dying,:‖
And it's good enough for me!

7 ‖:It will take us all to heaven,:‖
And it's good enough for me!

# Onward Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ROBERT HARKNESS.

*Unison.*

1. On- ward Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of God:
3. Crowns and thrones may per- ish, King-doms rise and wane.
4. On- ward then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng,
With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
Broth - ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
But the Church of Je - sus Con- stant will re - main:
Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri- umph- song:
Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail:
Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:

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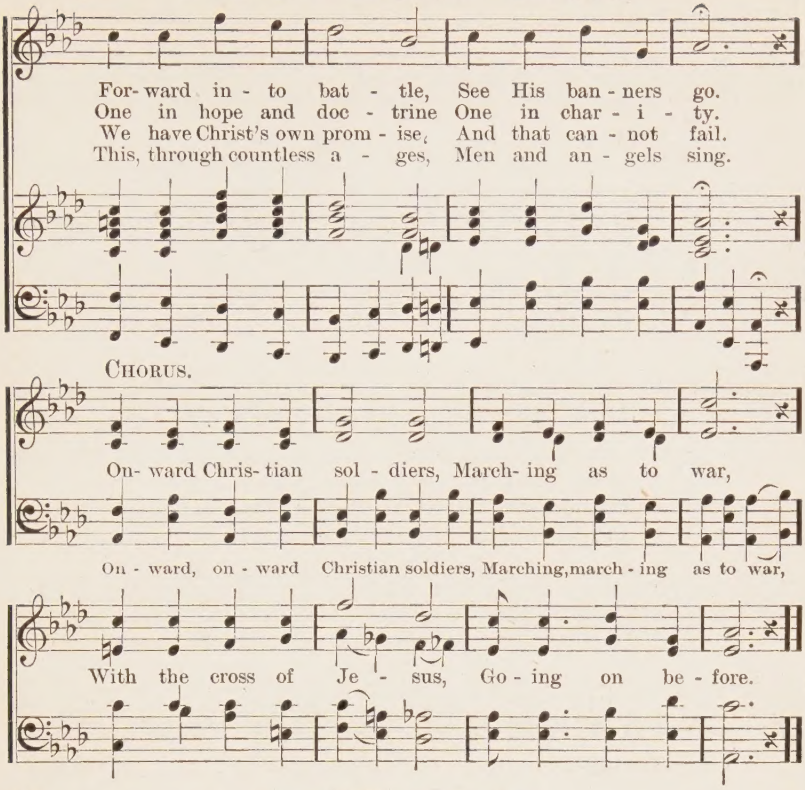
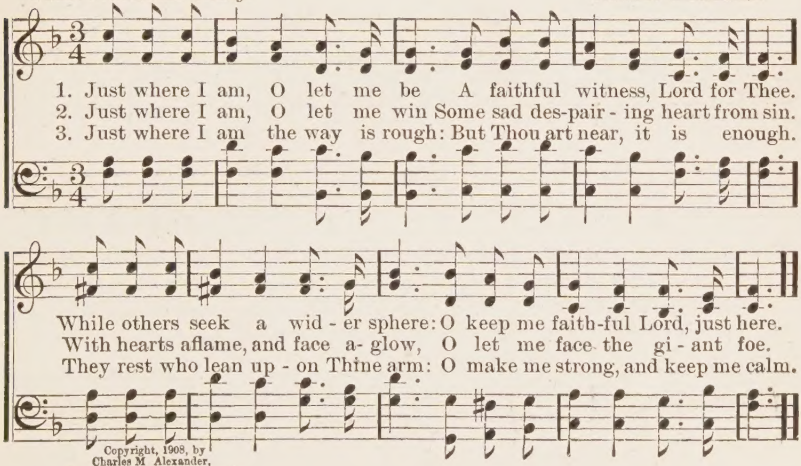

For- ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
This, through countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.
CHORUS.
On- ward Chris- tian sol - diers, March- ing as to war,
On - ward, on - ward Christian soldiers, Marching, march - ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

## 50 Just Where I Am.

FRED. P. MORRIS. *Slowly.* ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Just where I am, O let me be A faithful witness, Lord for Thee.
2. Just where I am, O let me win Some sad des-pair - ing heart from sin.
3. Just where I am the way is rough: But Thou art near, it is enough.
While others seek a wid - er sphere: O keep me faith-ful Lord, just here.
With hearts aflame, and face a- glow, O let me face the gi - ant foe.
They rest who lean up - on Thine arm: O make me strong, and keep me calm.

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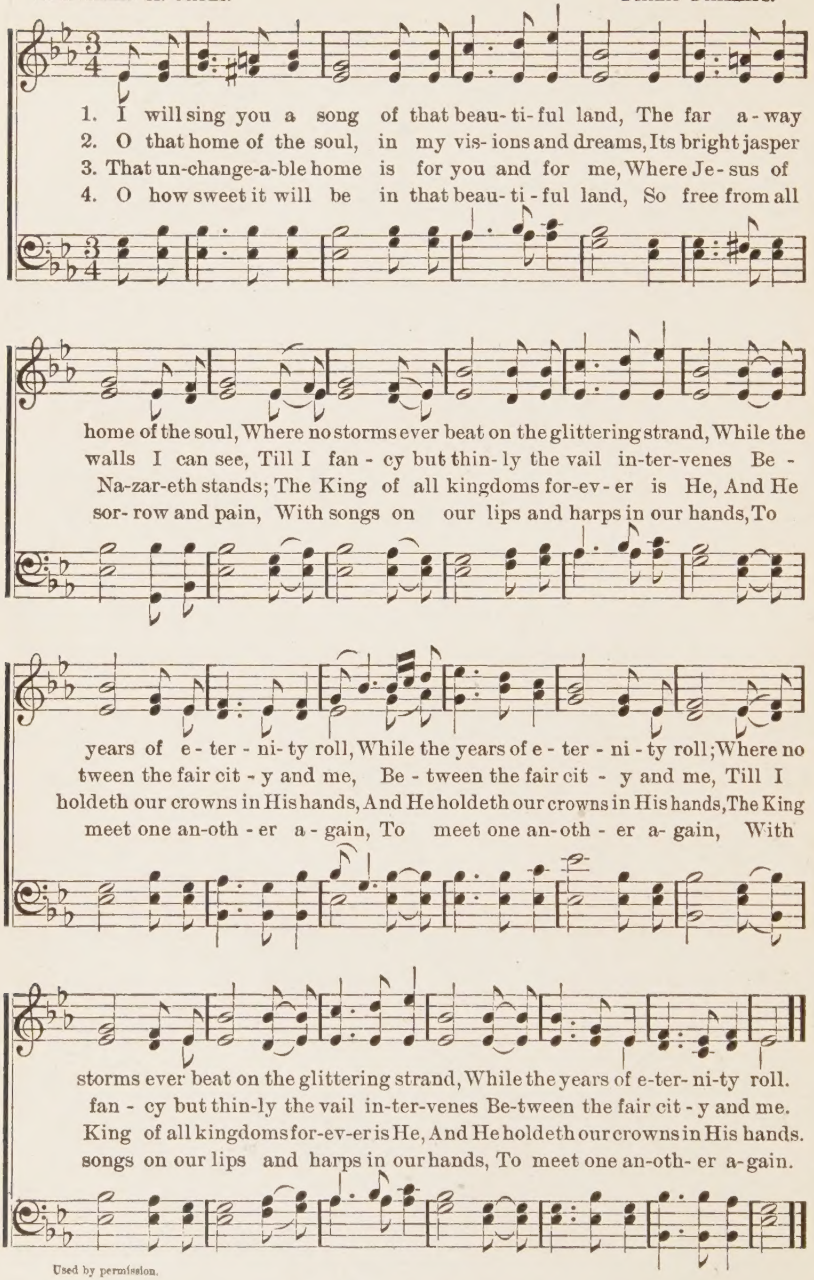
# Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau- ti- ful land, The far a- way
2. O that home of the soul, in my vis- ions and dreams, Its bright jasper
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je- sus of
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau- ti- ful land, So free from all
home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the
walls I can see, Till I fan- cy but thin- ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-
Na-zar-eth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev- er is He, And He
sor- row and pain, With songs on our lips and harps in our hands, To
years of e- ter- ni- ty roll, While the years of e- ter- ni- ty roll; Where no
tween the fair cit- y and me, Be- tween the fair cit- y and me, Till I
holdeth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands, The King
meet one an-oth- er a- gain, To meet one an-oth- er a- gain, With
storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years of e-ter- ni-ty roll.
fan- cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit- y and me.
King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
songs on our lips and harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth- er a-gain.

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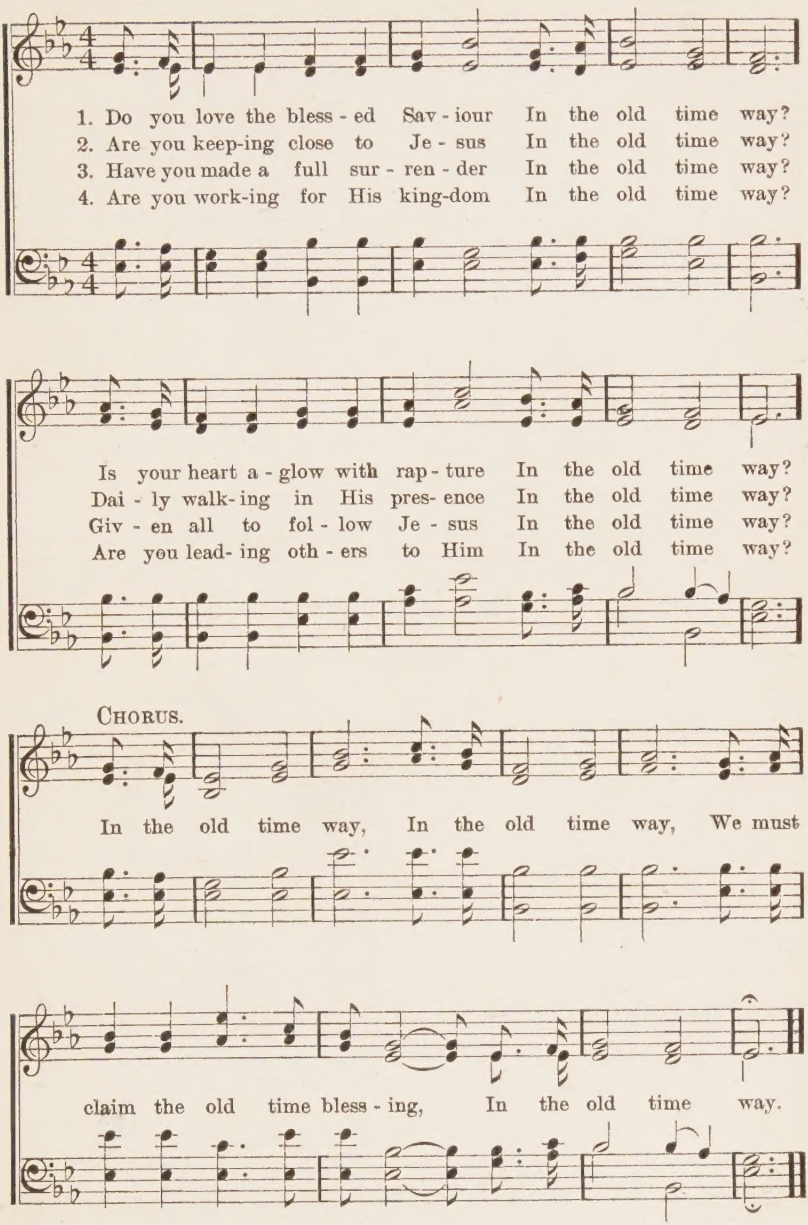
# The Old Time Way.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Do you love the bless - ed Sav - iour In the old time way?
2. Are you keep-ing close to Je - sus In the old time way?
3. Have you made a full sur - ren - der In the old time way?
4. Are you work-ing for His king-dom In the old time way?
Is your heart a - glow with rap - ture In the old time way?
Dai - ly walk-ing in His pres- ence In the old time way?
Giv - en all to fol - low Je - sus In the old time way?
Are you lead- ing oth - ers to Him In the old time way?
CHORUS.
In the old time way, In the old time way, We must
claim the old time bless - ing, In the old time way.

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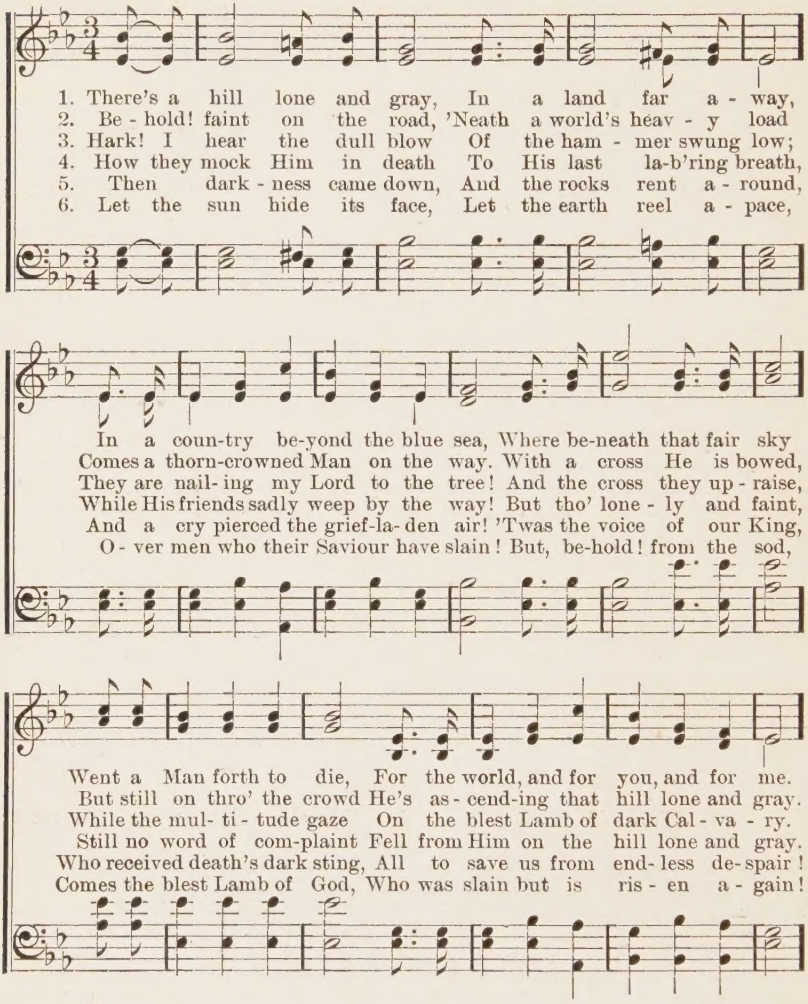
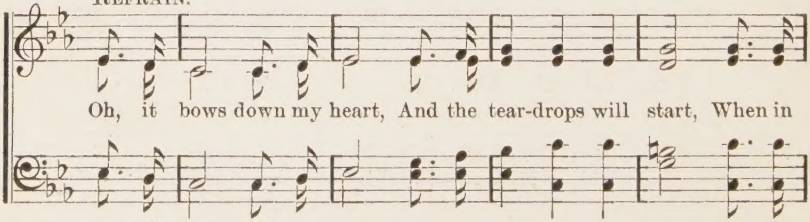
# Calvary.

"A place called Calvary."—Luke xxiii, 33.

Rev. R. CARRADINE, D. D. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. There's a hill lone and gray, In a land far a - way,
2. Be - hold! faint on the road, 'Neath a world's heav - y load
3. Hark! I hear the dull blow Of the ham - mer swung low;
4. How they mock Him in death To His last la-b'ring breath,
5. Then dark - ness came down, And the rocks rent a - round,
6. Let the sun hide its face, Let the earth reel a - pace,
In a coun-try be-yond the blue sea, Where be-neath that fair sky
Comes a thorn-crowned Man on the way. With a cross He is bowed,
They are nail- ing my Lord to the tree! And the cross they up - raise,
While His friends sadly weep by the way! But tho' lone - ly and faint,
And a cry pierced the grief-la-den air! 'Twas the voice of our King,
O - ver men who their Saviour have slain! But, be-hold! from the sod,
Went a Man forth to die, For the world, and for you, and for me.
But still on thro' the crowd He's as - cend-ing that hill lone and gray.
While the mul- ti - tude gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Cal - va - ry.
Still no word of com-plaint Fell from Him on the hill lone and gray.
Who received death's dark sting, All to save us from end- less de-spair!
Comes the blest Lamb of God, Who was slain but is ris - en a - gain!

REFRAIN.

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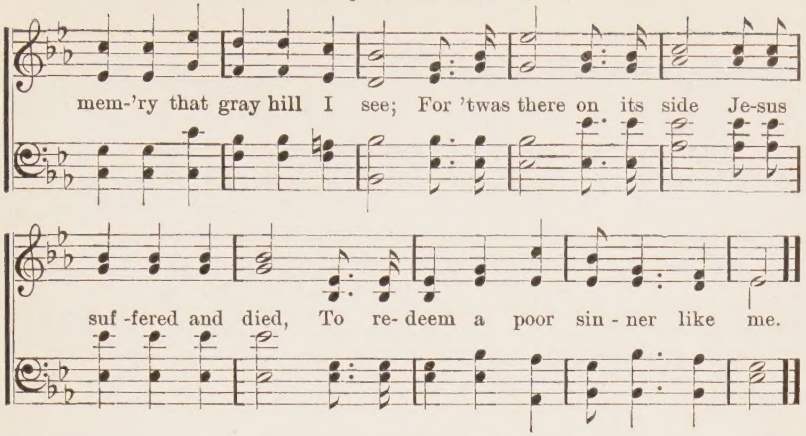
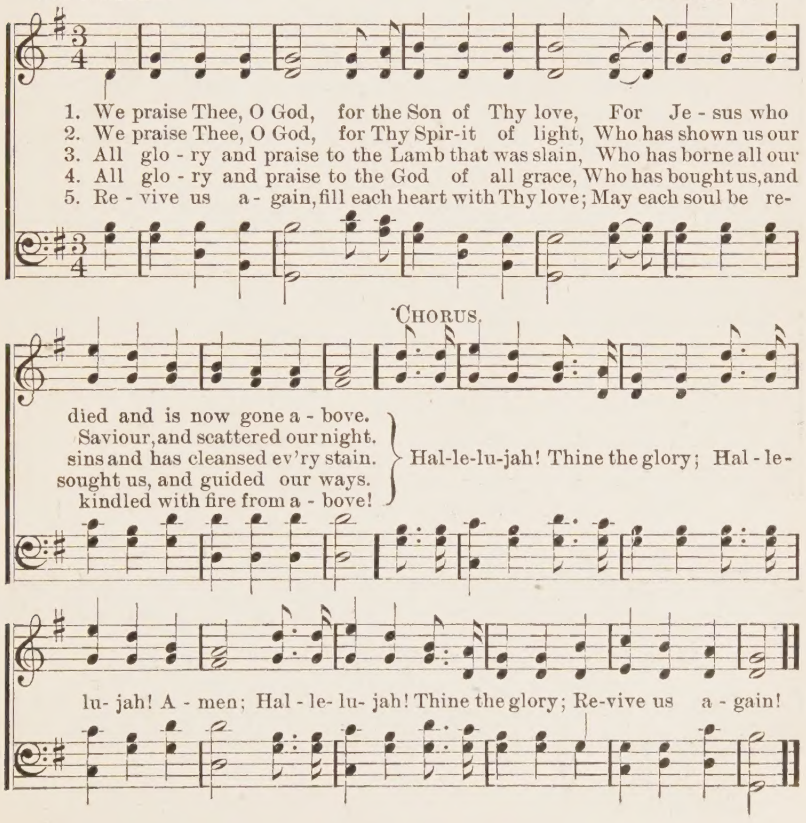


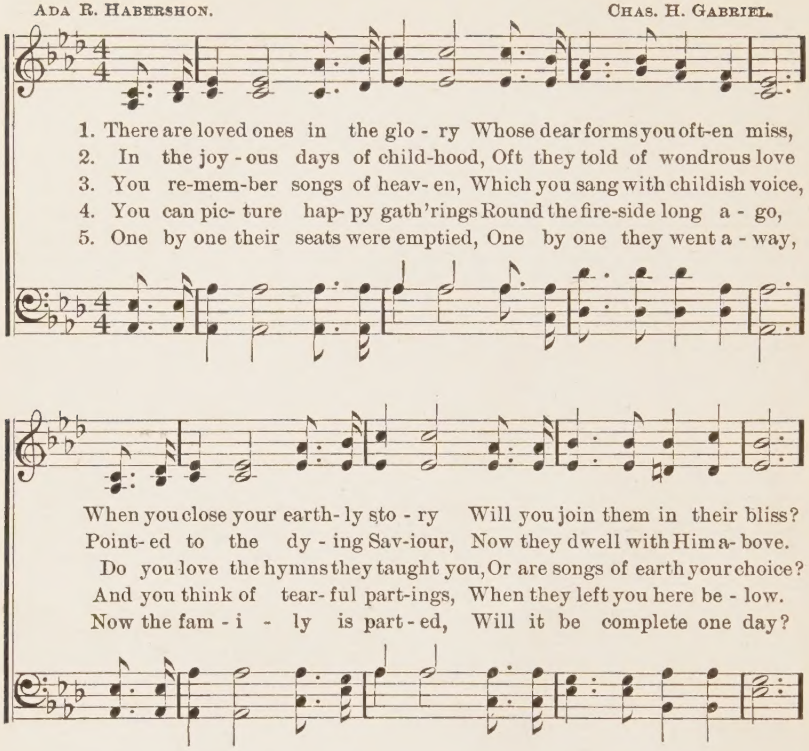

## 54 Revive Us Again.

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—Habakkuk iii, 2.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re-vive us a-gain, fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-
CHORUS.
died and is now gone a-bove.
Saviour, and scattered our night.
sins and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
sought us, and guided our ways.
kindled with fire from a-bove!
Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory; Hal-le-
lu-jah! A-men; Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory; Re-vive us a-gain!

# Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

ADA R. HABERSHON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. There are loved ones in the glo - ry Whose dear forms you oft-en miss,
2. In the joy - ous days of child-hood, Oft they told of wondrous love
3. You re-mem-ber songs of heav- en, Which you sang with childish voice,
4. You can pic- ture hap- py gath'rings Round the fire-side long a - go,
5. One by one their seats were emptied, One by one they went a - way,
When you close your earth- ly sto - ry Will you join them in their bliss?
Point- ed to the dy - ing Sav-iour, Now they dwell with Him a- bove.
Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
And you think of tear- ful part-ings, When they left you here be - low.
Now the fam - i - ly is part - ed, Will it be complete one day?
CHORUS.
Will the cir - cle be un-brok-en By and by, by and by?
Is a bet - ter home a-wait- ing In the sky, in the sky?

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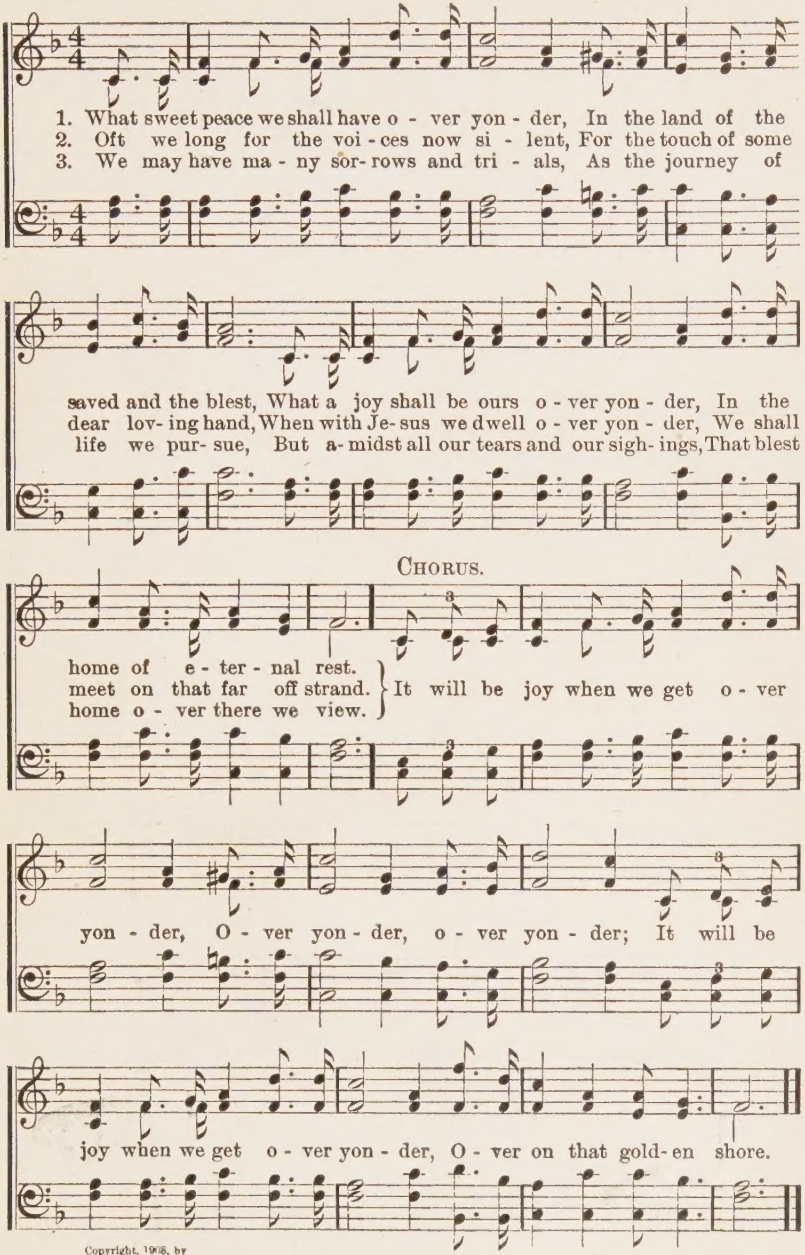
# Over Yonder.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. What sweet peace we shall have o - ver yon - der, In the land of the
2. Oft we long for the voi - ces now si - lent, For the touch of some
3. We may have ma - ny sor- rows and tri - als, As the journey of
saved and the blest, What a joy shall be ours o - ver yon - der, In the
dear lov- ing hand, When with Je- sus we dwell o - ver yon - der, We shall
life we pur- sue, But a- midst all our tears and our sigh- ings, That blest
CHORUS.
home of e - ter - nal rest.
meet on that far off strand.
home o - ver there we view.
It will be joy when we get o - ver
yon - der, O - ver yon - der, o - ver yon - der; It will be
joy when we get o - ver yon - der, O - ver on that gold- en shore.

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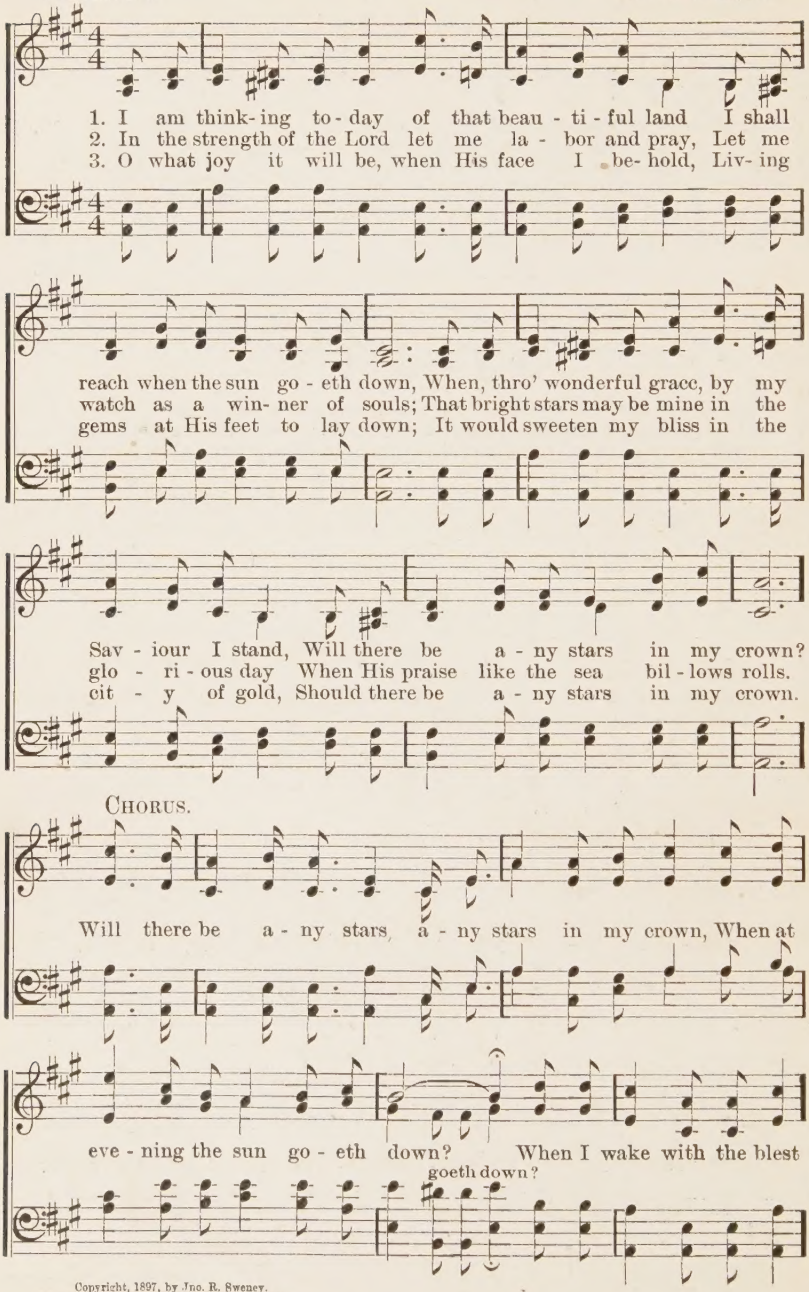
# Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me
3. O what joy it will be, when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing
reach when the sun go-eth down, When, thro' wonderful grace, by my
watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the
gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the
Sav-iour I stand, Will there be a-ny stars in my crown?
glo-ri-ous day When His praise like the sea bil-lows rolls.
cit-y of gold, Should there be a-ny stars in my crown.
CHORUS.
Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny stars in my crown, When at
eve-ning the sun go-eth down? When I wake with the blest
goeth down?

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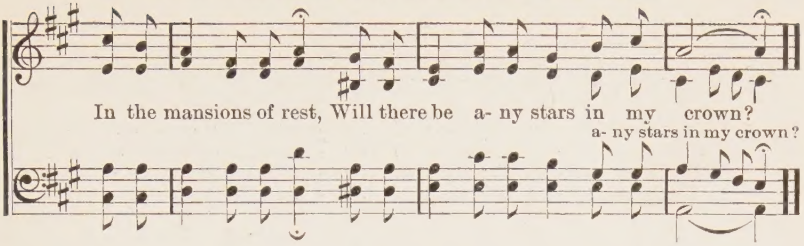
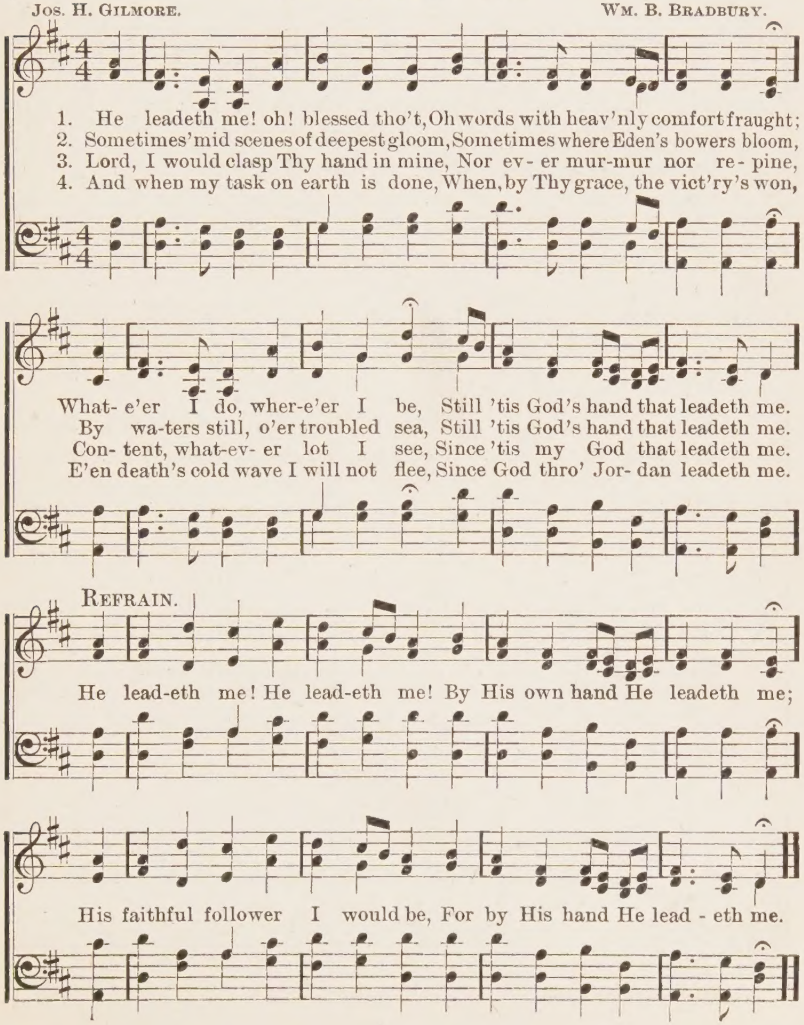
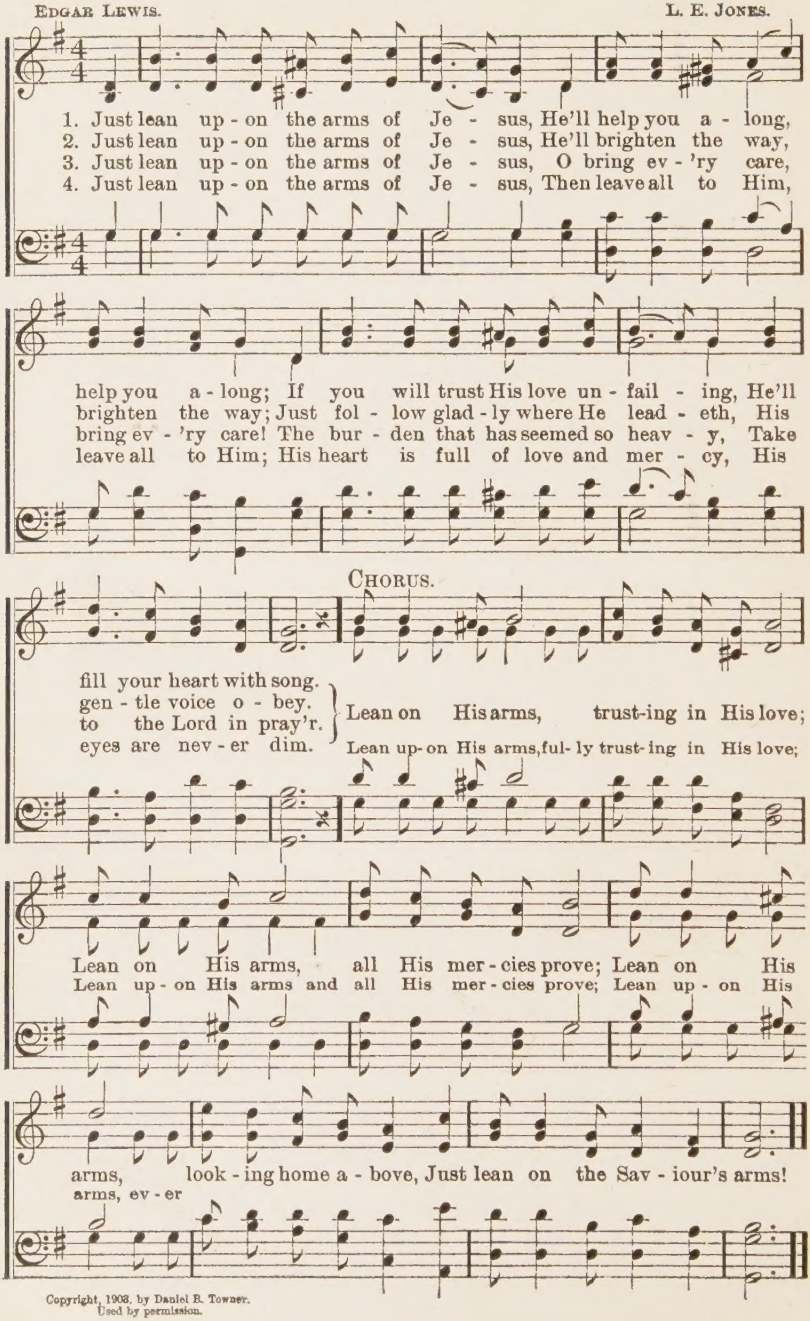



## 58 He Leadeth Me.

JOS. H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. He leadeth me! oh! blessed tho't, Oh words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev- er mur-mur nor re- pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,
What- e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
Con- tent, what-ev- er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor- dan leadeth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

# Lean on His Arms.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll brighten the way,
3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,
help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
brighten the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His
CHORUS.
fill your heart with song.
gen - tle voice o - bey.
to the Lord in pray'r.
eyes are nev - er dim.
Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love;
Lean up-on His arms, ful- ly trust-ing in His love;
Lean on His arms, all His mer - cies prove; Lean on His
Lean up - on His arms and all His mer - cies prove; Lean up - on His
arms, look - ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav - iour's arms!
arms, ev - er

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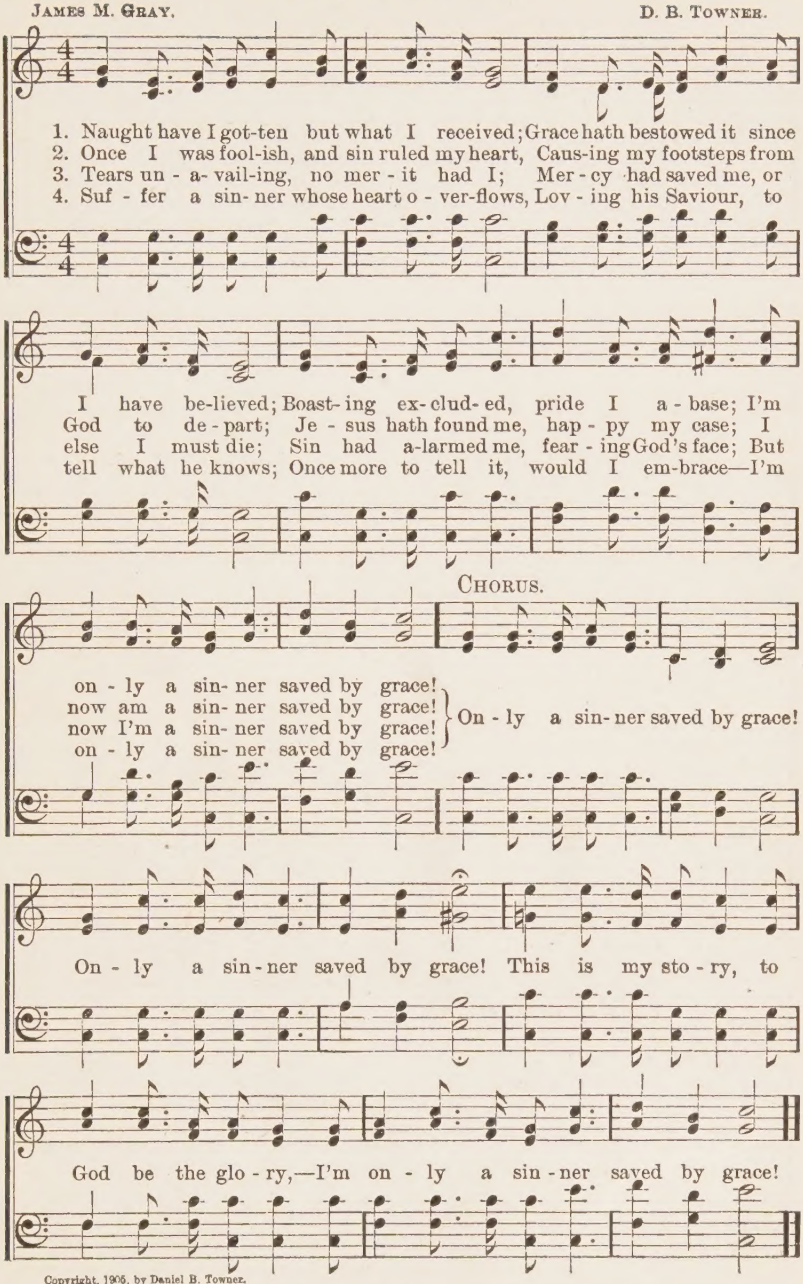
# Only a Sinner.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Naught have I got-ten but what I received; Grace hath bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a- vail-ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin- ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Saviour, to
I have be-lieved; Boast- ing ex- clud- ed, pride I a - base; I'm
God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear - ing God's face; But
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I em-brace—I'm
CHORUS.
on - ly a sin- ner saved by grace!
now am a sin- ner saved by grace!
now I'm a sin- ner saved by grace!
on - ly a sin- ner saved by grace!
On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to
God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

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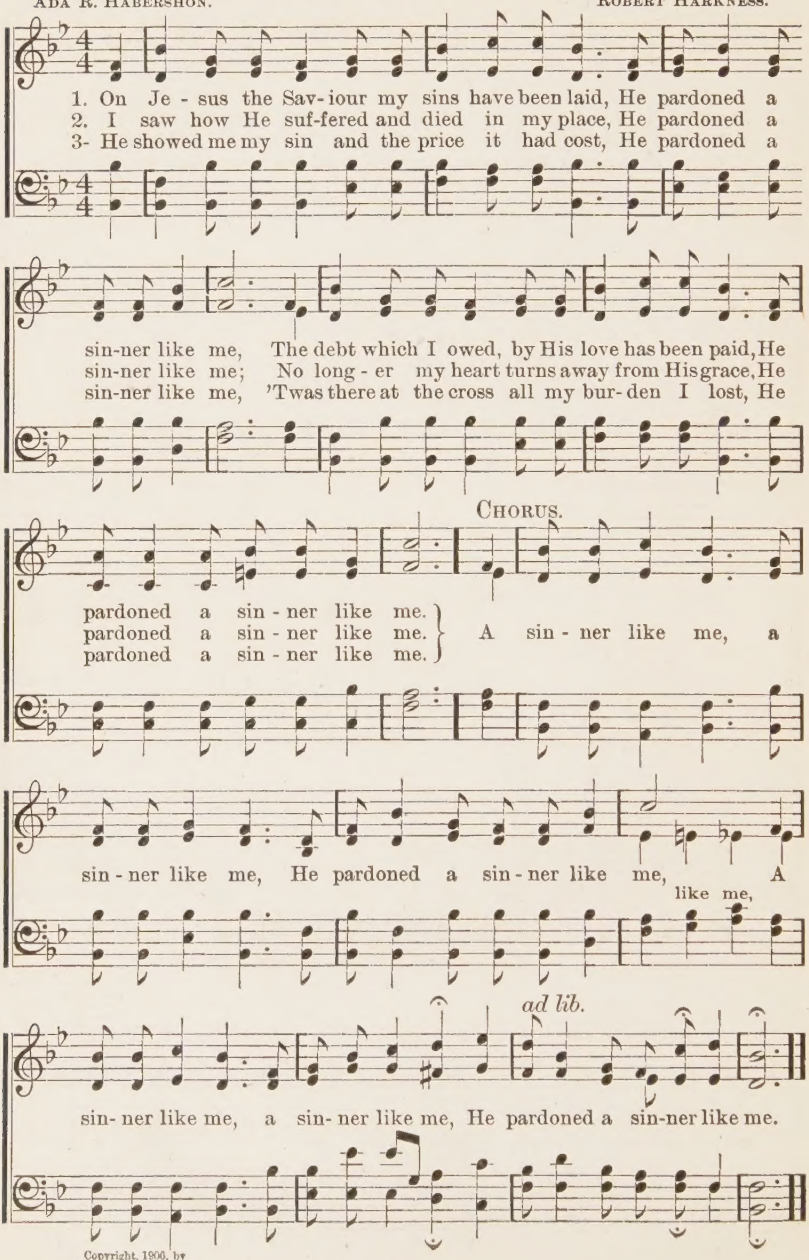
# Pardoned.

"For God commandeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Romans, v, 8.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. On Je - sus the Sav-iour my sins have been laid, He pardoned a
2. I saw how He suf-fered and died in my place, He pardoned a
3- He showed me my sin and the price it had cost, He pardoned a
sin-ner like me, The debt which I owed, by His love has been paid, He
sin-ner like me; No long - er my heart turns away from His grace, He
sin-ner like me, 'Twas there at the cross all my bur-den I lost, He
CHORUS.
pardoned a sin - ner like me.
pardoned a sin - ner like me.
pardoned a sin - ner like me.
A sin - ner like me, a
sin - ner like me, He pardoned a sin - ner like me, A
like me,
ad lib.
sin- ner like me, a sin- ner like me, He pardoned a sin-ner like me.

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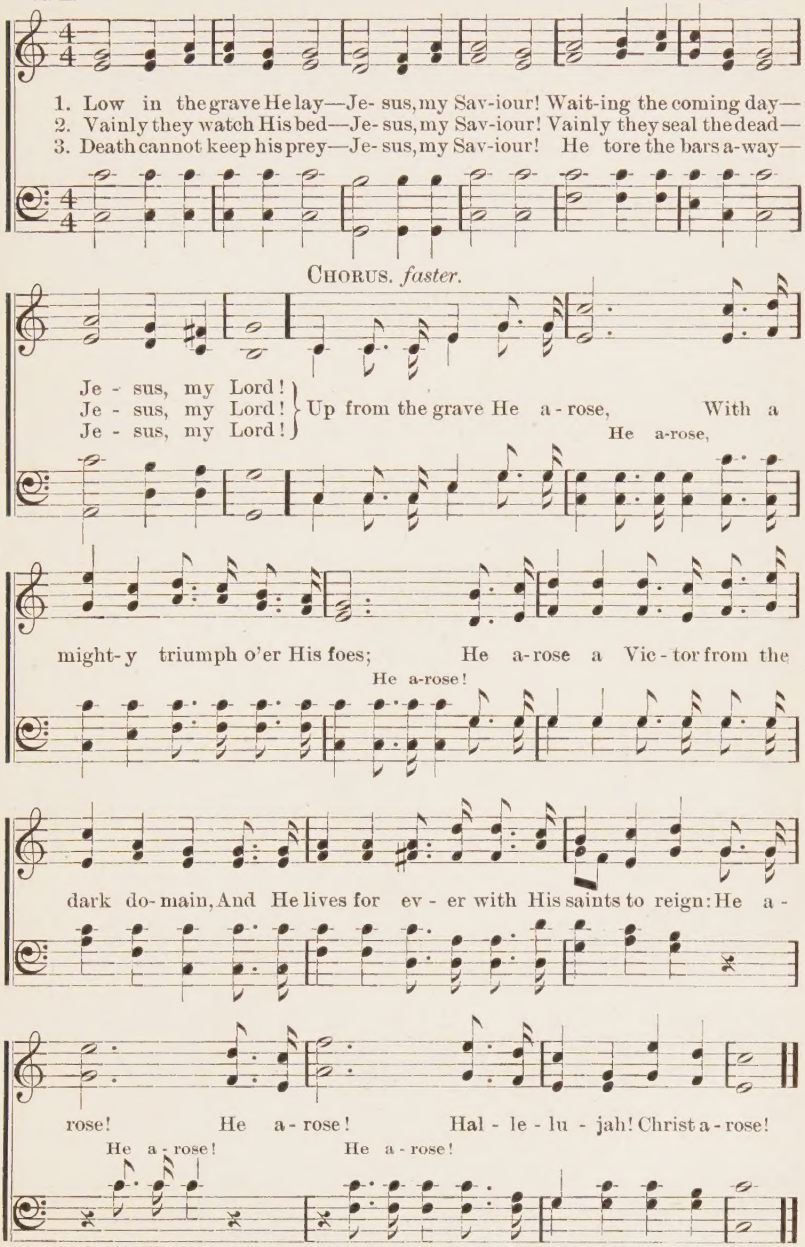
# Christ Arose!

"He is not here, but is risen."—Luke xxiv, 6.

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Low in the grave He lay—Je- sus, my Sav-iour! Wait-ing the coming day—
2. Vainly they watch His bed—Je- sus, my Sav-iour! Vainly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey—Je- sus, my Sav-iour! He tore the bars a-way—
Chorus. faster.
Je - sus, my Lord!
Je - sus, my Lord!
Je - sus, my Lord!
Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
He a-rose,
might- y triumph o'er His foes; He a-rose a Vic - tor from the
He a-rose!
dark do- main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign: He a -
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose! He a - rose!

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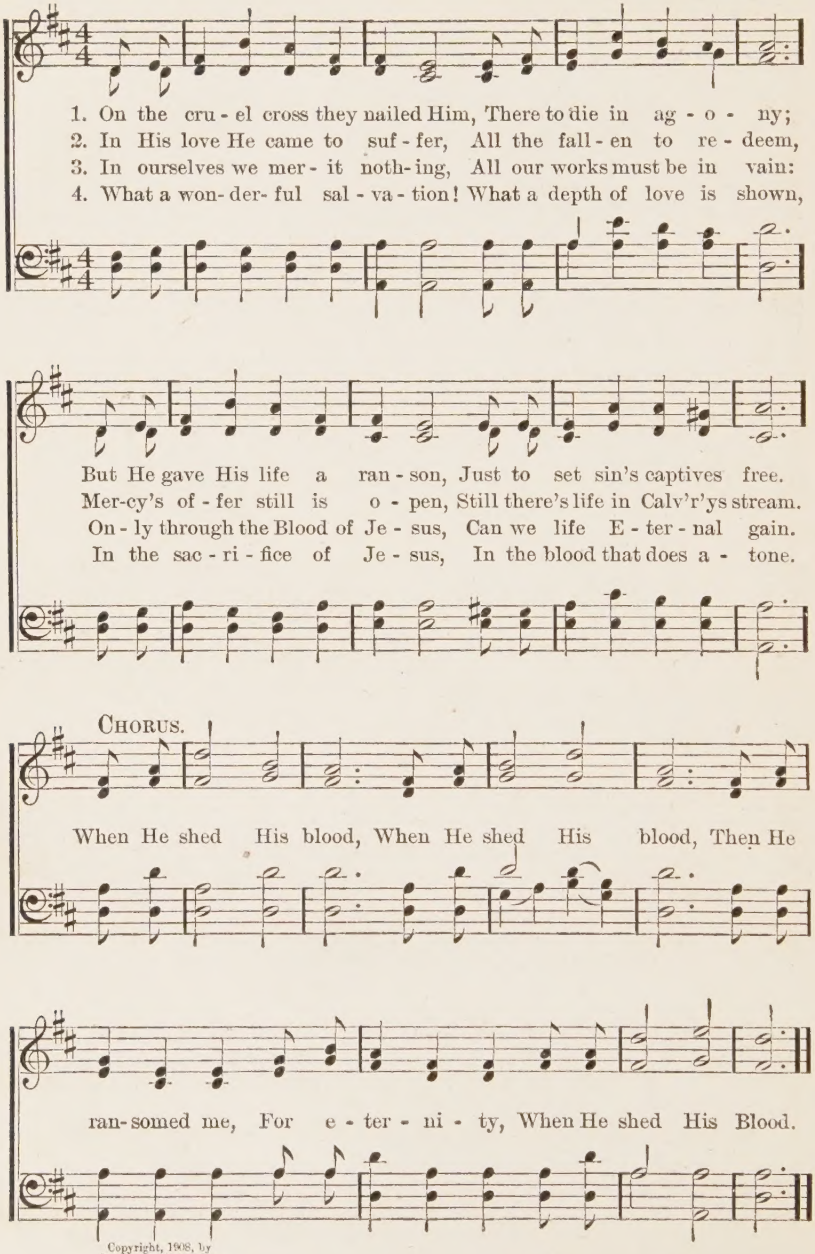
# When He Shed His Blood.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. On the cru - el cross they nailed Him, There to die in ag - o - ny;
2. In His love He came to suf - fer, All the fall - en to re - deem,
3. In ourselves we mer - it noth - ing, All our works must be in vain:
4. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion! What a depth of love is shown,
But He gave His life a ran - son, Just to set sin's captives free.
Mer-cy's of - fer still is o - pen, Still there's life in Calv'r'ys stream.
On - ly through the Blood of Je - sus, Can we life E - ter - nal gain.
In the sac - ri - fice of Je - sus, In the blood that does a - tone.
CHORUS.
When He shed His blood, When He shed His blood, Then He
ran - somed me, For e - ter - ni - ty, When He shed His Blood.

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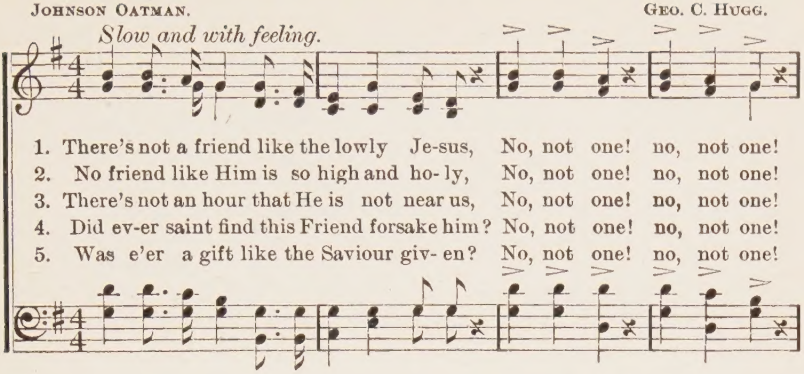
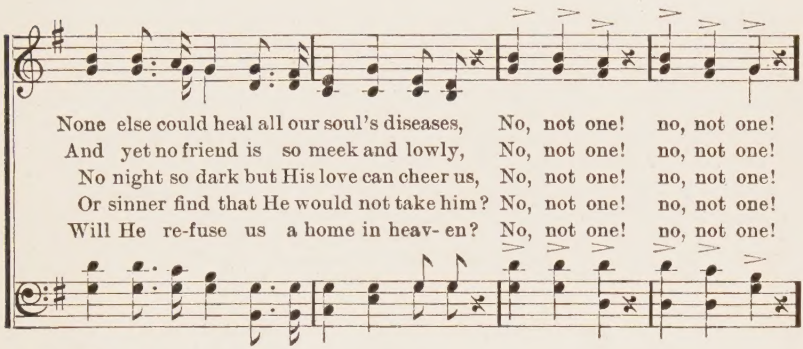
# No, Not One!

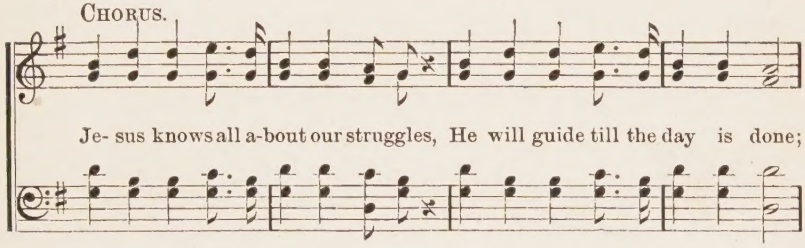
JOHNSON OATMAN. GEO. C. HUGG.

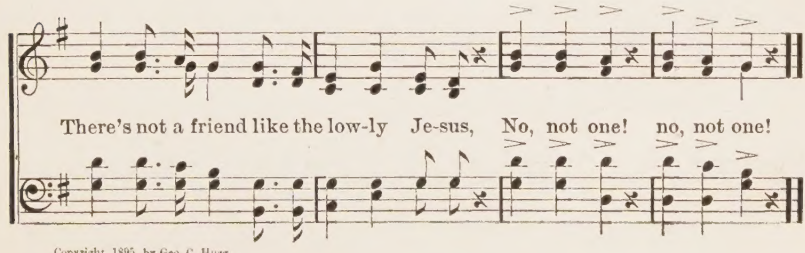
*Slow and with feeling.*


1. There's not a friend like the lowly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Saviour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!


None else could heal all our soul's diseases, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

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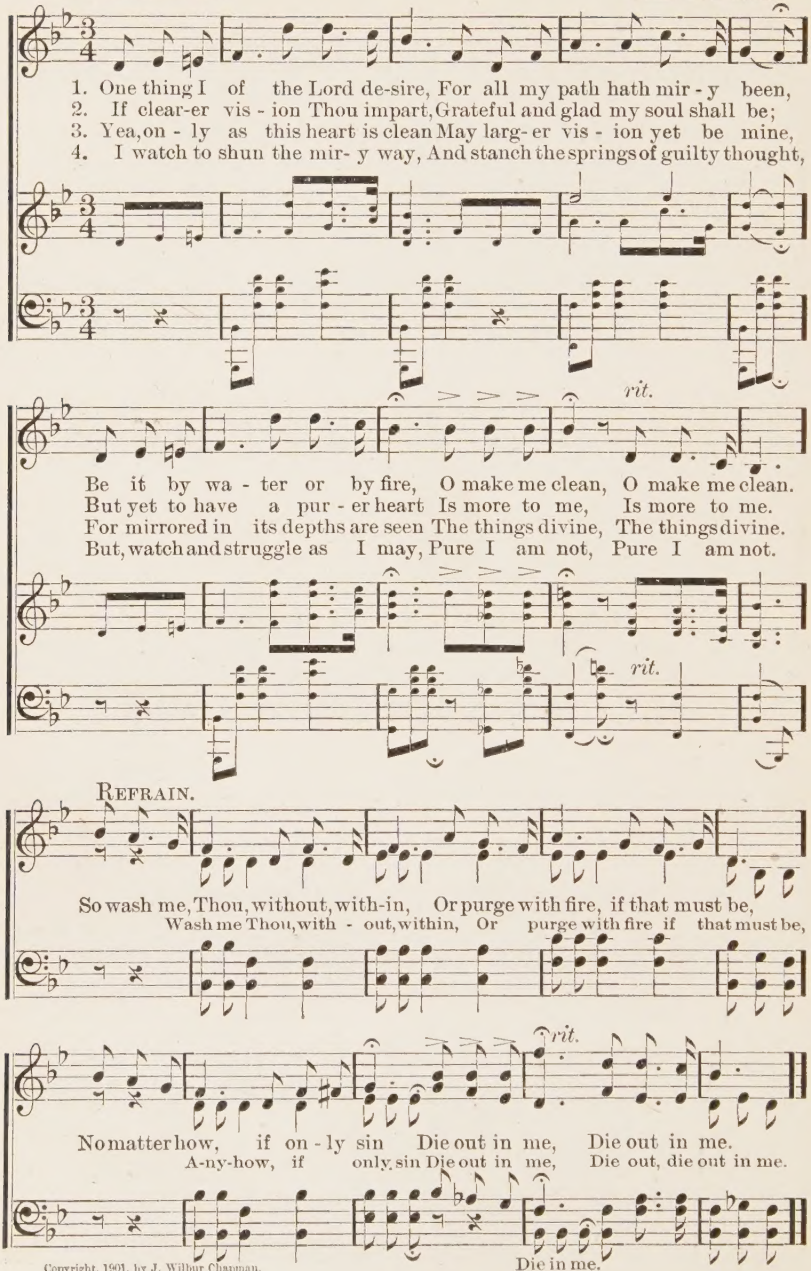
# A Clean Heart.

Rev. WALTER C. SMITH. FRED H. BYSHE.

1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my path hath mir - y been,
2. If clear-er vis - ion Thou impart, Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
3. Yea, on - ly as this heart is clean May larg- er vis - ion yet be mine,
4. I watch to shun the mir- y way, And stanch the springs of guilty thought,
rit.
Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
But yet to have a pur - er heart Is more to me, Is more to me.
For mirrored in its depths are seen The things divine, The things divine.
But, watch and struggle as I may, Pure I am not, Pure I am not.
rit.
REFRAIN.
So wash me, Thou, without, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be,
Wash me Thou, with - out, within, Or purge with fire if that must be,
rit.
No matter how, if on - ly sin Die out in me, Die out in me.
A-ny-how, if only sin Die out in me, Die out, die out in me.
Die in me.

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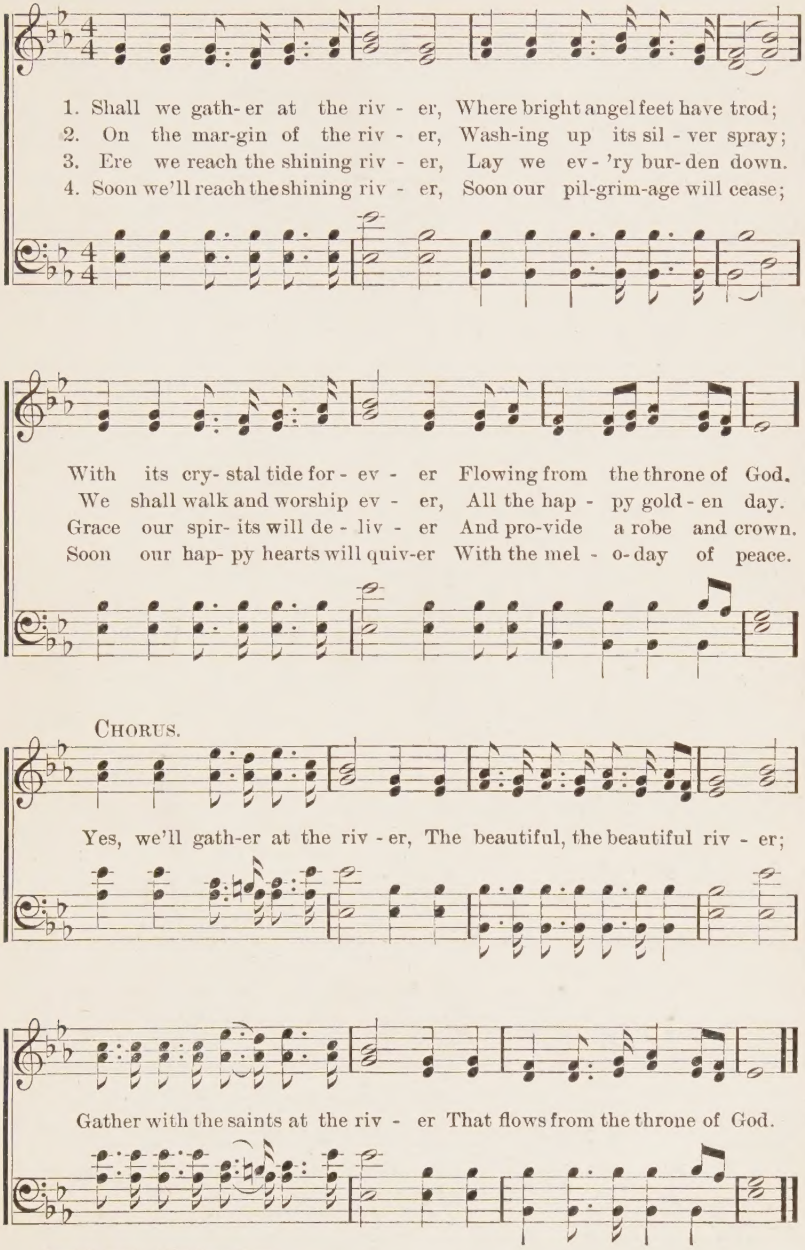
# Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray;
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down.
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its cry- stal tide for - ev - er Flowing from the throne of God.
We shall walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir- its will de - liv - er And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap- py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o-day of peace.
CHORUS.
Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beautiful riv - er;
Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows from the throne of God.

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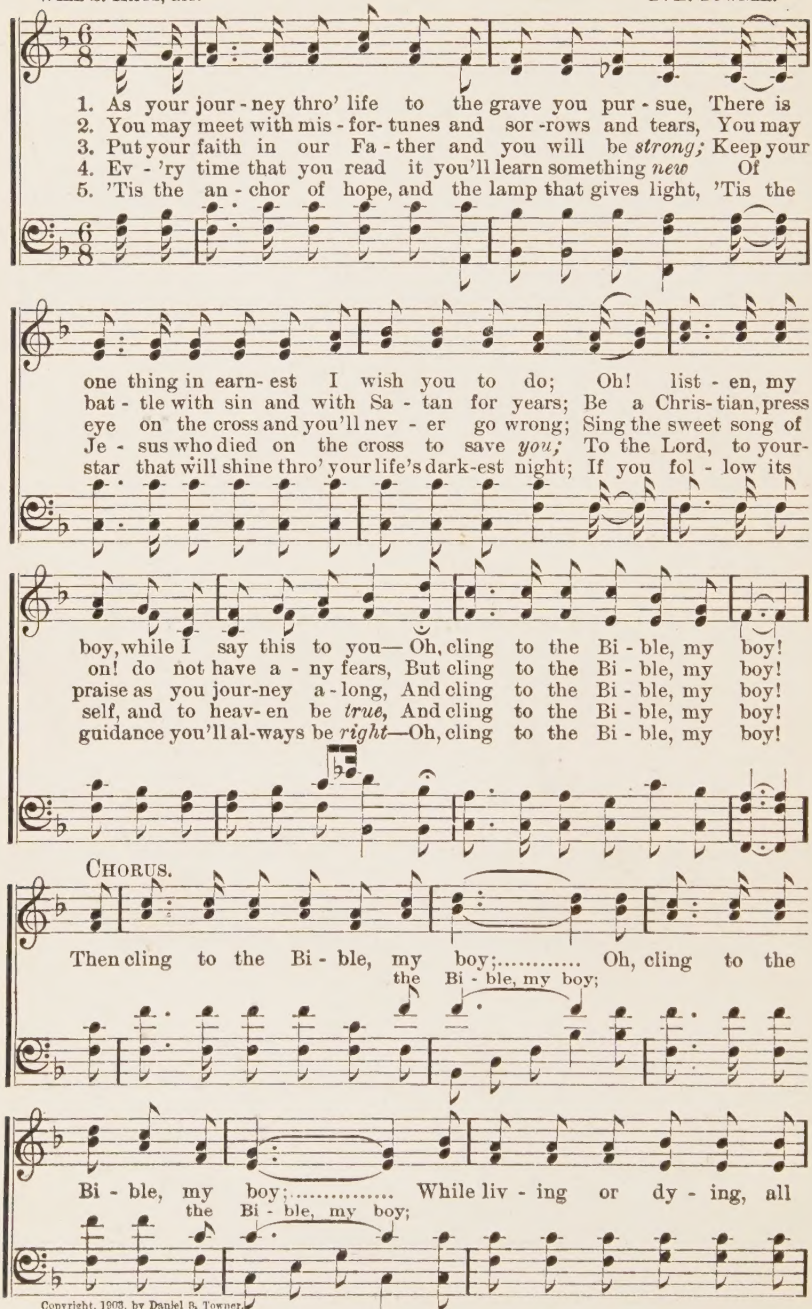
# Cling to the Bible, my Boy!

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet."—Psalm cxix, 105.

WILL S. HAYS, arr. D. B. TOWNER.

1. As your jour - ney thro' life to the grave you pur - sue, There is one thing in earn- est I wish you to do; Oh! list - en, my boy, while I say this to you— Oh, cling to the Bi - ble, my boy!
2. You may meet with mis - for- tunes and sor -rows and tears, You may bat - tle with sin and with Sa - tan for years; Be a Chris- tian, press on! do not have a - ny fears, But cling to the Bi - ble, my boy!
3. Put your faith in our Fa - ther and you will be *strong;* Keep your eye on the cross and you'll nev - er go wrong; Sing the sweet song of praise as you jour-ney a - long, And cling to the Bi - ble, my boy!
4. Ev - 'ry time that you read it you'll learn something *new* Of Je - sus who died on the cross to save *you;* To the Lord, to your- self, and to heav- en be *true,* And cling to the Bi - ble, my boy!
5. 'Tis the an - chor of hope, and the lamp that gives light, 'Tis the star that will shine thro' your life's dark-est night; If you fol - low its guidance you'll al-ways be *right*—Oh, cling to the Bi - ble, my boy!
CHORUS.
Then cling to the Bi - ble, my boy;..... Oh, cling to the Bi - ble, my boy;
the
Bi - ble, my boy;..... While liv - ing or dy - ing, all
the
Bi - ble, my boy;

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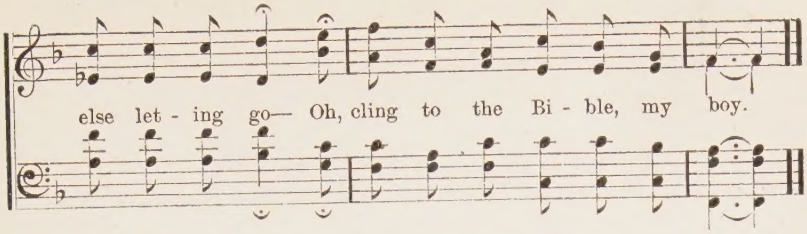
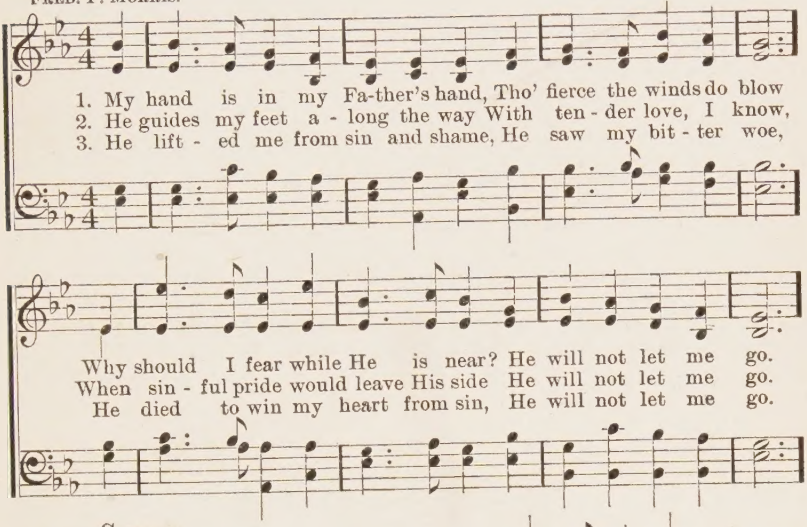
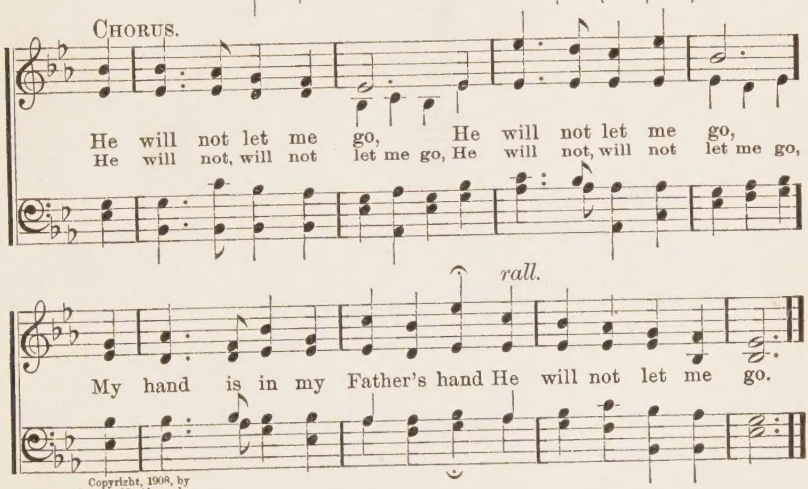



## 68 He Will Not Let Me Go.

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. My hand is in my Fa-ther's hand, Tho' fierce the winds do blow
2. He guides my feet a - long the way With ten - der love, I know,
3. He lift - ed me from sin and shame, He saw my bit - ter woe,
Why should I fear while He is near? He will not let me go.
When sin - ful pride would leave His side He will not let me go.
He died to win my heart from sin, He will not let me go.


CHORUS.
He will not let me go, He will not let me go,
He will not, will not let me go, He will not, will not let me go,
rall.
My hand is in my Father's hand He will not let me go.

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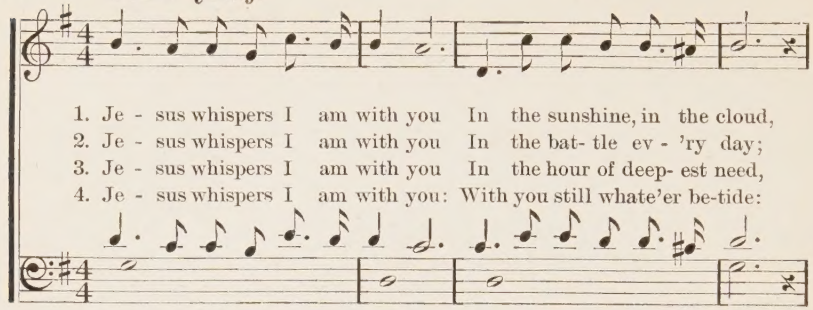
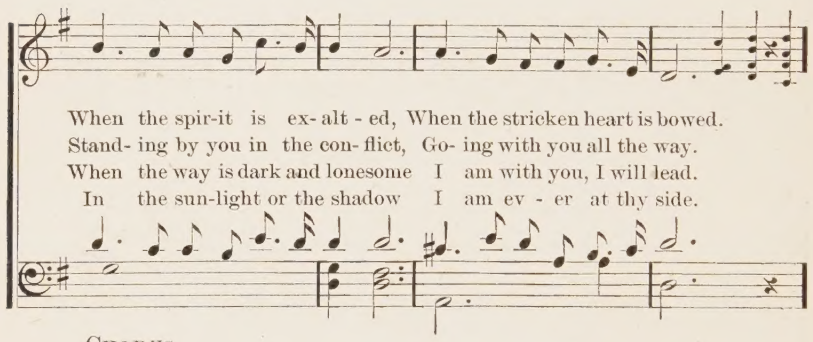
# I Am With You.

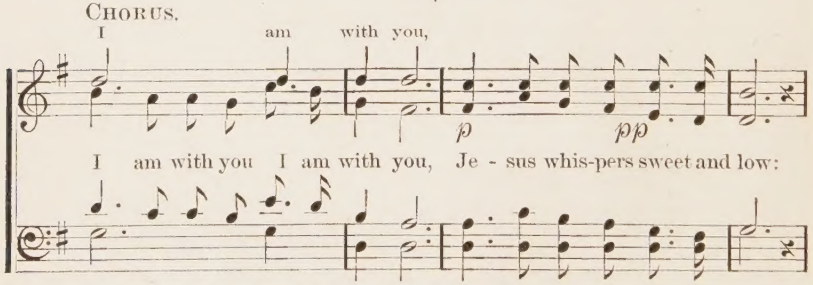
FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

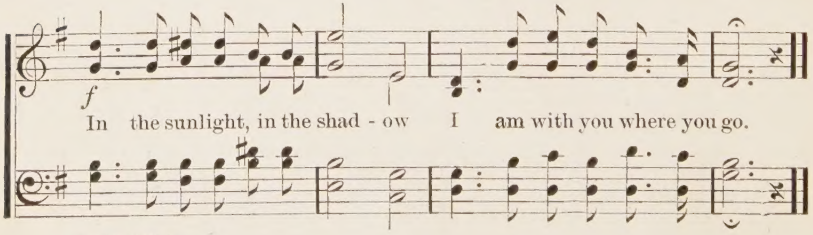
DUETT. *Quietly.*


1. Je - sus whispers I am with you In the sunshine, in the cloud,
2. Je - sus whispers I am with you In the bat- tle ev - 'ry day;
3. Je - sus whispers I am with you In the hour of deep- est need,
4. Je - sus whispers I am with you: With you still whate'er be-tide:


When the spir-it is ex- alt - ed, When the stricken heart is bowed.
Stand- ing by you in the con- flict, Go- ing with you all the way.
When the way is dark and lonesome I am with you, I will lead.
In the sun-light or the shadow I am ev - er at thy side.

CHORUS.

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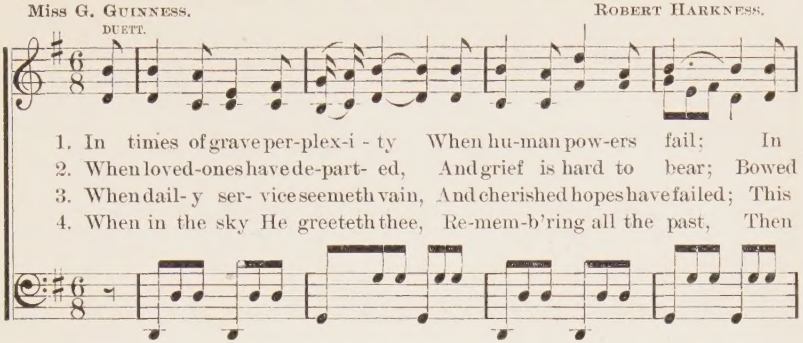
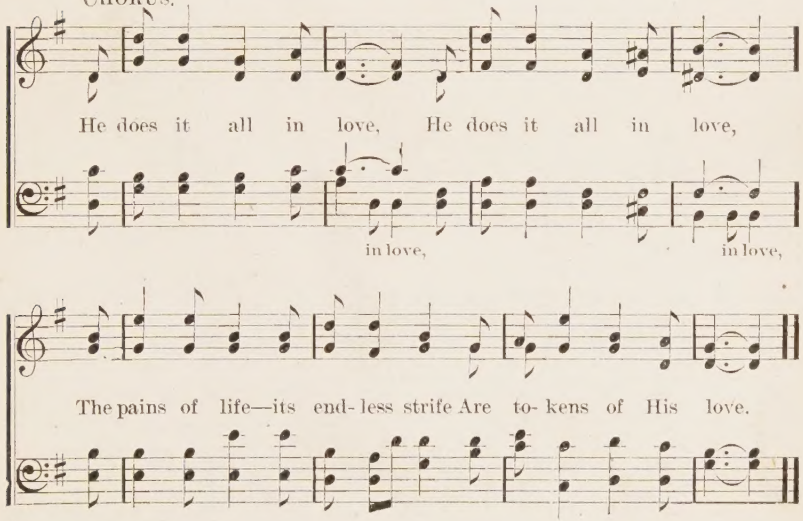
# He Does It All In Love.

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear."—1 John iv, 18.

Miss G. GUINNESS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

DUETT.


1. In times of grave per-plex-i - ty When hu-man pow-ers fail; In
2. When loved-ones have de-part- ed, And grief is hard to bear; Bowed
3. When dail- y ser- vice seemeth vain, And cherished hopes have failed; This
4. When in the sky He greeteth thee, Re-mem-b'ring all the past, Then
trou - ble and anx - i - et - y, Your path is paved by love.
down and brok - en - heart - ed, Then trust His ten - der love.
truth from tri - als you may gain, He does it all in love.
sing throughout e - ter- ni - ty He did it all in love.

CHORUS.

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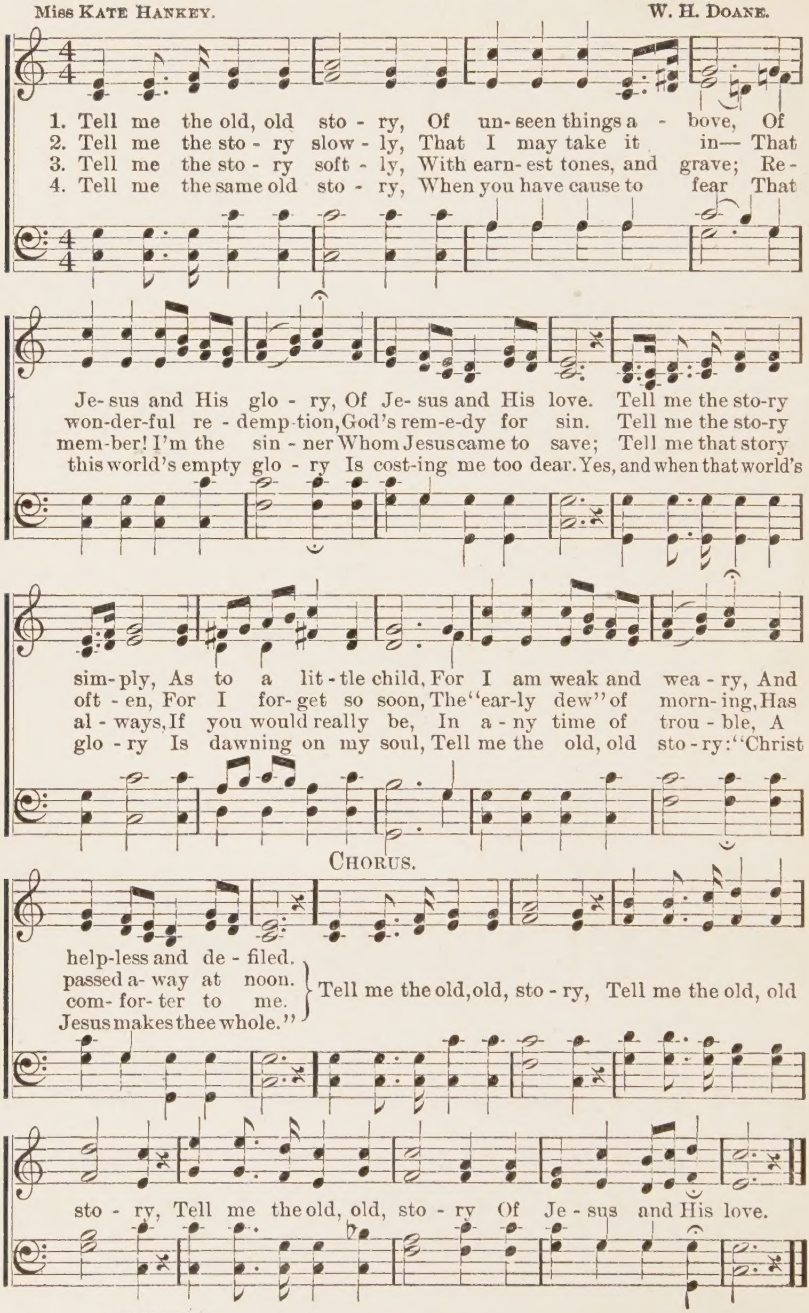
# Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Miss KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je-sus and His glo - ry, Of Je-sus and His love. Tell me the sto-ry
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e-dy for sin. Tell me the sto-ry
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earn-est tones, and grave; Re- mem-ber! I'm the sin - ner Whom Jesus came to save; Tell me that story
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glo - ry Is cost-ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's
sim-ply, As to a lit-tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn-ing, Has
al - ways, If you would really be, In a - ny time of trou - ble, A
glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ
CHORUS.
help-less and de - filed.
passed a- way at noon.
com- for- ter to me.
Jesus makes thee whole."
Tell me the old, old, sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old, sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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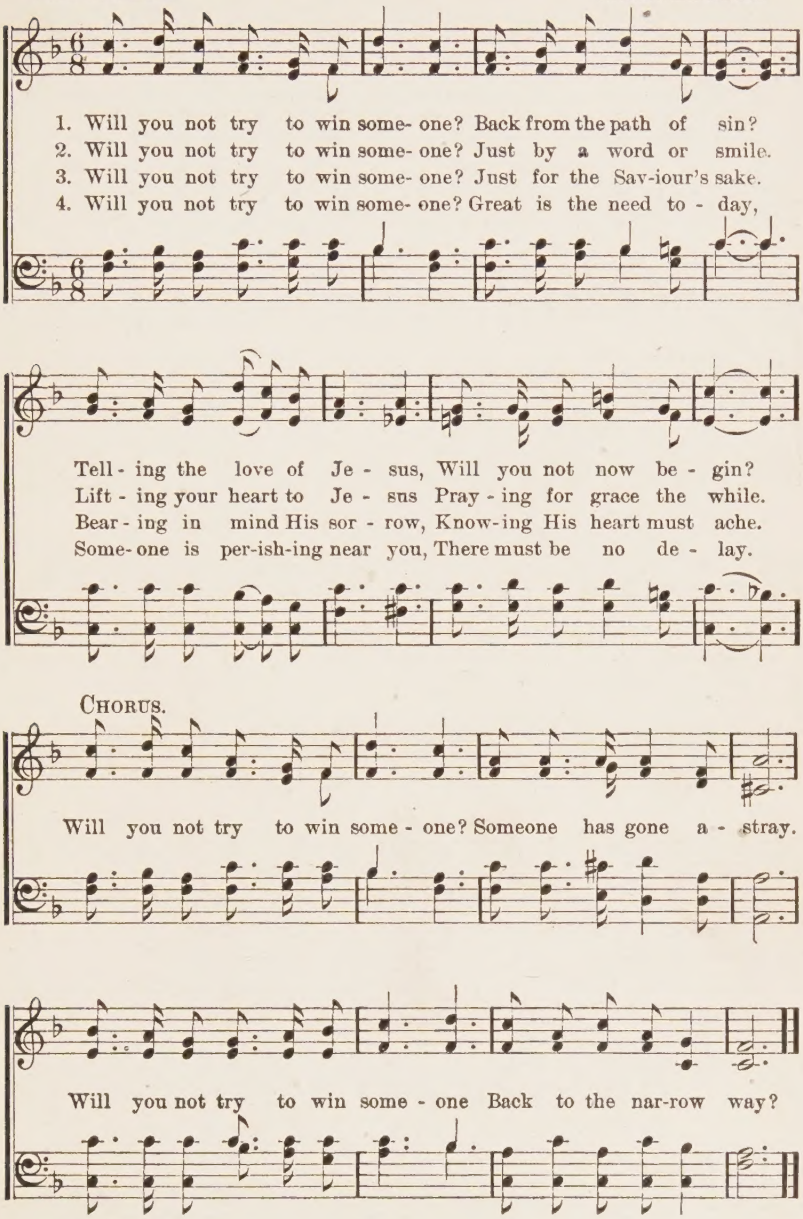
# Win Someone.

"He that winneth souls is wise."

FRED P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Will you not try to win some- one? Back from the path of sin?
2. Will you not try to win some- one? Just by a word or smile.
3. Will you not try to win some- one? Just for the Sav-iour's sake.
4. Will you not try to win some- one? Great is the need to - day,
Tell - ing the love of Je - sus, Will you not now be - gin?
Lift - ing your heart to Je - sus Pray - ing for grace the while.
Bear - ing in mind His sor - row, Know - ing His heart must ache.
Some- one is per-ish-ing near you, There must be no de - lay.
CHORUS.
Will you not try to win some - one? Someone has gone a - stray.
Will you not try to win some - one Back to the nar-row way?

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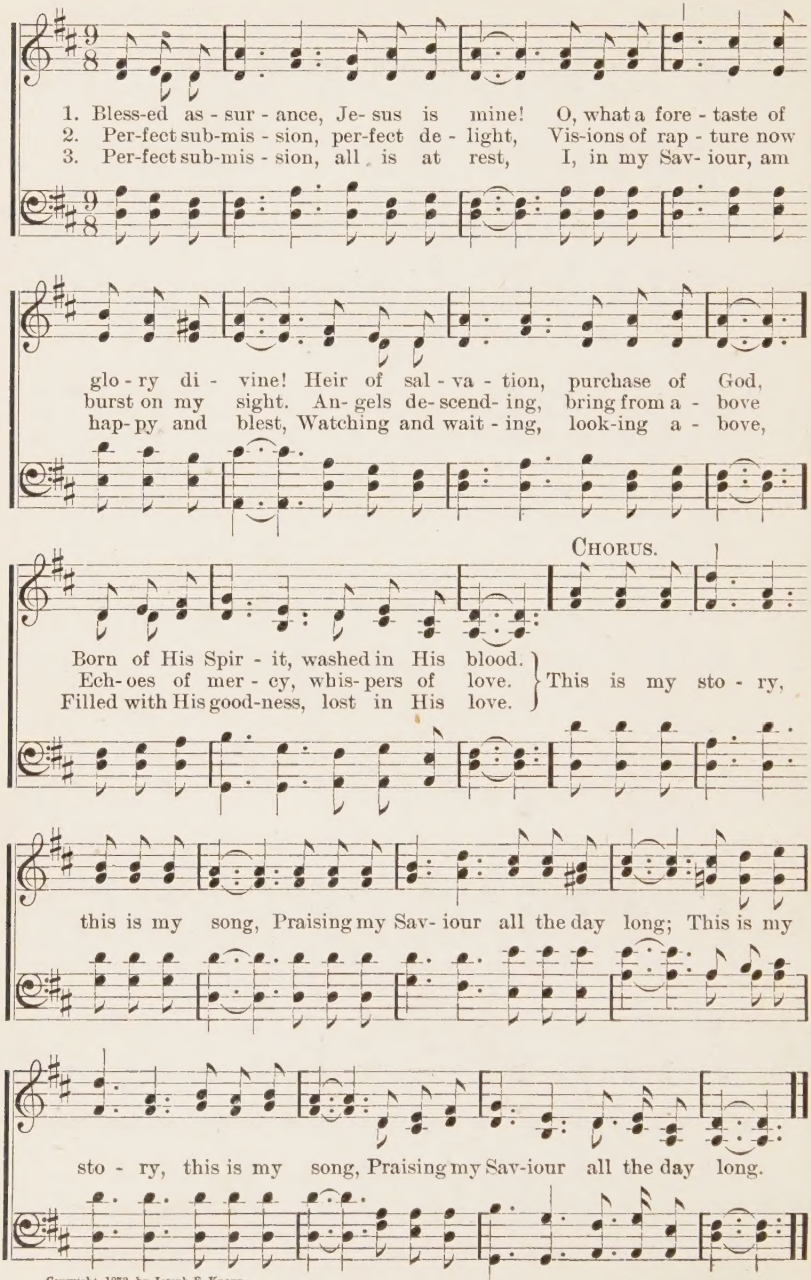
# Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je- sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav- iour, am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God,
burst on my sight. An- gels de- scend- ing, bring from a - bove
hap- py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look-ing a - bove,
CHORUS.
Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
Ech- oes of mer - cy, whis- pers of love.
Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.
This is my sto - ry,
this is my song, Praising my Sav- iour all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

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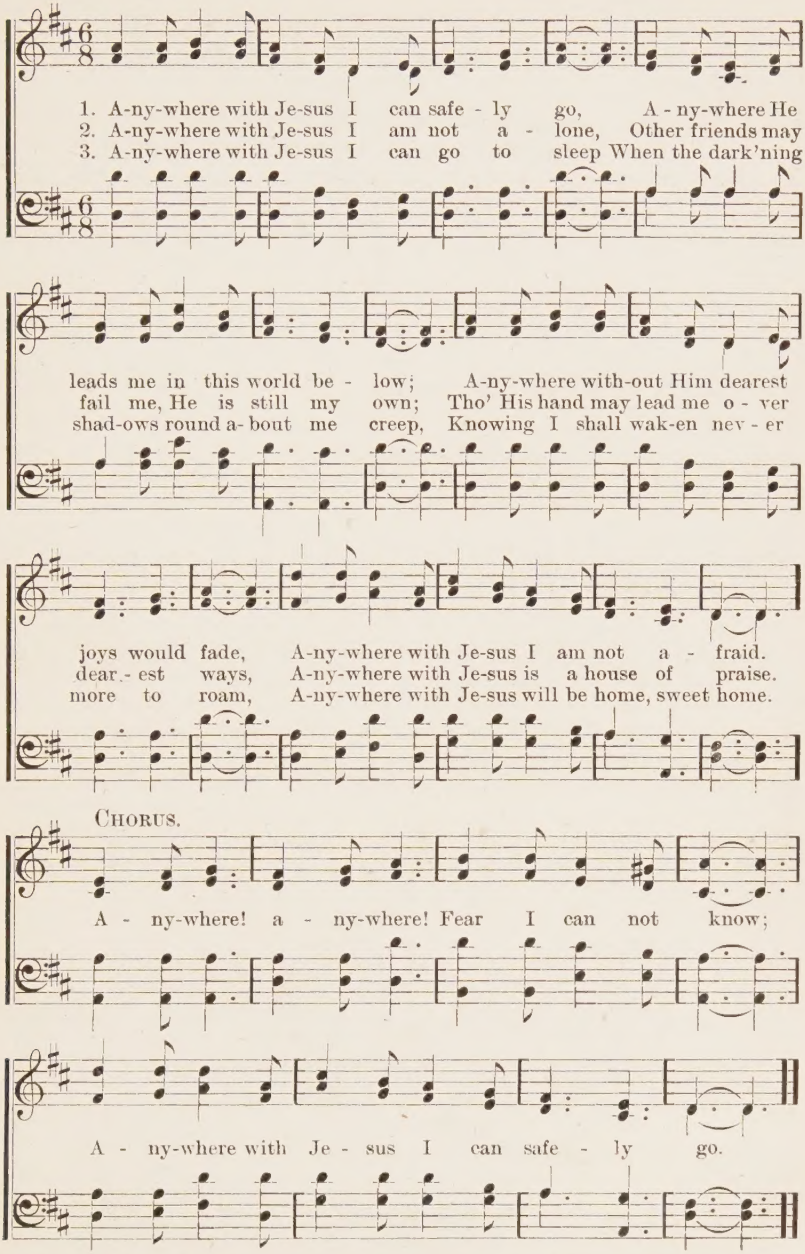
# Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A-ny-where with Je-sus I can safe - ly go, A - ny-where He
2. A-ny-where with Je-sus I am not a - lone, Other friends may
3. A-ny-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep When the dark'ning
leads me in this world be - low; A-ny-where with-out Him dearest
fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
shad-ows round a-bout me creep, Knowing I shall wak-en nev - er
joys would fade, A-ny-where with Je-sus I am not a - fraid.
dear - est ways, A-ny-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, A-ny-where with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.
CHORUS.
A - ny-where! a - ny-where! Fear I can not know;
A - ny-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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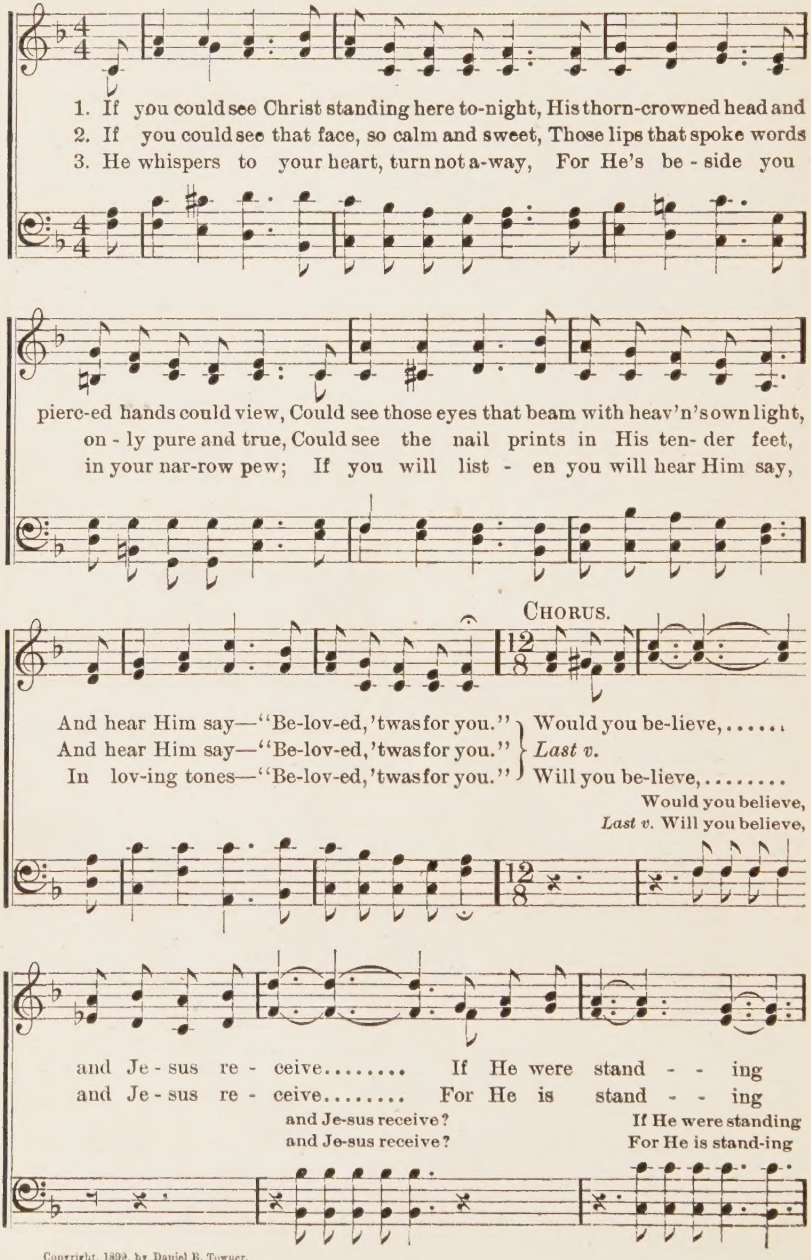
# Would You Believe?

CAROLINE SAWYER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. If you could see Christ standing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head and
2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spoke words
3. He whispers to your heart, turn not a-way, For He's be - side you
pierc-ed hands could view, Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,
on - ly pure and true, Could see the nail prints in His ten- der feet,
in your nar-row pew; If you will list - en you will hear Him say,
CHORUS.
And hear Him say—"Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." } Would you be-lieve,.....
And hear Him say—"Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." } Last v.
In lov-ing tones—"Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." } Will you be-lieve,.....
Would you believe,
Last v. Will you believe,
and Je - sus re - ceive..... If He were stand - - ing
and Je - sus re - ceive..... For He is stand - - ing
and Je-sus receive?
and Je-sus receive?
If He were standing
For He is stand-ing

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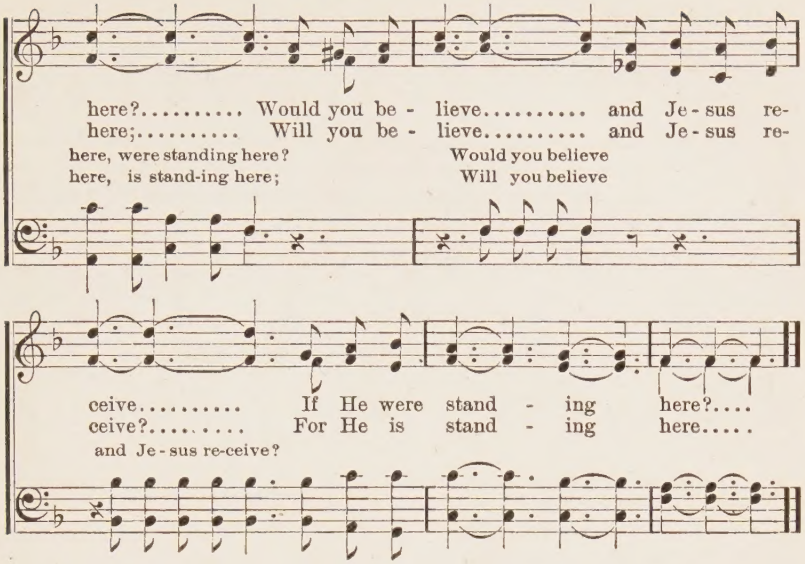
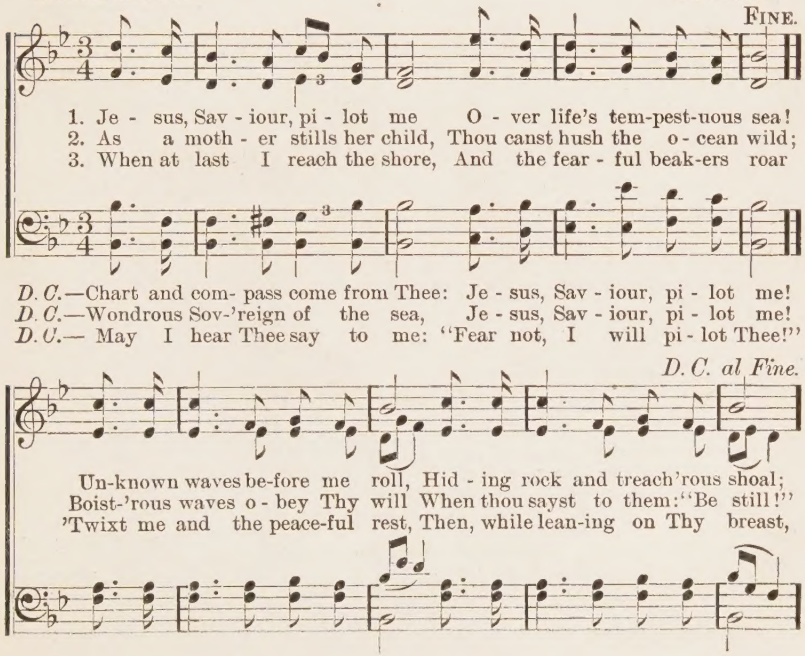
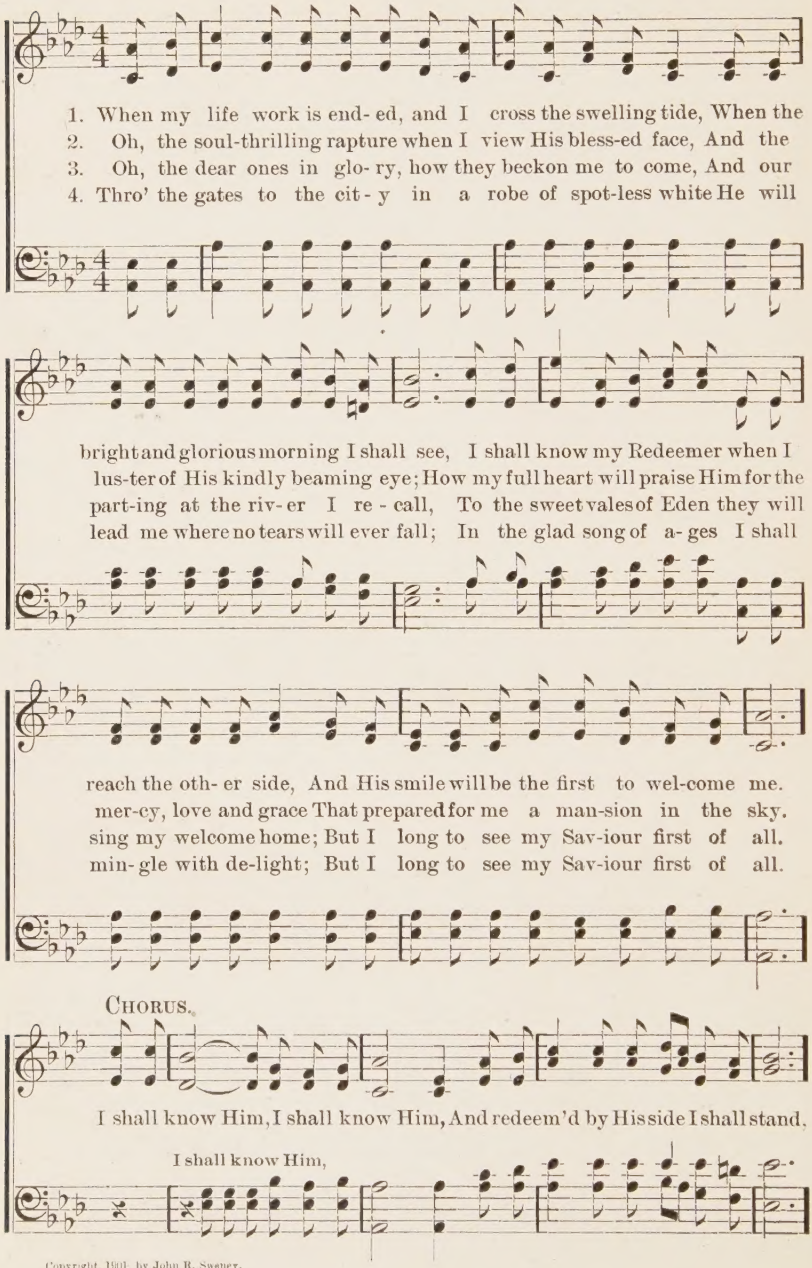

here?..... Would you be - lieve..... and Je - sus re-
here;..... Will you be - lieve..... and Je - sus re-
here, were standing here? Would you believe
here, is stand-ing here; Will you believe
ceive..... If He were stand - ing here?....
ceive?..... For He is stand - ing here.....
and Je - sus re-ceive?

## 76 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful beak-ers roar
D. C.—Chart and com- pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D. C.—Wondrous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D. C.— May I hear Thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee!"
D. C. al Fine.
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist-'rous waves o - bey Thy will When thou sayst to them: "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

# My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life work is end- ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo- ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit- y in a robe of spot-less white He will
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I
lus-ter of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv- er I re - call, To the sweet vales of Eden they will
lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a- ges I shall
reach the oth- er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer-cy, love and grace That prepared for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to see my Sav-iour first of all.
min- gle with de-light; But I long to see my Sav-iour first of all.
CHORUS.
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him,

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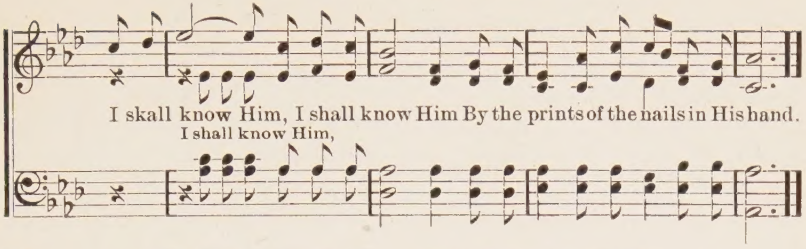
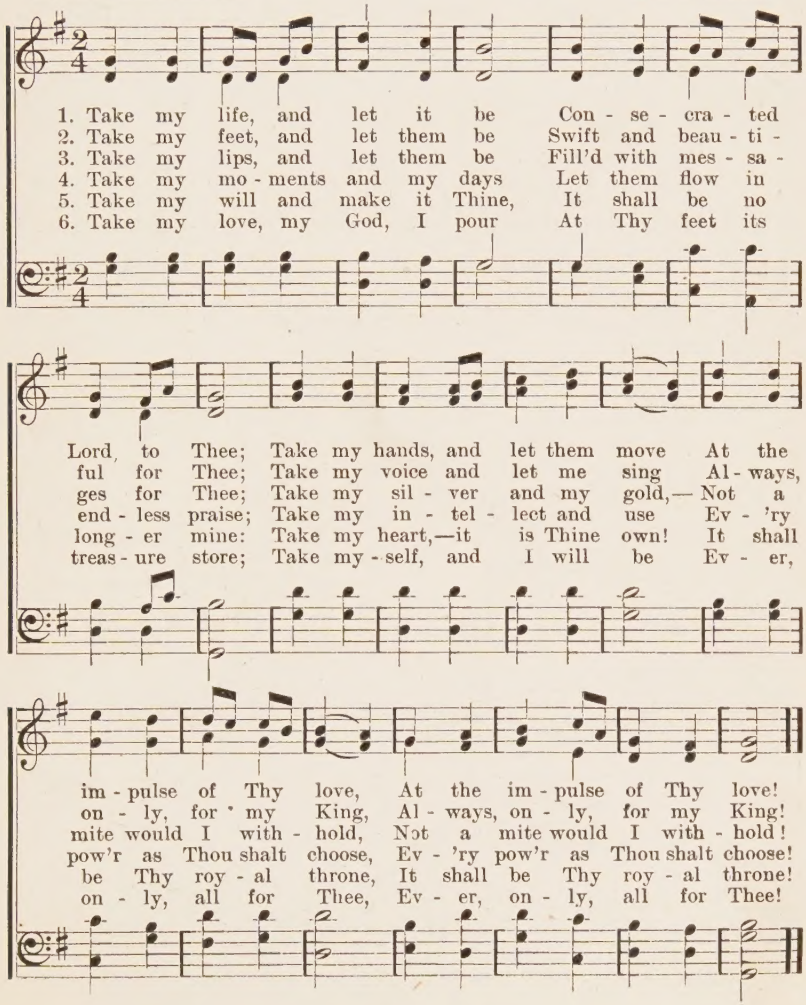
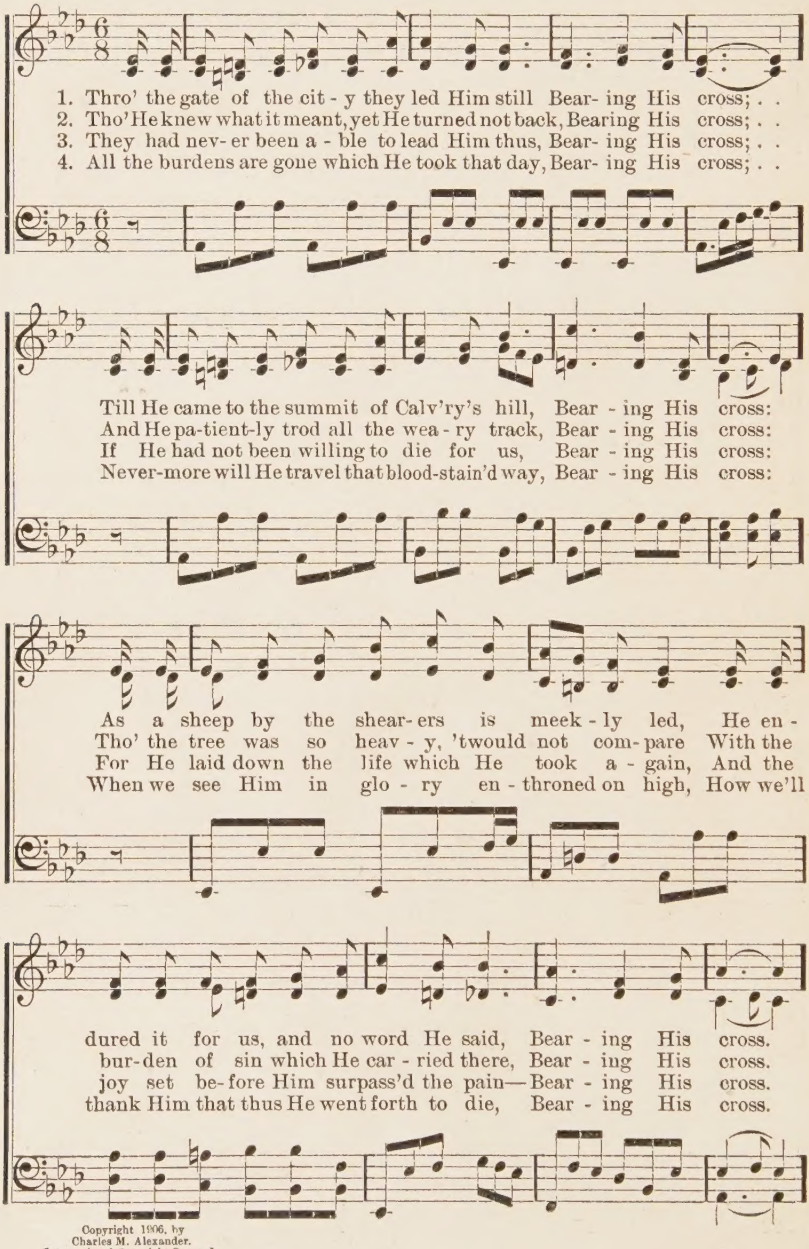



## 78 Take My Life, and Let it Be!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. H. C. MALAN.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti -
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa -
4. Take my mo - ments and my days Let them flow in
5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no
6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its
Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the
ful for Thee; Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways,
ges for Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a
end - less praise; Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry
long - er mine: Take my heart,—it is Thine own! It shall
treas - ure store; Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er,
im - pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love!
on - ly, for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King!
mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold!
pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose!
be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne!
on - ly, all for Thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee!

# Bearing His Cross.

"He, bearing His cross, went forth."—John xix, 17.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Thro' the gate of the cit - y they led Him still Bear- ing His cross; . .
2. Tho' He knew what it meant, yet He turned not back, Bearing His cross; . .
3. They had nev- er been a - ble to lead Him thus, Bear- ing His cross; . .
4. All the burdens are gone which He took that day, Bear- ing His cross; . .
Till He came to the summit of Calv'ry's hill, Bear - ing His cross:
And He pa-tient-ly trod all the wea - ry track, Bear - ing His cross:
If He had not been willing to die for us, Bear - ing His cross:
Never-more will He travel that blood-stain'd way, Bear - ing His cross:
As a sheep by the shear- ers is meek - ly led, He en -
Tho' the tree was so heav - y, 'twould not com- pare With the
For He laid down the life which He took a - gain, And the
When we see Him in glo - ry en - throned on high, How we'll
dured it for us, and no word He said, Bear - ing His cross.
bur-den of sin which He car - ried there, Bear - ing His cross.
joy set be- fore Him surpass'd the pain—Bear - ing His cross.
thank Him that thus He went forth to die, Bear - ing His cross.

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CHORUS.

O won-der of wonders, can it be All for me, all for me?

O won-der of won - ders, can it be All for me?

## 80 When I Survey.

ISAAC WATTS. E. MILLER.

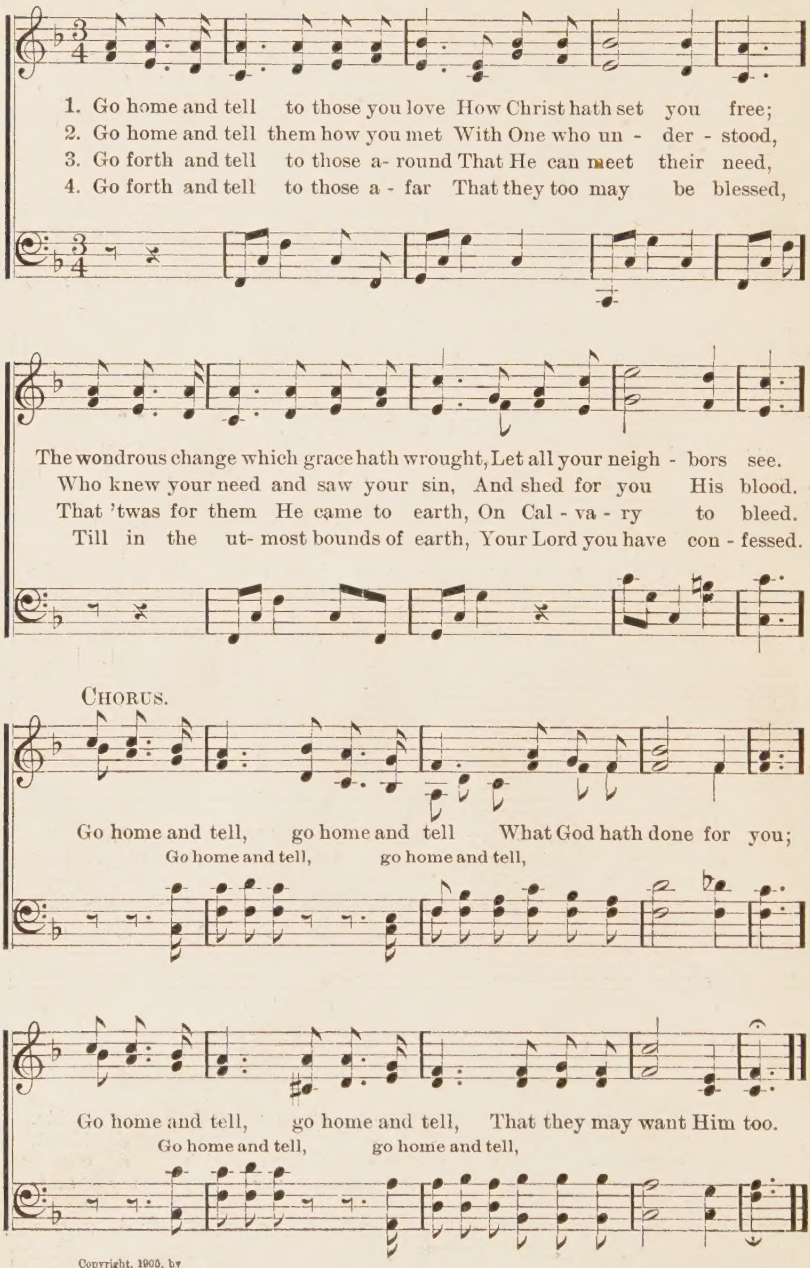
1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the
3. See! from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were an

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
death of Christ my God! All the vain things that
love flow ming - led down! Did e'er such love and
off - 'ring far to small; Love so a - maz - ing

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all!

# Go Home and Tell.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. Go home and tell to those you love How Christ hath set you free;
2. Go home and tell them how you met With One who un - der - stood,
3. Go forth and tell to those a- round That He can meet their need,
4. Go forth and tell to those a - far That they too may be blessed,
The wondrous change which grace hath wrought, Let all your neigh - bors see.
Who knew your need and saw your sin, And shed for you His blood.
That 'twas for them He came to earth, On Cal - va - ry to bleed.
Till in the ut- most bounds of earth, Your Lord you have con - fessed.
CHORUS.
Go home and tell, go home and tell What God hath done for you;
Go home and tell, go home and tell,
Go home and tell, go home and tell, That they may want Him too.
Go home and tell, go home and tell,

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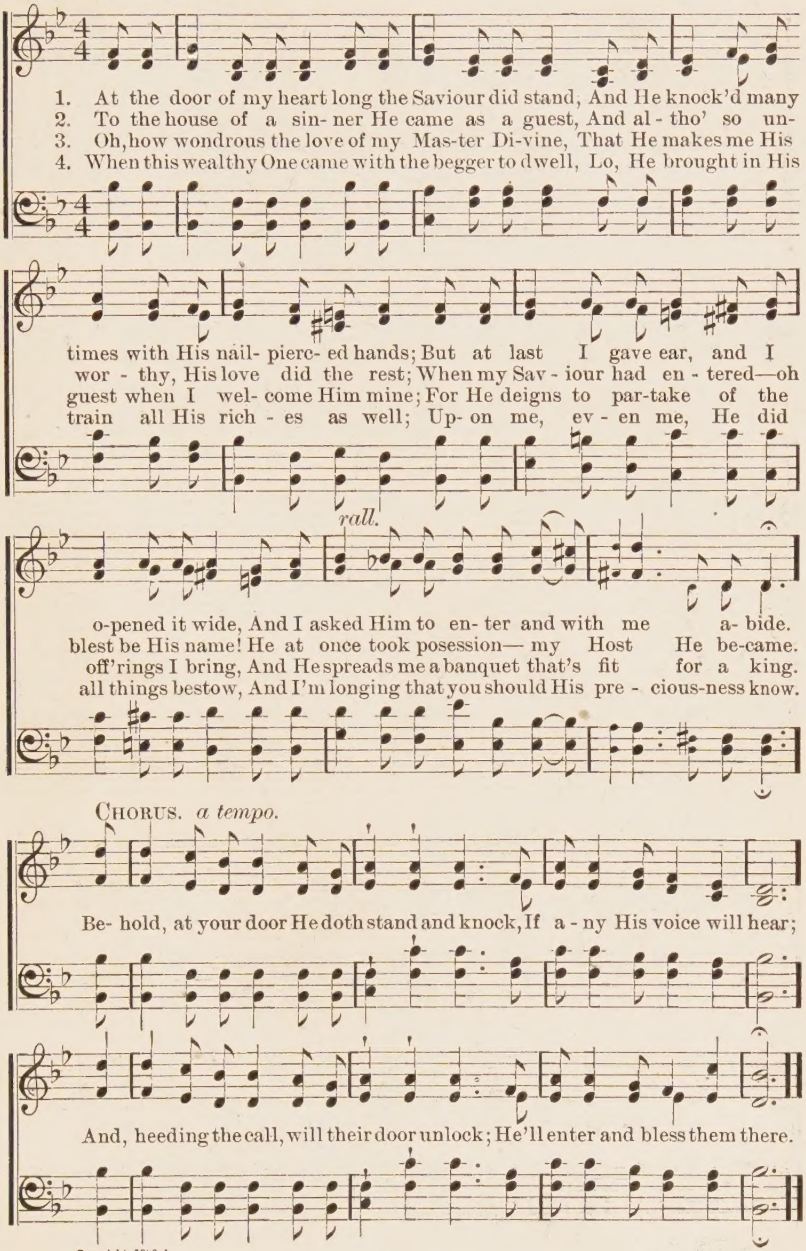
# At Your Door.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. iii, 20.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. At the door of my heart long the Saviour did stand, And He knock'd many
2. To the house of a sin- ner He came as a guest, And al - tho' so un-
3. Oh, how wondrous the love of my Mas-ter Di-vine, That He makes me His
4. When this wealthy One came with the begger to dwell, Lo, He brought in His
times with His nail- pierc- ed hands; But at last I gave ear, and I
wor - thy, His love did the rest; When my Sav - iour had en - tered—oh
guest when I wel- come Him mine; For He deigns to par-take of the
train all His rich - es as well; Up- on me, ev - en me, He did
rall.
o-pened it wide, And I asked Him to en- ter and with me a- bide.
blest be His name! He at once took posession— my Host He be-came.
off'rings I bring, And He spreads me a banquet that's fit for a king.
all things bestow, And I'm longing that you should His pre - cious-ness know.
CHORUS. a tempo.
Be- hold, at your door He doth stand and knock, If a - ny His voice will hear;
And, heeding the call, will their door unlock; He'll enter and bless them there.

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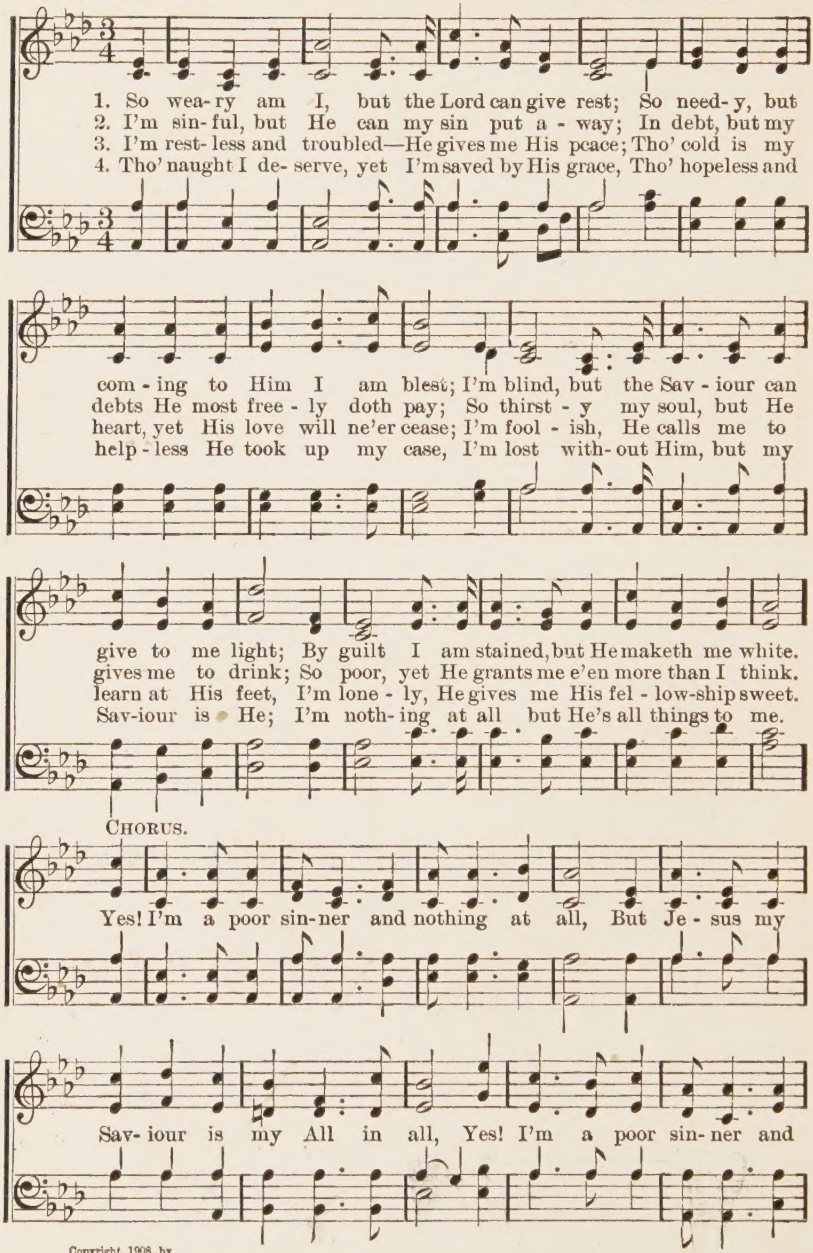
# I'm a Poor Sinner.

"But Christ is all, and in all." Col. 3: 2.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. So wea-ry am I, but the Lord can give rest; So need-y, but
2. I'm sin-ful, but He can my sin put a-way; In debt, but my
3. I'm rest-less and troubled—He gives me His peace; Tho' cold is my
4. Tho' naught I de-serve, yet I'm saved by His grace, Tho' hopeless and
com-ing to Him I am blest; I'm blind, but the Sav-iour can
debts He most free-ly doth pay; So thirst-y my soul, but He
heart, yet His love will ne'er cease; I'm fool-ish, He calls me to
help-less He took up my case, I'm lost with-out Him, but my
give to me light; By guilt I am stained, but He maketh me white.
gives me to drink; So poor, yet He grants me e'en more than I think.
learn at His feet, I'm lone-ly, He gives me His fel-low-ship sweet.
Sav-iour is He; I'm noth-ing at all but He's all things to me.
CHORUS.
Yes! I'm a poor sin-ner and nothing at all, But Je-sus my
Sav-iour is my All in all, Yes! I'm a poor sin-ner and

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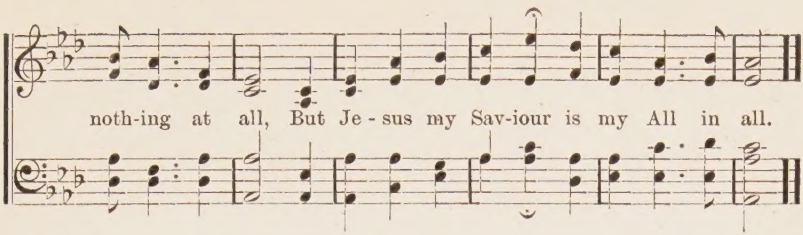
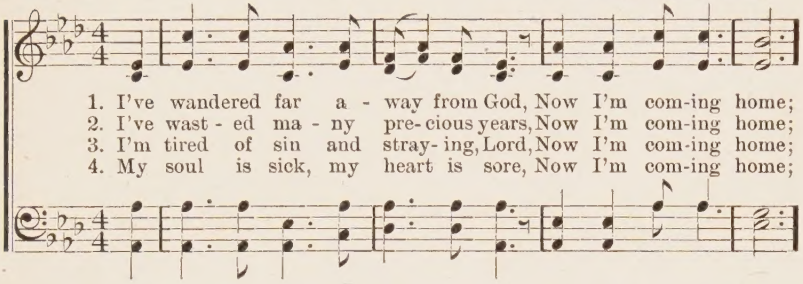
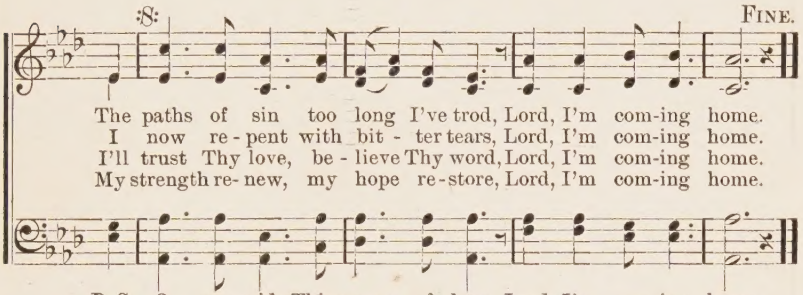
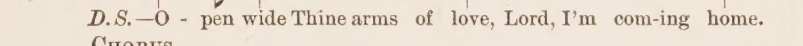
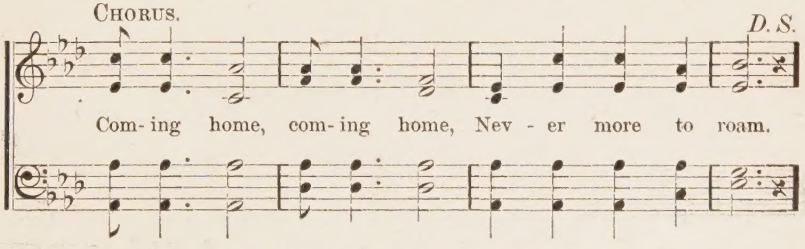



## 84 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;


:S:
FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.




5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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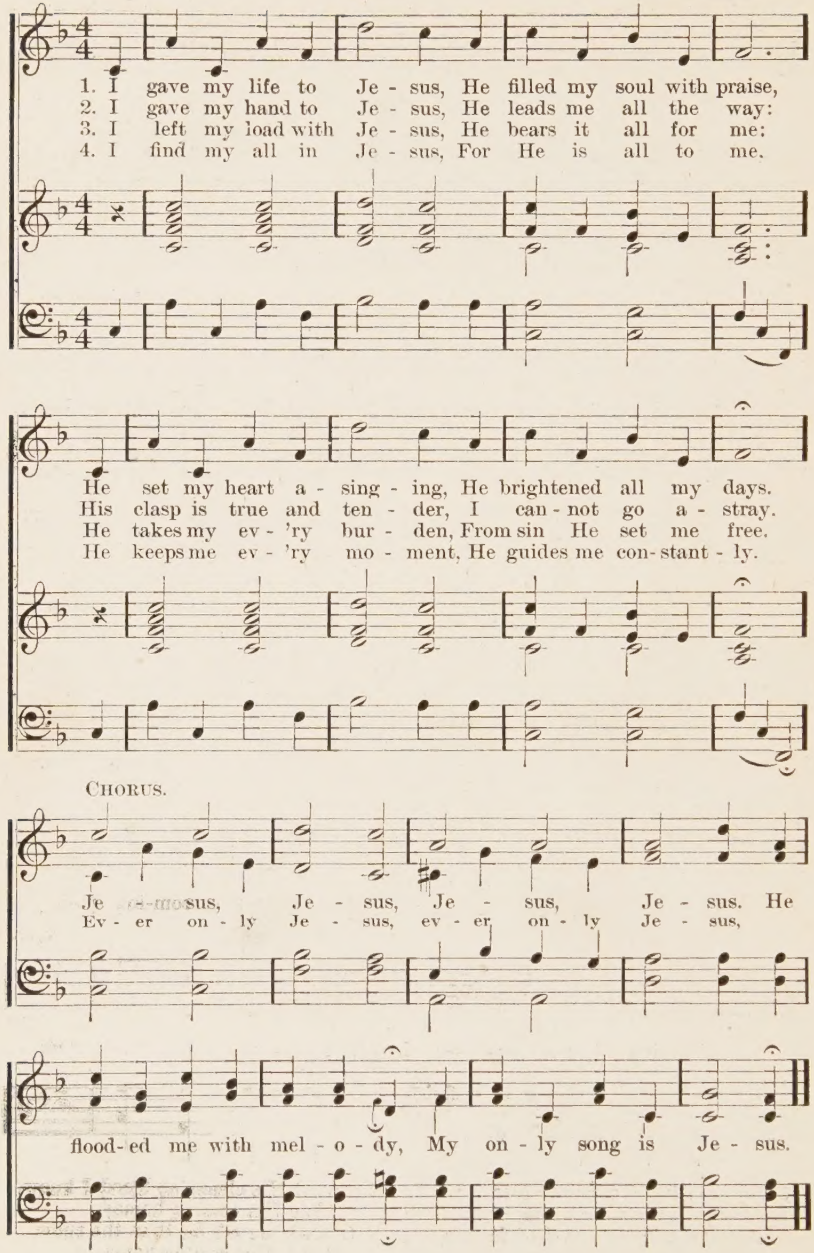
# Only Jesus.

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. I gave my life to Je - sus, He filled my soul with praise,
2. I gave my hand to Je - sus, He leads me all the way:
3. I left my load with Je - sus, He bears it all for me:
4. I find my all in Je - sus, For He is all to me.
He set my heart a - sing - ing, He brightened all my days.
His clasp is true and ten - der, I can - not go a - stray.
He takes my ev - 'ry bur - den, From sin He set me free.
He keeps me ev - 'ry mo - ment, He guides me con - stant - ly.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus. He
Ev - er on - ly Je - sus, ev - er on - ly Je - sus,
flood - ed me with mel - o - dy, My on - ly song is Je - sus.

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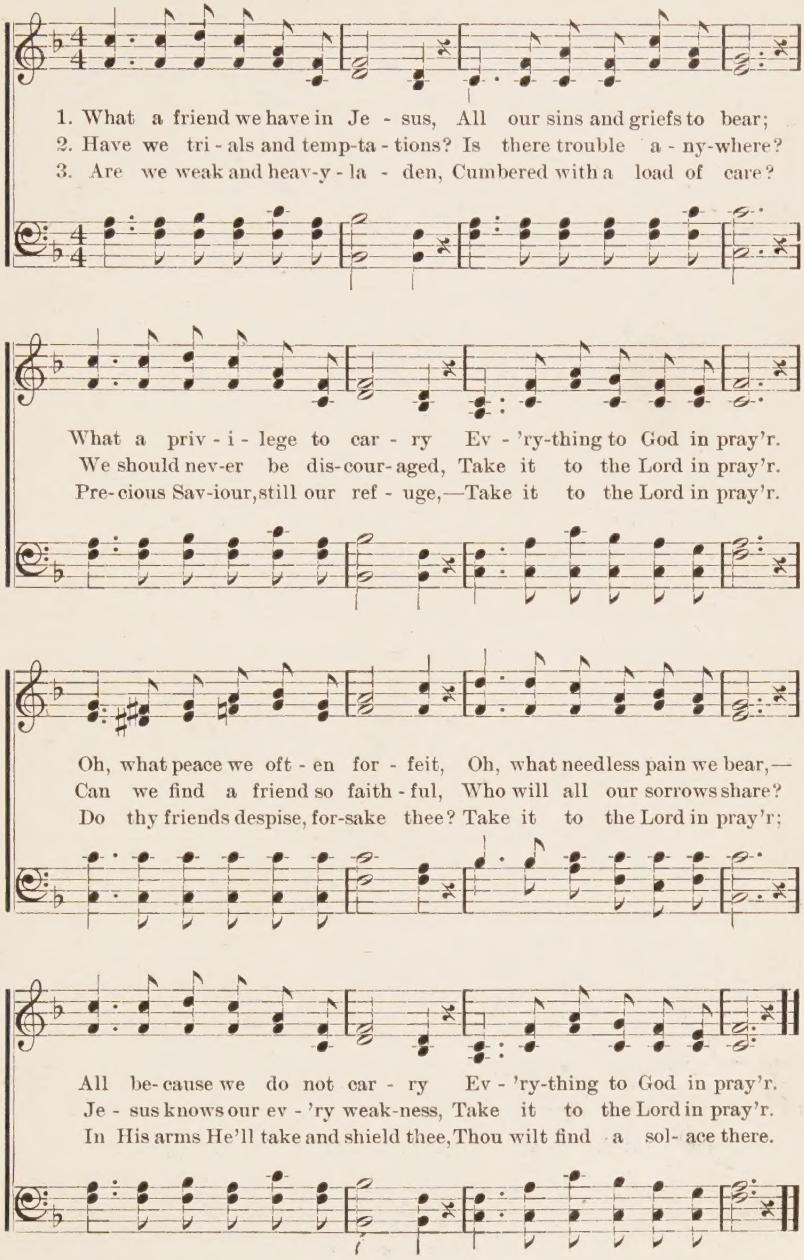
# What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol- ace there.

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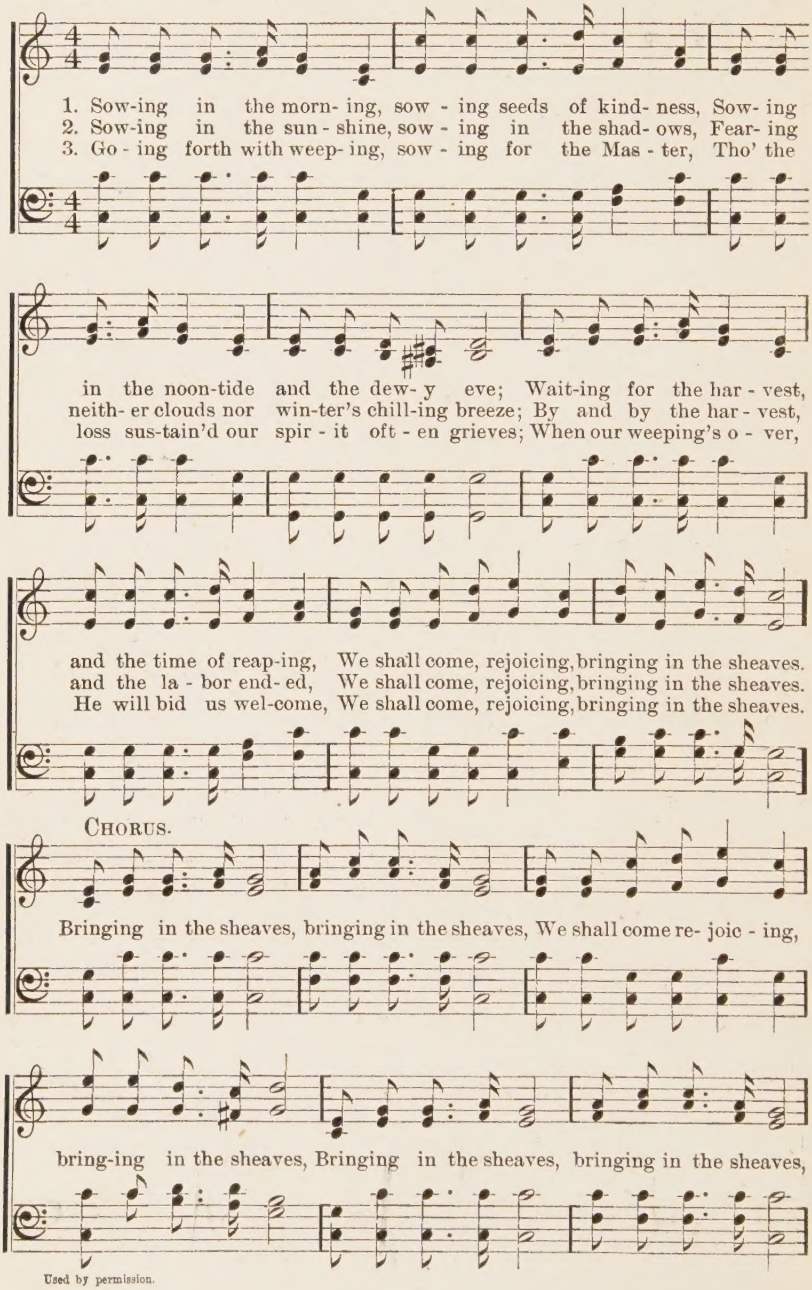
# Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sow-ing in the morn- ing, sow - ing seeds of kind- ness, Sow- ing
2. Sow-ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad- ows, Fear- ing
3. Go - ing forth with weep- ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the
in the noon-tide and the dew- y eve; Wait-ing for the har - vest,
neith- er clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har - vest,
loss sus-tain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's o - ver,
and the time of reap-ing, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
and the la - bor end- ed, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
He will bid us wel-come, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
CHORUS.
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re- joic - ing,
bring-ing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,

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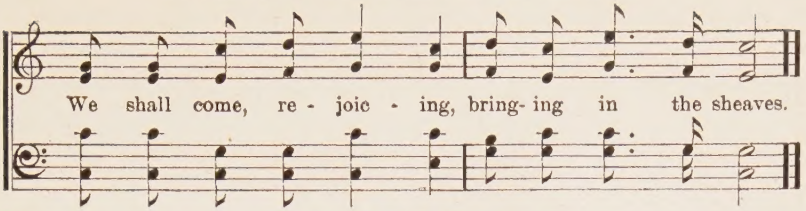
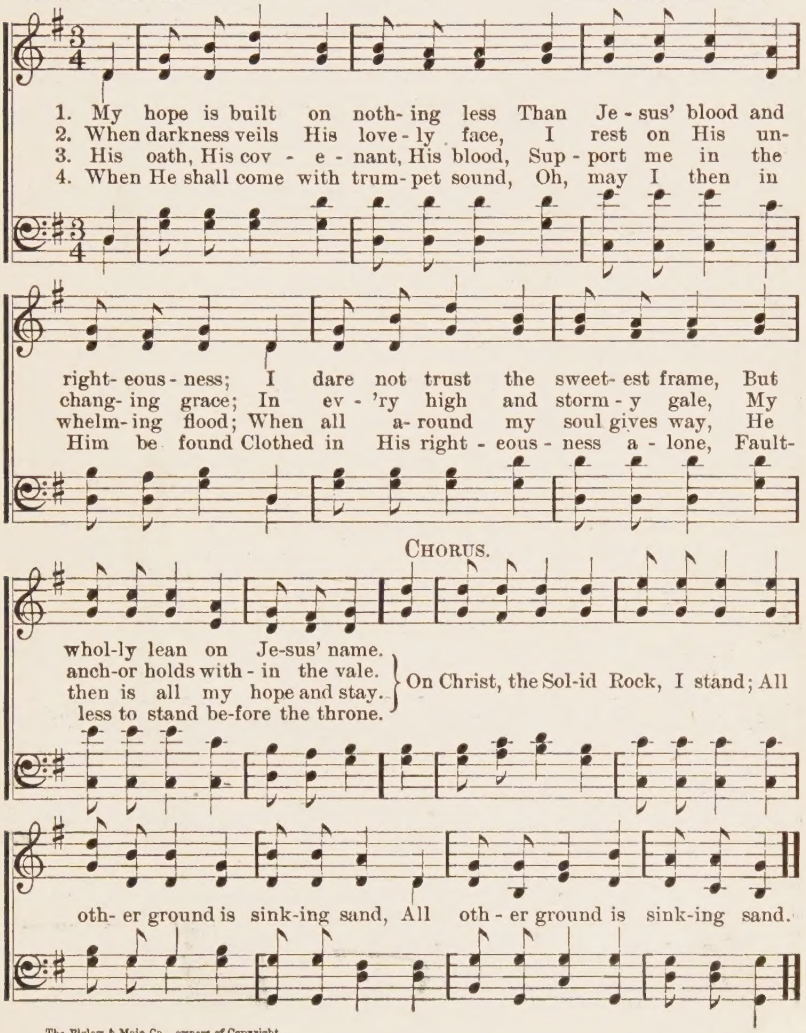



## 88 The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. William B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on noth- ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
2. When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un-
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the
4. When He shall come with trum- pet sound, Oh, may I then in
right- eous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet- est frame, But
chang- ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My
whelm- ing flood; When all a- round my soul gives way, He
Him be found Clothed in His right - eous - ness a - lone, Fault-
Chorus.
whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
anch-or holds with - in the vale.
then is all my hope and stay.
less to stand be-fore the throne.
} On Christ, the Sol-id Rock, I stand; All
oth- er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand.

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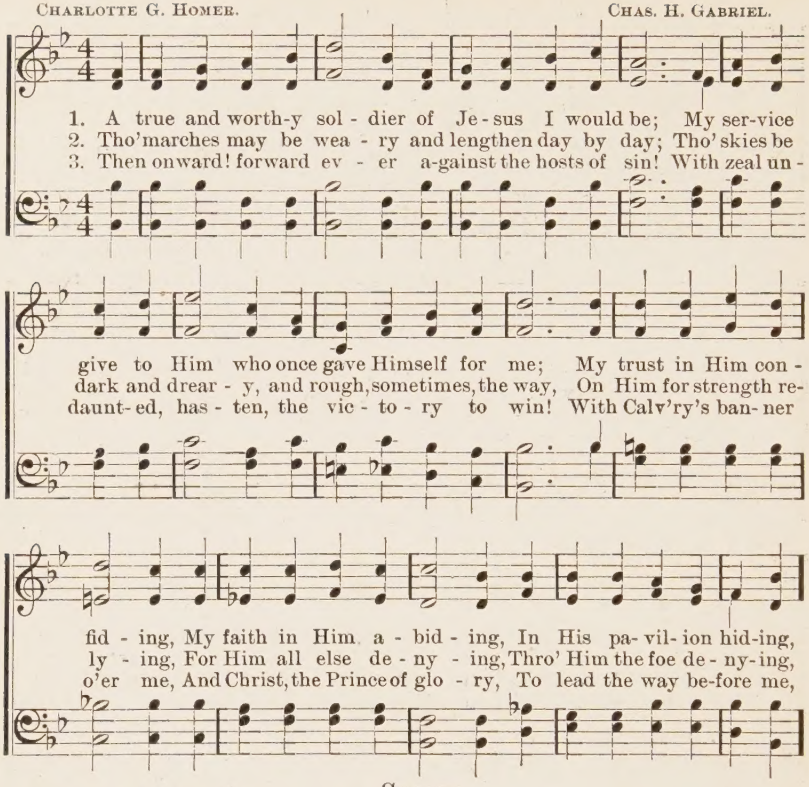
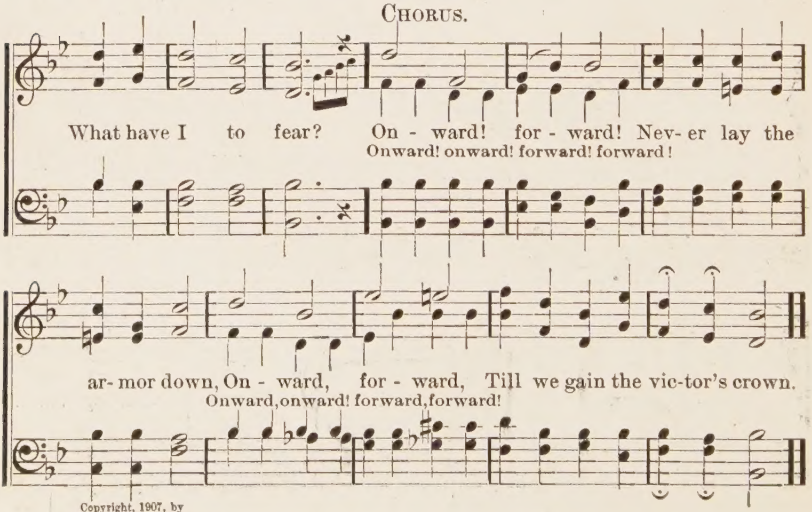
# Onward, Forward!

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A true and worth-y sol - dier of Je - sus I would be; My ser-vice
2. Tho'marches may be wea - ry and lengthen day by day; Tho' skies be
3. Then onward! forward ev - er a-gainst the hosts of sin! With zeal un -
give to Him who once gave Himself for me; My trust in Him con -
dark and drear - y, and rough, sometimes, the way, On Him for strength re-
daunt-ed, has - ten, the vic - to - ry to win! With Calv'ry's ban-ner
fid - ing, My faith in Him a - bid - ing, In His pa-vil-ion hid-ing,
ly - ing, For Him all else de - ny - ing, Thro' Him the foe de - ny-ing,
o'er me, And Christ, the Prince of glo - ry, To lead the way be-fore me,

CHORUS.


What have I to fear? On - ward! for - ward! Nev-er lay the
Onward! onward! forward! forward!
ar-mor down, On - ward, for - ward, Till we gain the vic-tor's crown.
Onward, onward! forward, forward!

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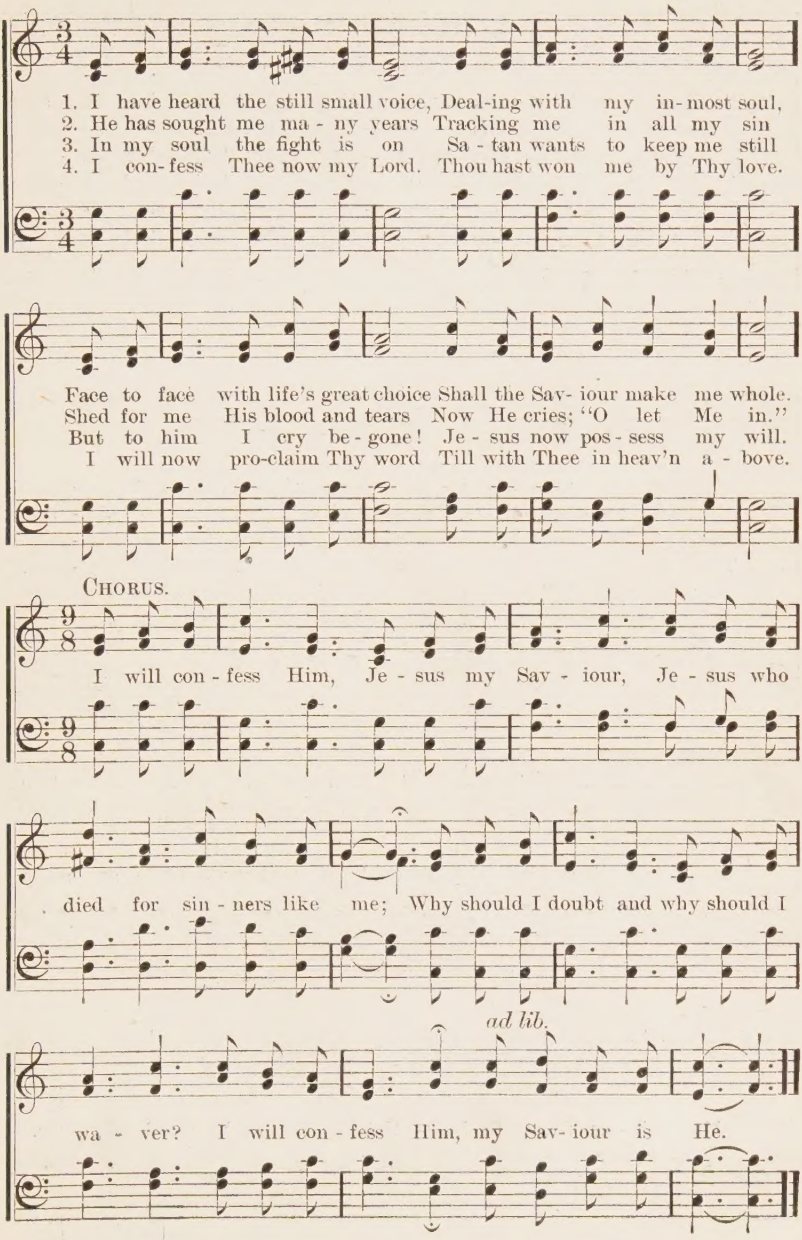
# I Will Confess Him.

FRANK DYER. J. E. DELMARTER.

1. I have heard the still small voice, Deal-ing with my in-most soul,
2. He has sought me ma - ny years Tracking me in all my sin
3. In my soul the fight is on Sa - tan wants to keep me still
4. I con-fess Thee now my Lord. Thou hast won me by Thy love.
Face to face with life's great choice Shall the Sav- iour make me whole.
Shed for me His blood and tears Now He cries; "O let Me in."
But to him I cry be - gone! Je - sus now pos - sess my will.
I will now pro-claim Thy word Till with Thee in heav'n a - bove.
CHORUS.
I will con - fess Him, Je - sus my Sav - iour, Je - sus who
died for sin - ners like me; Why should I doubt and why should I
ad lib.
wa - ver? I will con - fess Him, my Sav- iour is He.

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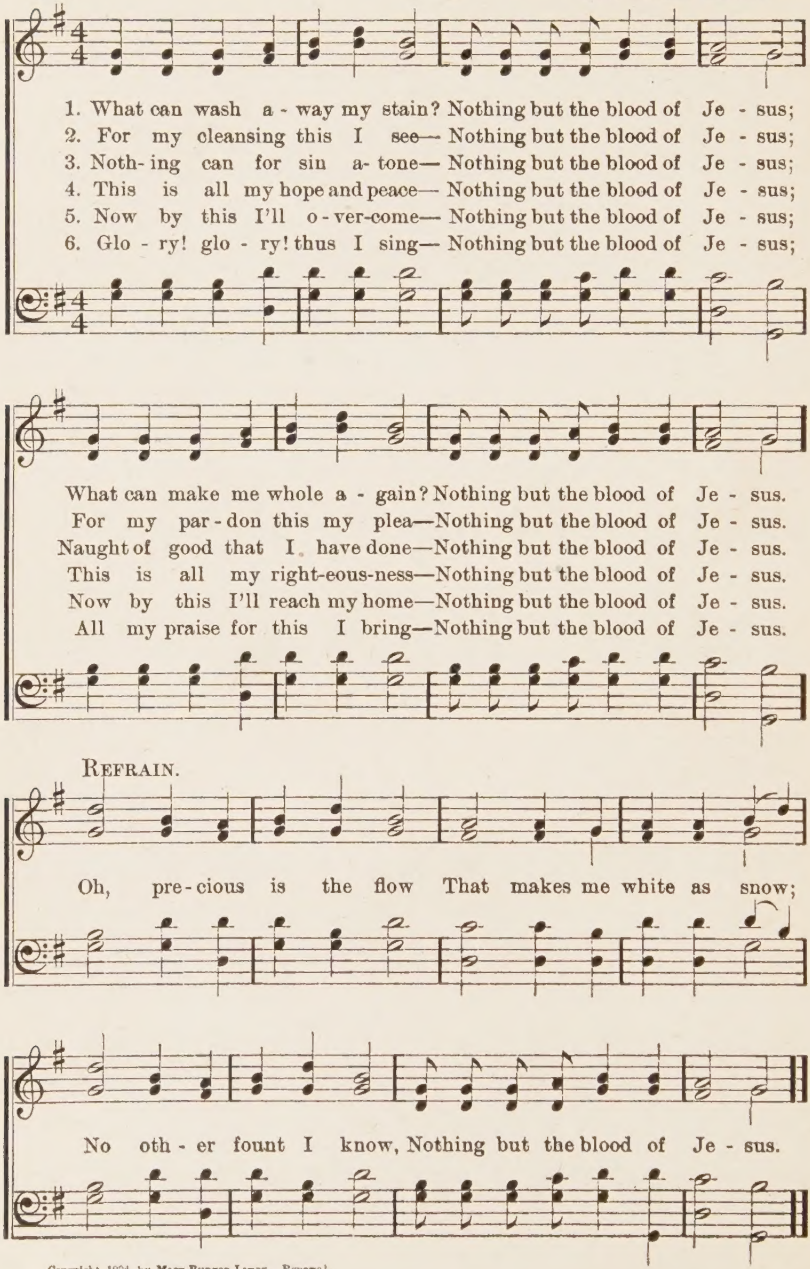
# 91 Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

R. L. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth- ing can for sin a- tone— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Now by this I'll o - ver-come— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
6. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my par - don this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Now by this I'll reach my home—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
All my praise for this I bring—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Refrain.
Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

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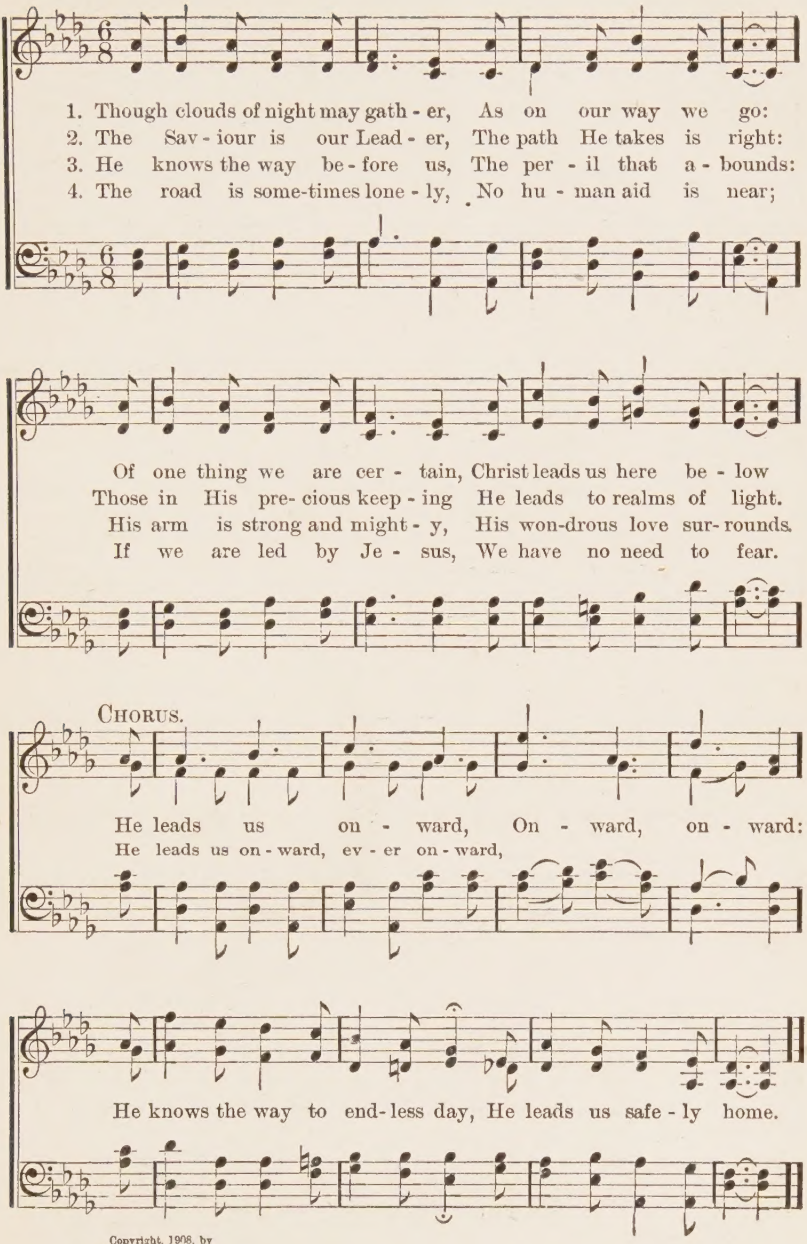
# Led by Jesus.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. Though clouds of night may gath - er, As on our way we go:
2. The Sav - iour is our Lead - er, The path He takes is right:
3. He knows the way be - fore us, The per - il that a - bounds:
4. The road is some-times lone - ly, No hu - man aid is near;
Of one thing we are cer - tain, Christ leads us here be - low
Those in His pre- cious keep - ing He leads to realms of light.
His arm is strong and might - y, His won-drous love sur- rounds.
If we are led by Je - sus, We have no need to fear.
CHORUS.
He leads us on - ward, On - ward, on - ward:
He leads us on - ward, ev - er on - ward,
He knows the way to end- less day, He leads us safe - ly home.

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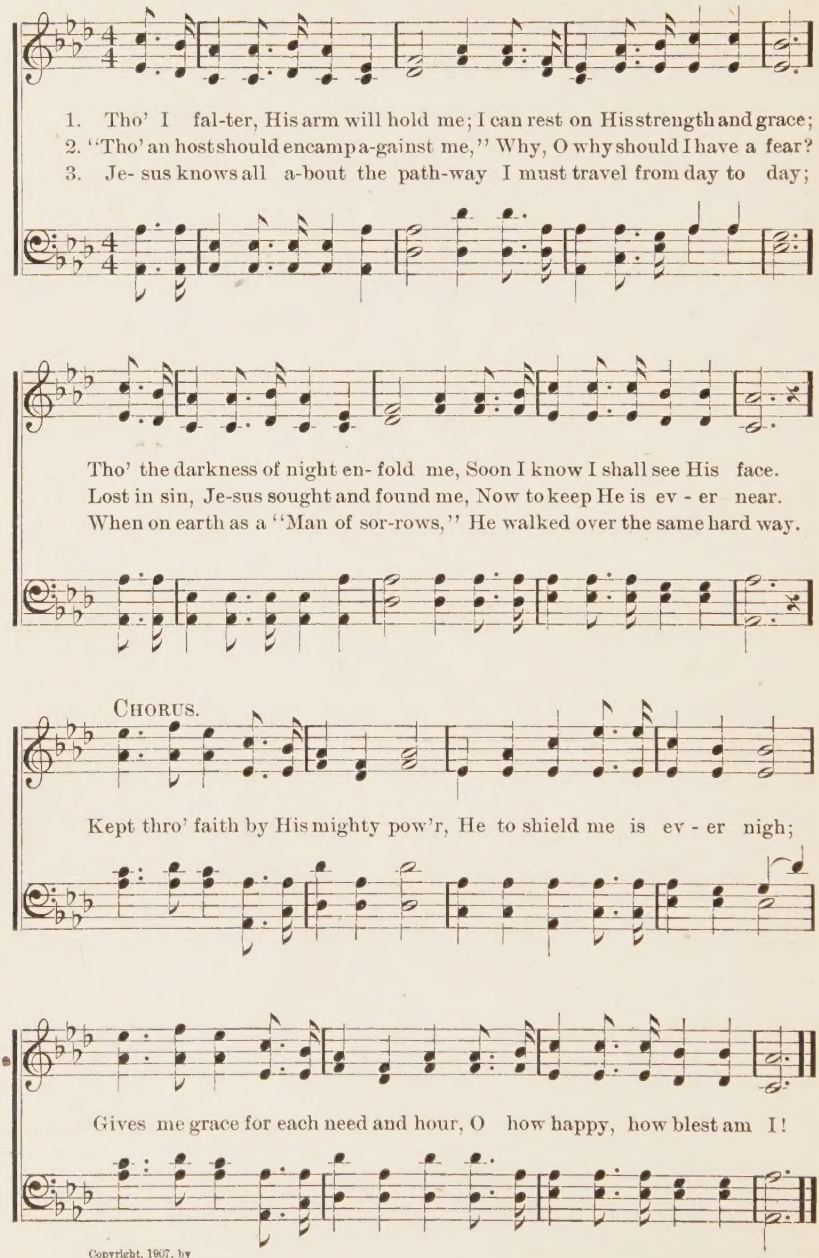
# Kept Through Faith.

C. D. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Tho' I fal-ter, His arm will hold me; I can rest on His strength and grace;
2. "Tho' an host should encamp a-gainst me," Why, O why should I have a fear?
3. Je- sus knows all a-bout the path-way I must travel from day to day;
Tho' the darkness of night en- fold me, Soon I know I shall see His face.
Lost in sin, Je-sus sought and found me, Now to keep He is ev - er near.
When on earth as a "Man of sor-rows," He walked over the same hard way.
CHORUS.
Kept thro' faith by His mighty pow'r, He to shield me is ev - er nigh;
Gives me grace for each need and hour, O how happy, how blest am I!

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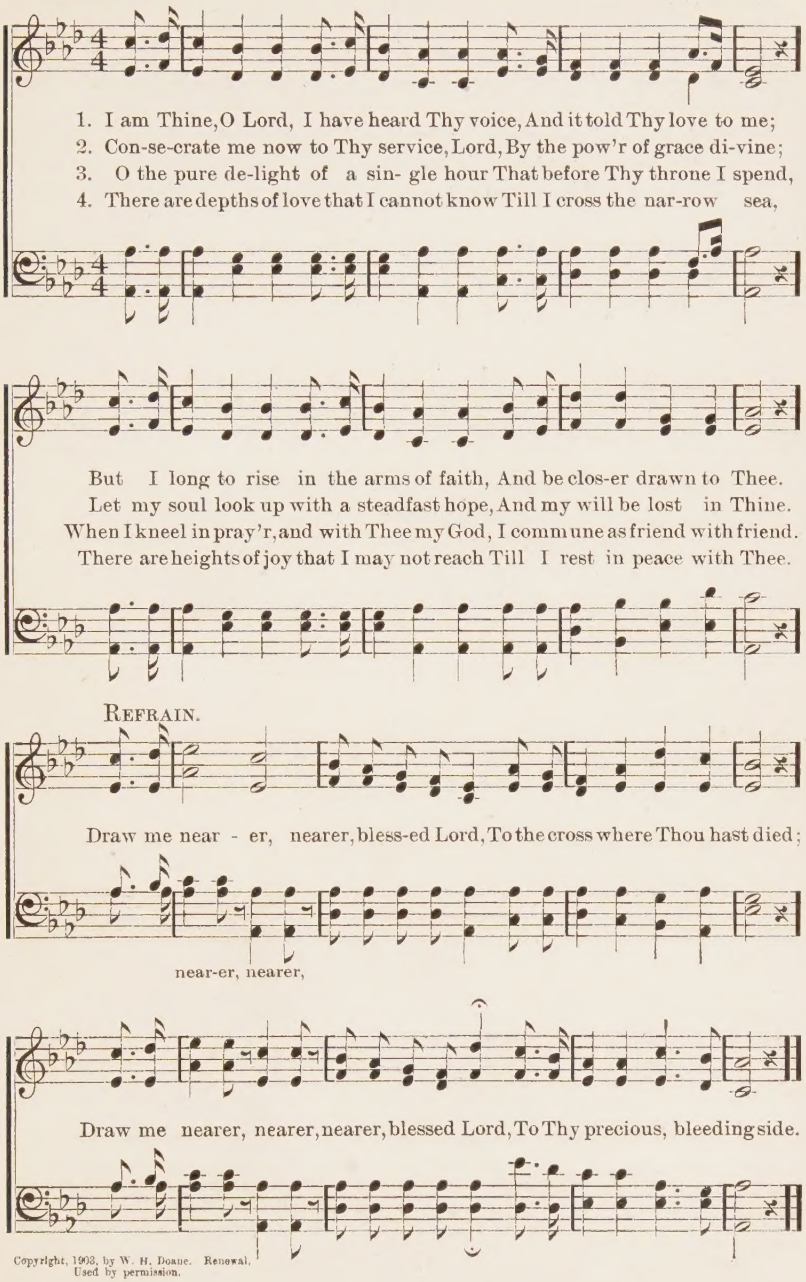
# I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin- gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar-row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.
Refrain.
Draw me near - er, nearer, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, nearer,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

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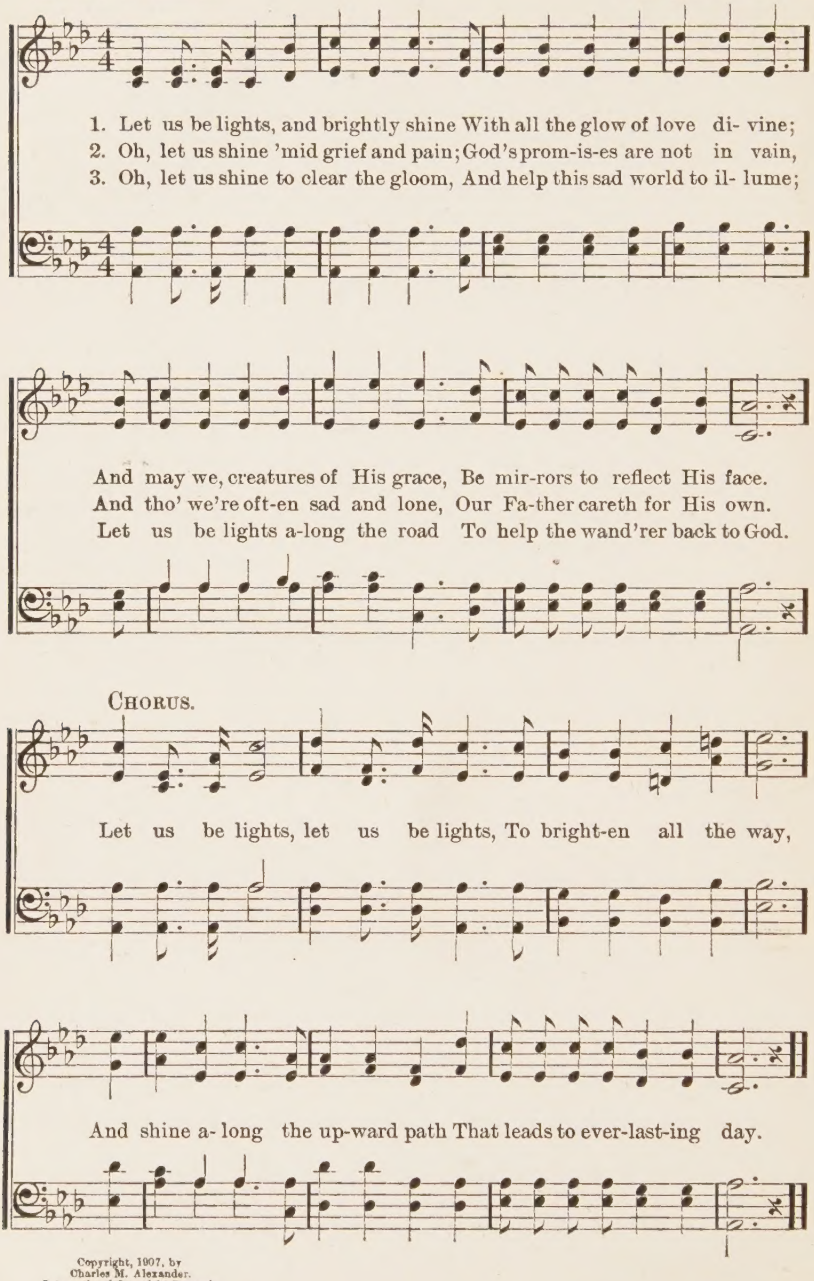
# Let Us Be Lights.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Let us be lights, and brightly shine With all the glow of love di- vine;
2. Oh, let us shine 'mid grief and pain; God's prom-is-es are not in vain,
3. Oh, let us shine to clear the gloom, And help this sad world to il- lume;
And may we, creatures of His grace, Be mir-rors to reflect His face.
And tho' we're oft-en sad and lone, Our Fa-ther careth for His own.
Let us be lights a-long the road To help the wand'rer back to God.
CHORUS.
Let us be lights, let us be lights, To bright-en all the way,
And shine a- long the up-ward path That leads to ever-last-ing day.

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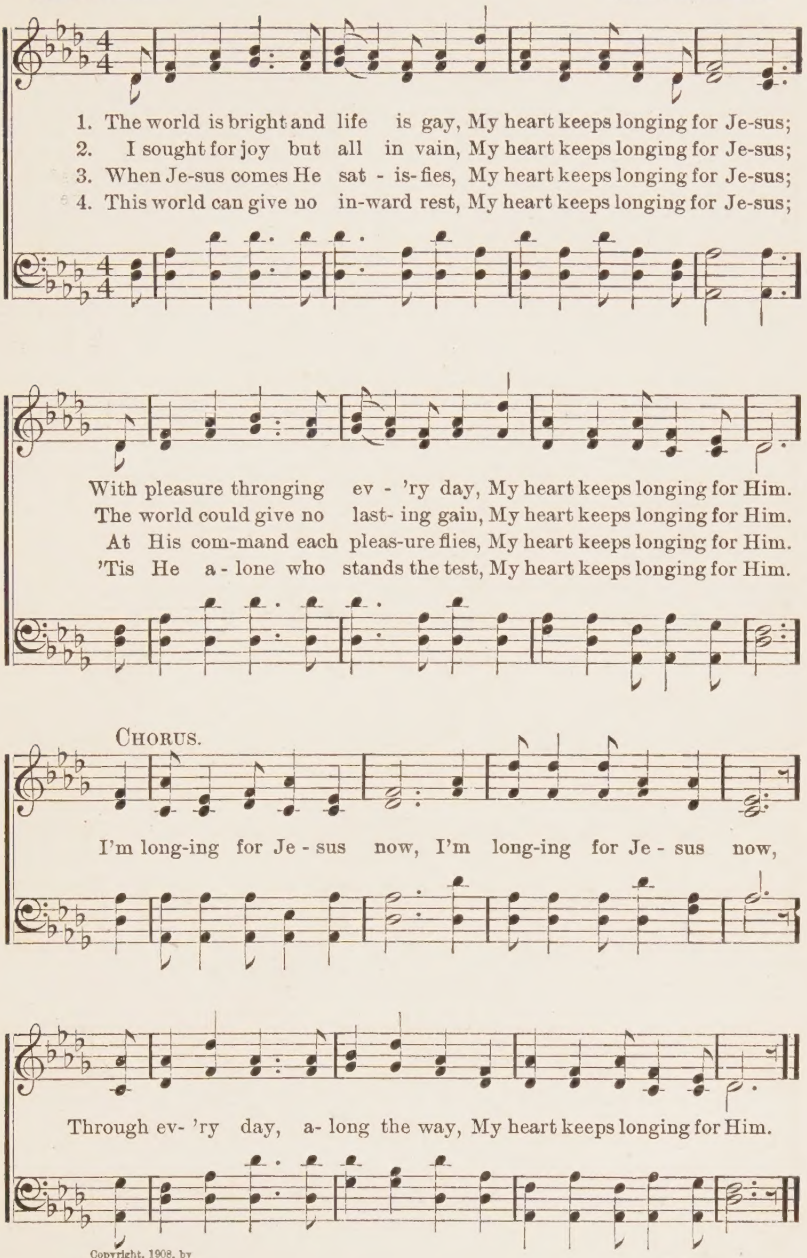
# Longing for Jesus.

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. The world is bright and life is gay, My heart keeps longing for Je-sus;
2. I sought for joy but all in vain, My heart keeps longing for Je-sus;
3. When Je-sus comes He sat - is-fies, My heart keeps longing for Je-sus;
4. This world can give no in-ward rest, My heart keeps longing for Je-sus;
With pleasure thronging ev - 'ry day, My heart keeps longing for Him.
The world could give no last- ing gain, My heart keeps longing for Him.
At His com-mand each pleas-ure flies, My heart keeps longing for Him.
'Tis He a - lone who stands the test, My heart keeps longing for Him.
CHORUS.
I'm long-ing for Je - sus now, I'm long-ing for Je - sus now,
Through ev- 'ry day, a- long the way, My heart keeps longing for Him.

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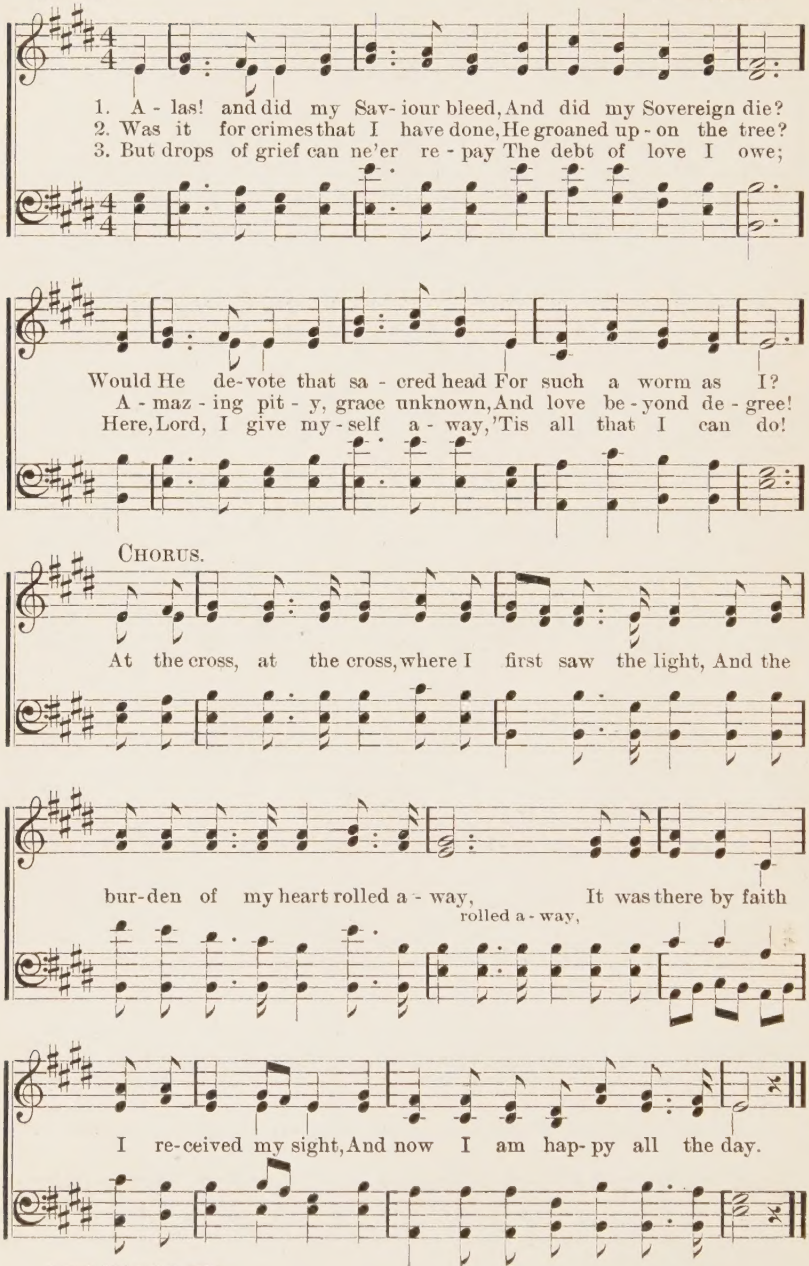
# At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. xlv, 22.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!
CHORUS.
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith
rolled a - way,
I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

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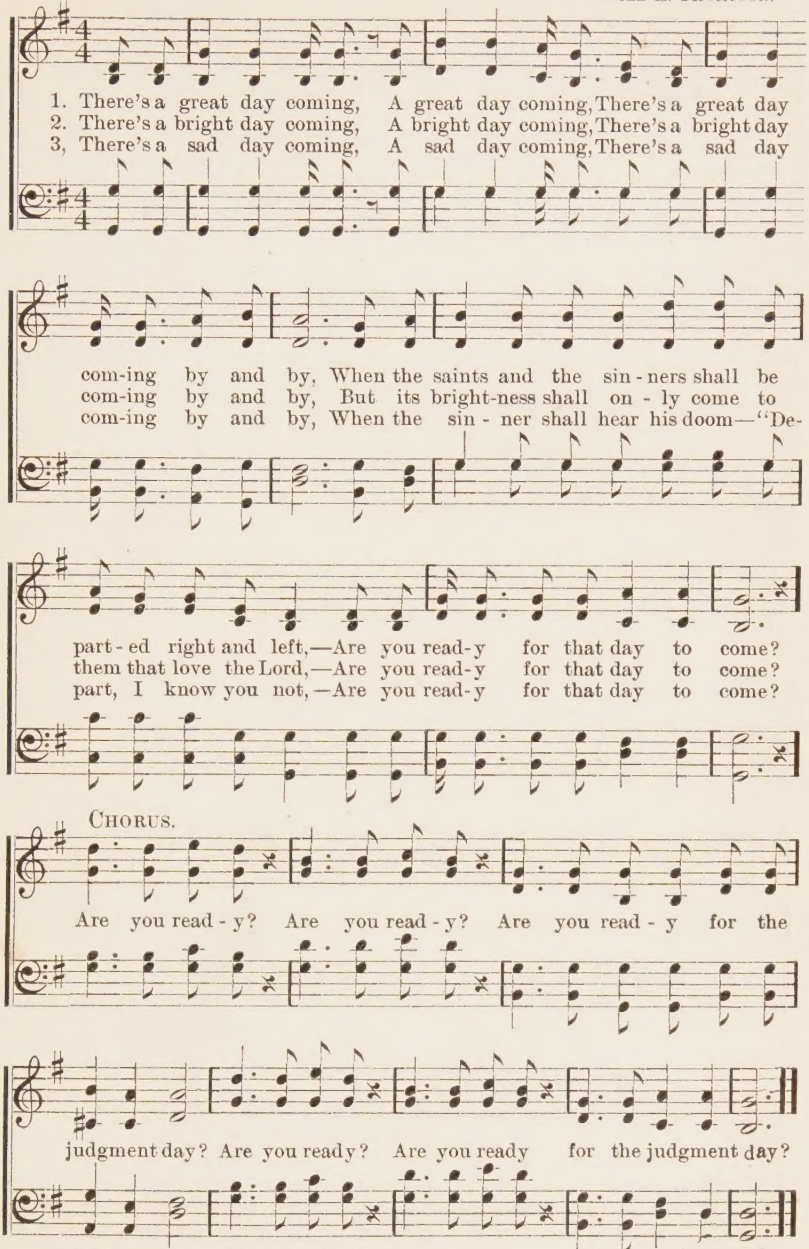
# There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. — WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day
3, There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day
com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom—"De-
part-ed right and left,—Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord,—Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know you not,—Are you read-y for that day to come?
CHORUS.
Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the
judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day?

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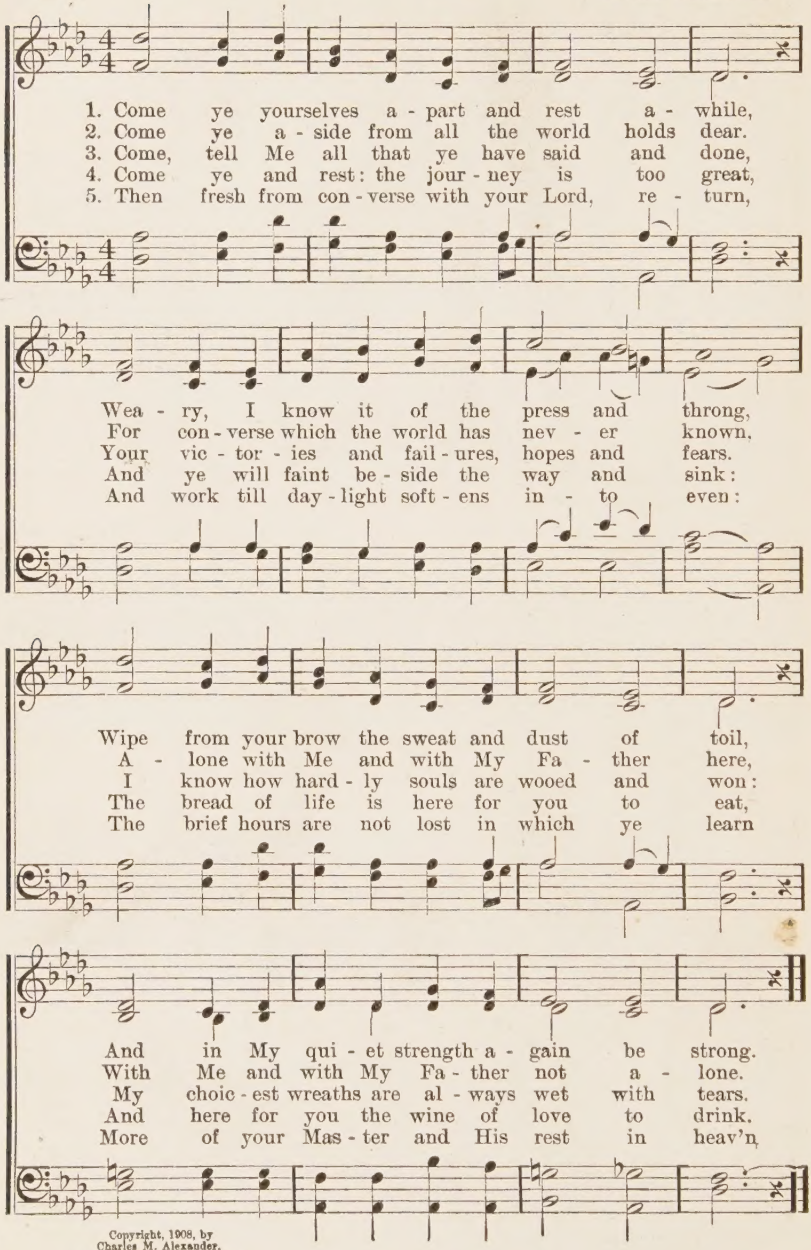
# Come Ye Yourselves Apart.

"And Jesus said unto them, Come ye yourselves into a desert place and rest awhile."—Mark 6: 31.

A. N. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Come ye yourselves a - part and rest a - while,
2. Come ye a - side from all the world holds dear.
3. Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done,
4. Come ye and rest: the jour - ney is too great,
5. Then fresh from con - verse with your Lord, re - turn,
Wea - ry, I know it of the press and throng,
For con - verse which the world has nev - er known,
Your vic - tor - ies and fail - ures, hopes and fears.
And ye will faint be - side the way and sink:
And work till day - light soft - ens in - to even:
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
A - lone with Me and with My Fa - ther here,
I know how hard - ly souls are wooed and won:
The bread of life is here for you to eat,
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
And in My qui - et strength a - gain be strong.
With Me and with My Fa - ther not a - lone.
My choic - est wreaths are al - ways wet with tears.
And here for you the wine of love to drink.
More of your Mas - ter and His rest in heav'n.

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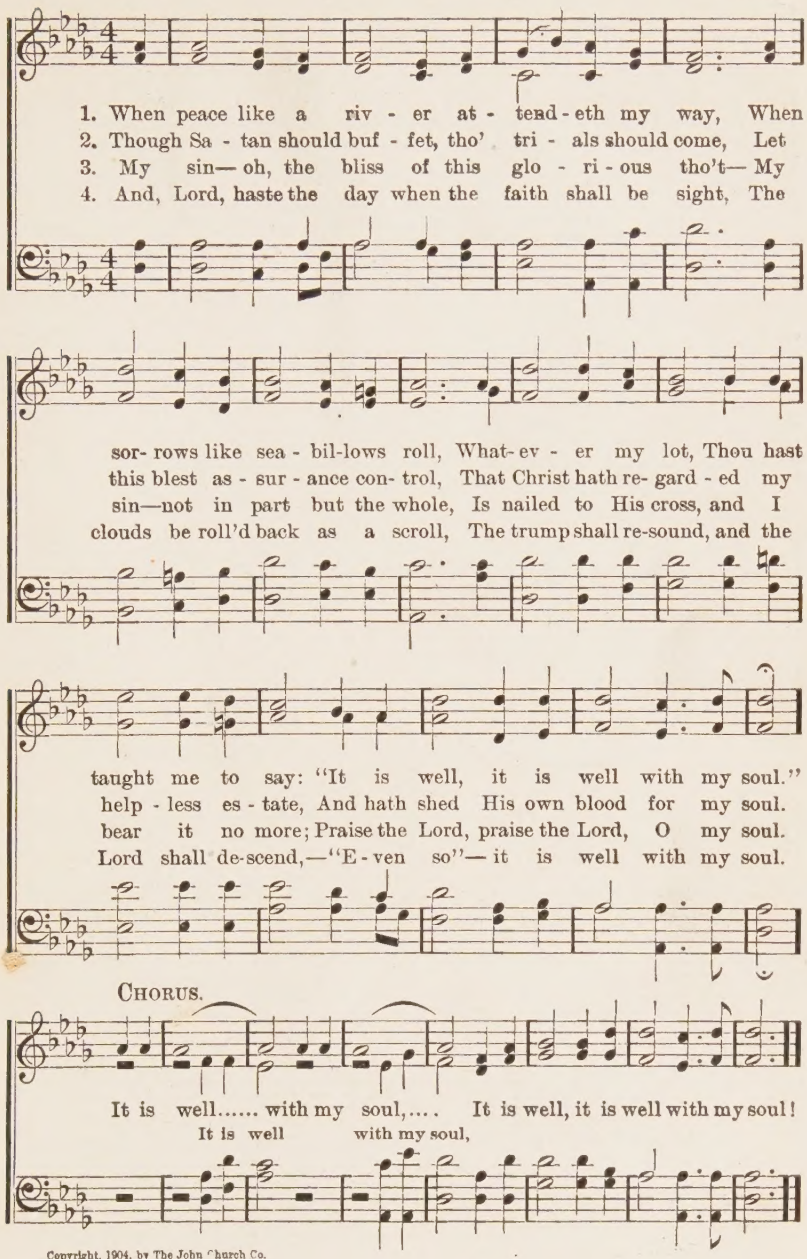
# It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.


1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The
sor- rows like sea - bil-lows roll, What- ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con- trol, That Christ hath re- gard - ed my
sin—not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross, and I
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the
taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.
Lord shall de-scend,—"E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.
CHORUS.
It is well..... with my soul,.... It is well, it is well with my soul!
It is well with my soul,

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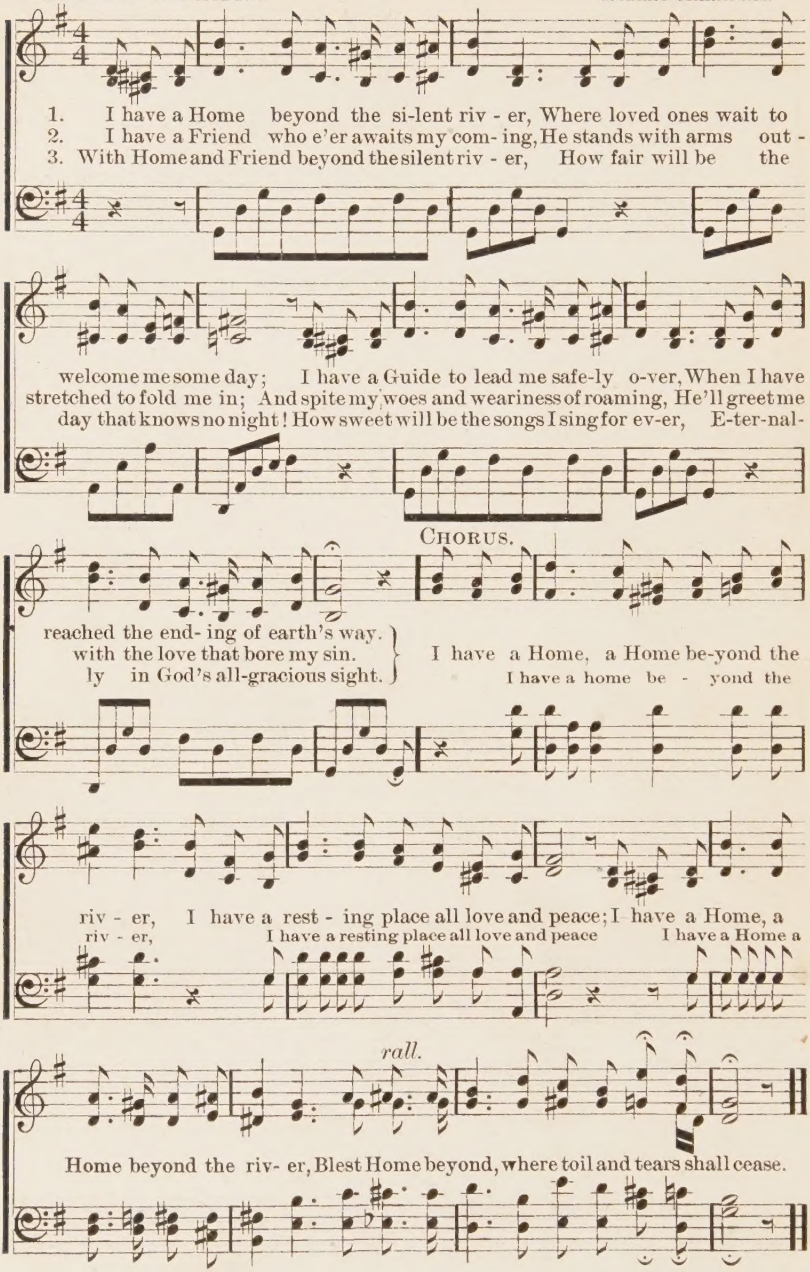
# Beyond.

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. I have a Home beyond the si-lent riv - er, Where loved ones wait to
2. I have a Friend who e'er awaits my com- ing, He stands with arms out -
3. With Home and Friend beyond the silent riv - er, How fair will be the
welcome me some day; I have a Guide to lead me safe-ly o-ver, When I have
stretched to fold me in; And spite my woes and weariness of roaming, He'll greet me
day that knows no night! How sweet will be the songs I sing for ev-er, E-ter-nal-
CHORUS.
reached the end- ing of earth's way.
with the love that bore my sin.
ly in God's all-gracious sight.
I have a Home, a Home be-yond the
I have a home be - yond the
riv - er, I have a rest - ing place all love and peace; I have a Home, a
riv - er, I have a resting place all love and peace I have a Home a
rall.
Home beyond the riv- er, Blest Home beyond, where toil and tears shall cease.

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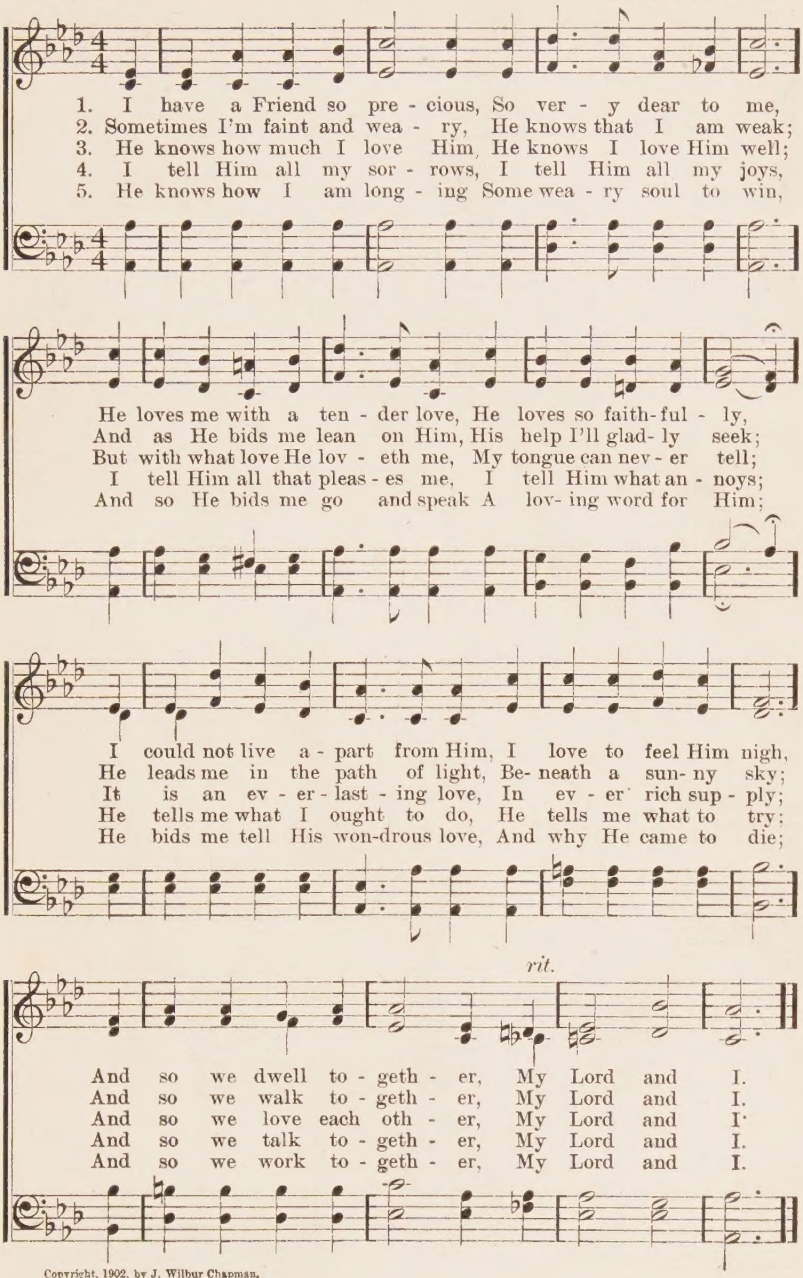
# My Lord and I.

Mrs. L. Shorey. Joseph D. Little.

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak;
3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well;
4. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
5. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,
He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith-ful - ly,
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I'll glad- ly seek;
But with what love He lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell;
I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
And so He bids me go and speak A lov- ing word for Him;
I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
He leads me in the path of light, Be- neath a sun- ny sky;
It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In ev - er rich sup - ply;
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
He bids me tell His won-drous love, And why He came to die;
rit.
And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

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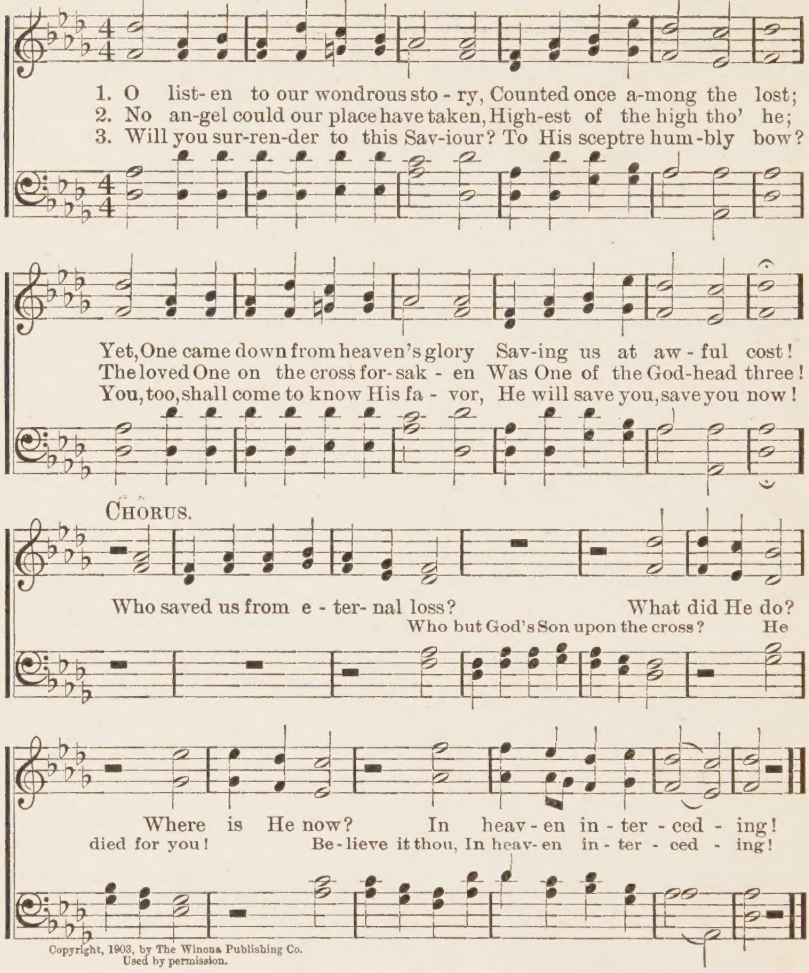
## 103 What Did He Do?

Alt. by J. M. G. W. OWEN.


1. O list- en to our wondrous sto - ry, Counted once a-mong the lost;
2. No an-gel could our place have taken, High-est of the high tho' he;
3. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav-iour? To His sceptre hum-bly bow?
Yet, One came down from heaven's glory Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost!
The loved One on the cross for-sak - en Was One of the God-head three!
You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now!
CHORUS.
Who saved us from e - ter- nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son upon the cross? He
Where is He now? In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!

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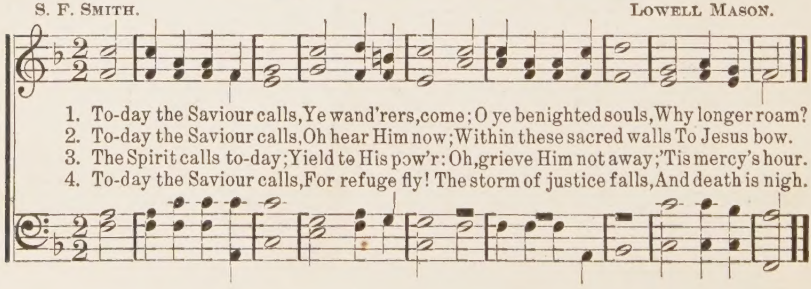
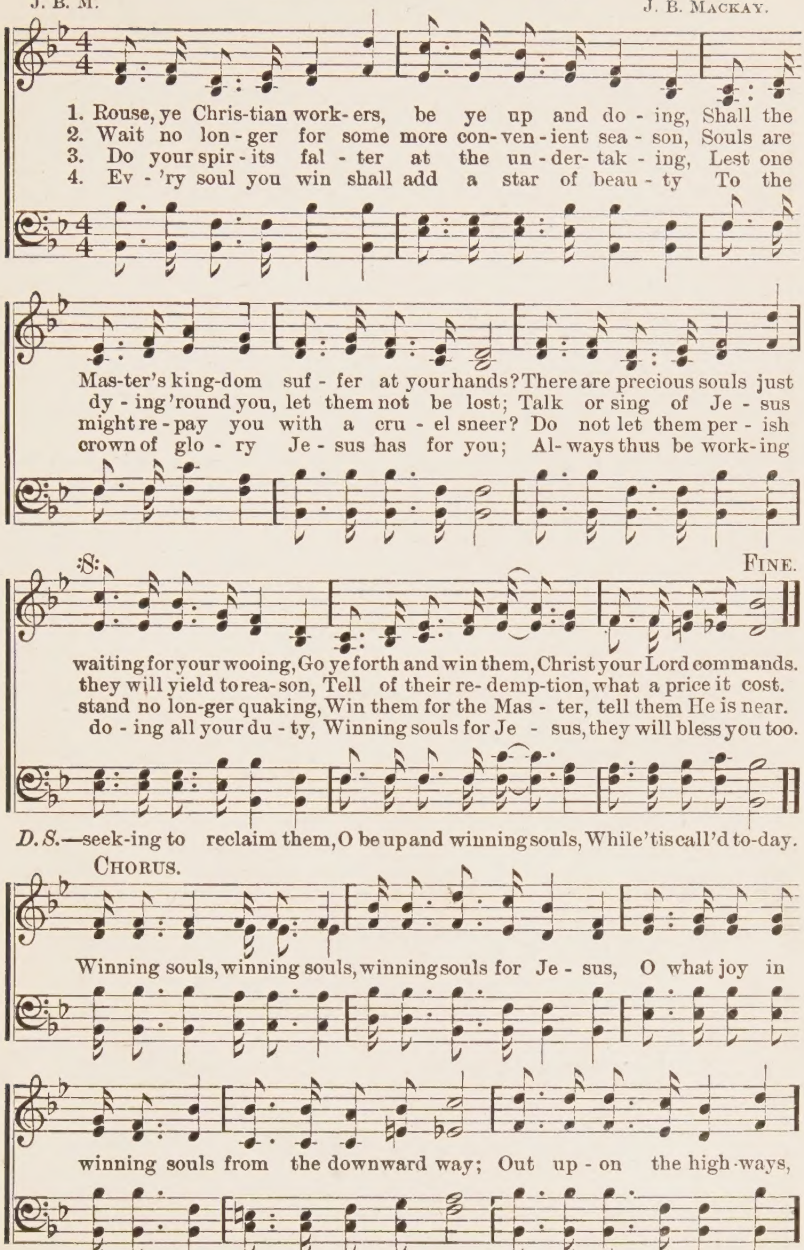
## 104 To-day the Saviour Calls.

S. F. SMITH. LOWELL MASON.


1. To-day the Saviour calls, Ye wand'rers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Saviour calls, Oh hear Him now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
3. The Spirit calls to-day; Yield to His pow'r: Oh, grieve Him not away; 'Tis mercy's hour.
4. To-day the Saviour calls, For refuge fly! The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.

# Winning Souls for Jesus.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—Pr. xi, 30.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Rouse, ye Chris-tian work-ers, be ye up and do-ing, Shall the
2. Wait no lon-ger for some more con-ven-ient sea-son, Souls are
3. Do your spir-its fal-ter at the un-der-tak-ing, Lest one
4. Ev-'ry soul you win shall add a star of beau-ty To the
Mas-ter's king-dom suf-fer at your hands? There are precious souls just
dy-ing 'round you, let them not be lost; Talk or sing of Je-sus
might re-pay you with a cru-el sneer? Do not let them per-ish
crown of glo-ry Je-sus has for you; Al-ways thus be work-ing
:S:
FINE.
waiting for your wooing, Go ye forth and win them, Christ your Lord commands.
they will yield to rea-son, Tell of their re-demp-tion, what a price it cost.
stand no lon-ger quaking, Win them for the Mas-ter, tell them He is near.
do-ing all your du-ty, Winning souls for Je-sus, they will bless you too.
D. S.—seek-ing to reclaim them, O be up and winning souls, While 'tis call'd to-day.
CHORUS.
Winning souls, winning souls, winning souls for Je-sus, O what joy in
winning souls from the downward way; Out up-on the high-ways,

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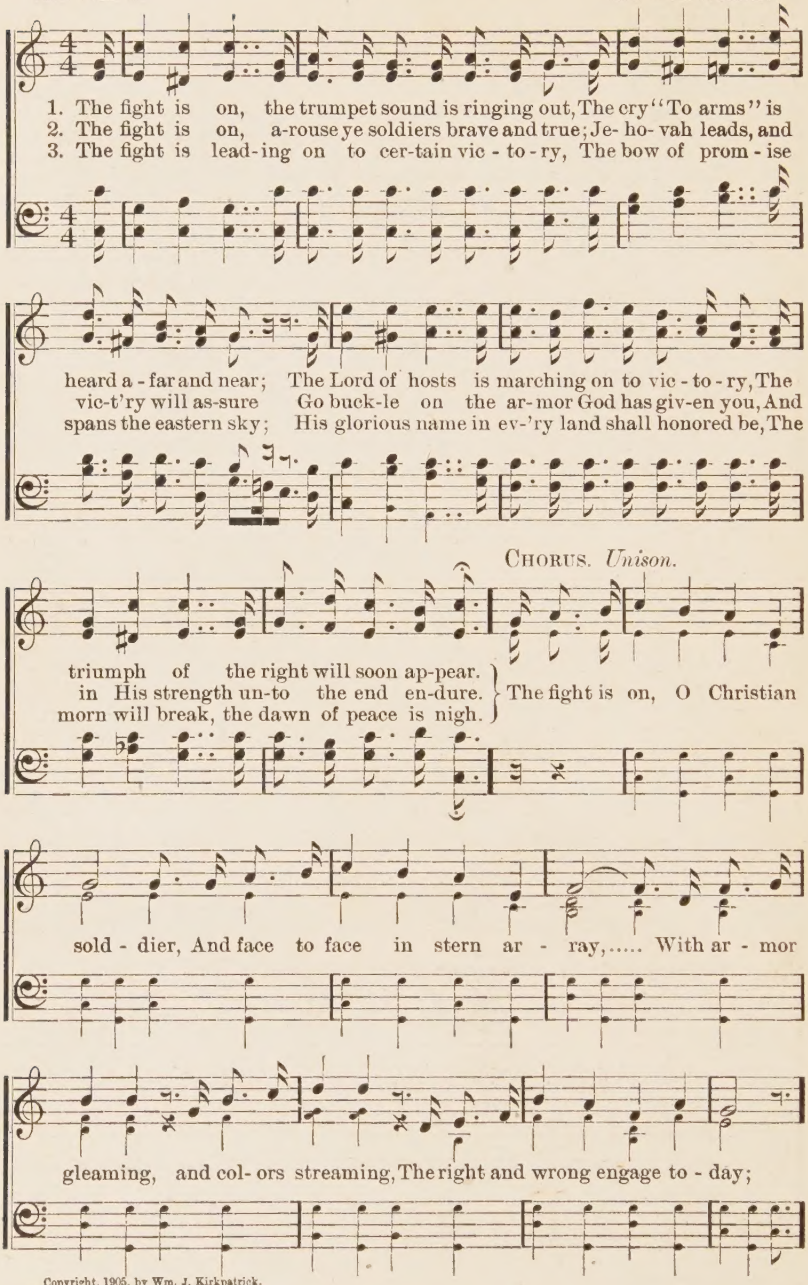
# The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je- ho- vah leads, and
3. The fight is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic - to - ry, The bow of prom - ise
heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic - to - ry, The
vic-t'ry will as-sure Go buck-le on the ar-mor God has giv-en you, And
spans the eastern sky; His glorious name in ev-'ry land shall honored be, The
Chorus. Unison.
triumph of the right will soon ap-pear.
in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
The fight is on, O Christian
sold - dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray,..... With ar - mor
gleaming, and col- ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to - day;

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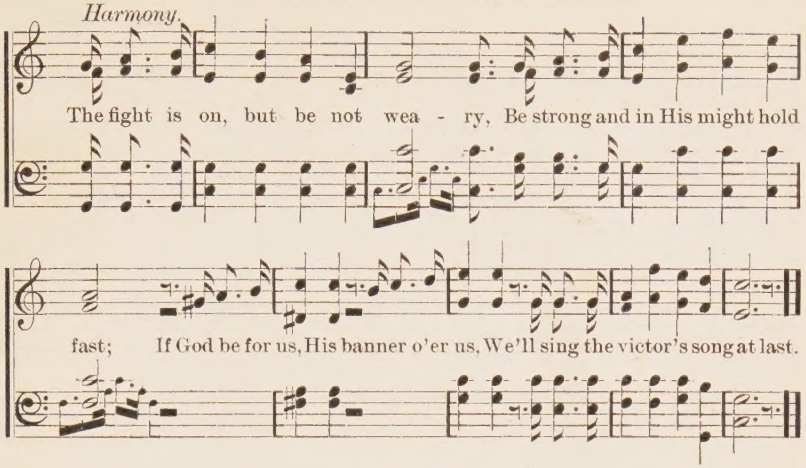
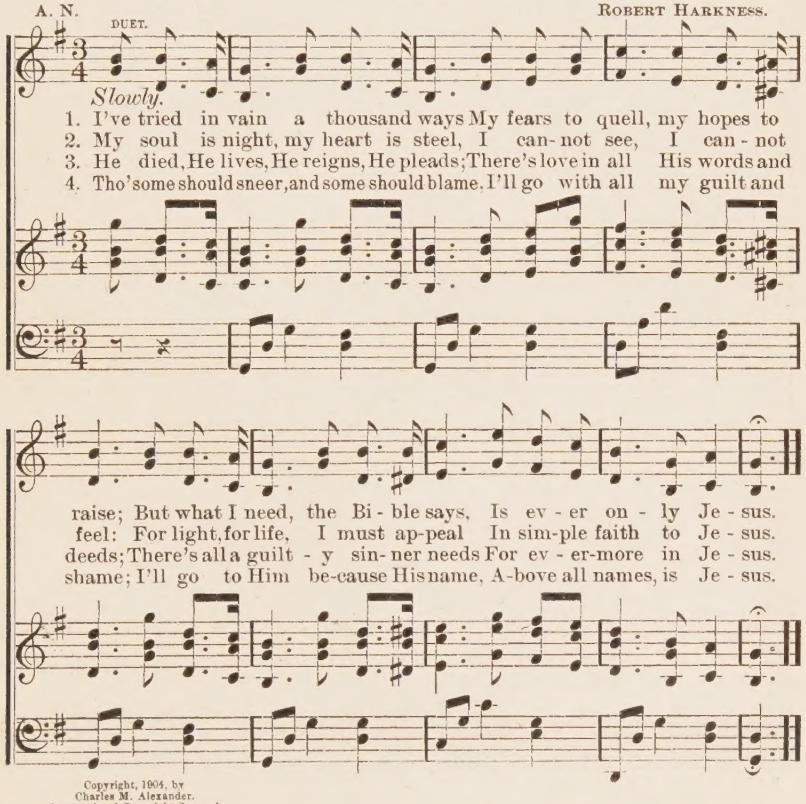

Harmony.
The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in His might hold
fast; If God be for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.

## 107 In Jesus.

A. N. ROBERT HARKNESS.

DUET.
Slowly.
1. I've tried in vain a thousand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise; But what I need, the Bi - ble says, Is ev - er on - ly Je - sus.
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can - not see, I can - not feel: For light, for life, I must ap-peal In sim-ple faith to Je - sus.
3. He died, He lives, He reigns, He pleads; There's love in all His words and deeds; There's all a guilt - y sin - ner needs For ev - er-more in Je - sus.
4. Tho' some should sneer, and some should blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame; I'll go to Him be-cause His name, A-bove all names, is Je - sus.

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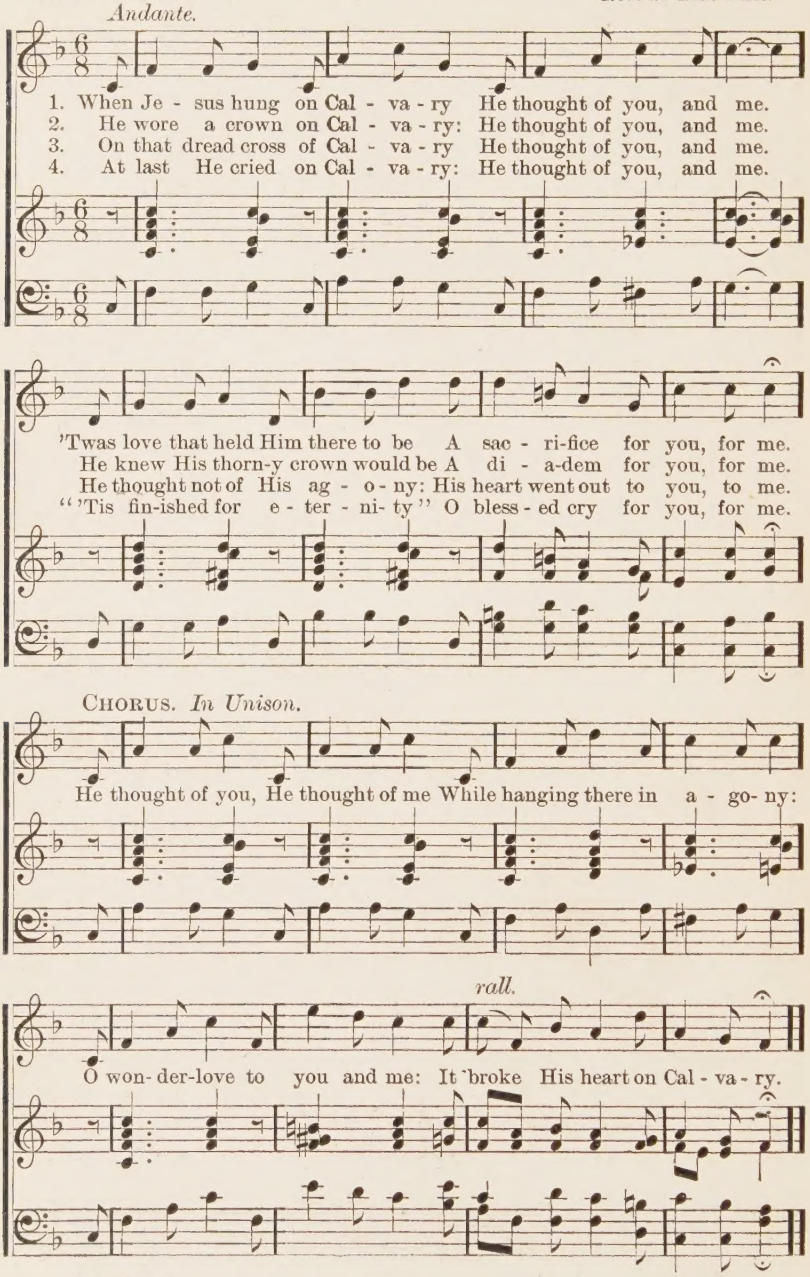
# His Thought.

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

*Andante.*

1. When Je - sus hung on Cal - va - ry He thought of you, and me.
2. He wore a crown on Cal - va - ry: He thought of you, and me.
3. On that dread cross of Cal - va - ry He thought of you, and me.
4. At last He cried on Cal - va - ry: He thought of you, and me.
'Twas love that held Him there to be A sac - ri-fice for you, for me.
He knew His thorn-y crown would be A di - a-dem for you, for me.
He thought not of His ag - o - ny: His heart went out to you, to me.
"'Tis fin-ished for e - ter - ni- ty" O bless - ed cry for you, for me.
CHORUS. *In Unison.*
He thought of you, He thought of me While hanging there in a - go- ny:
*rall.*
O won- der-love to you and me: It broke His heart on Cal - va - ry.

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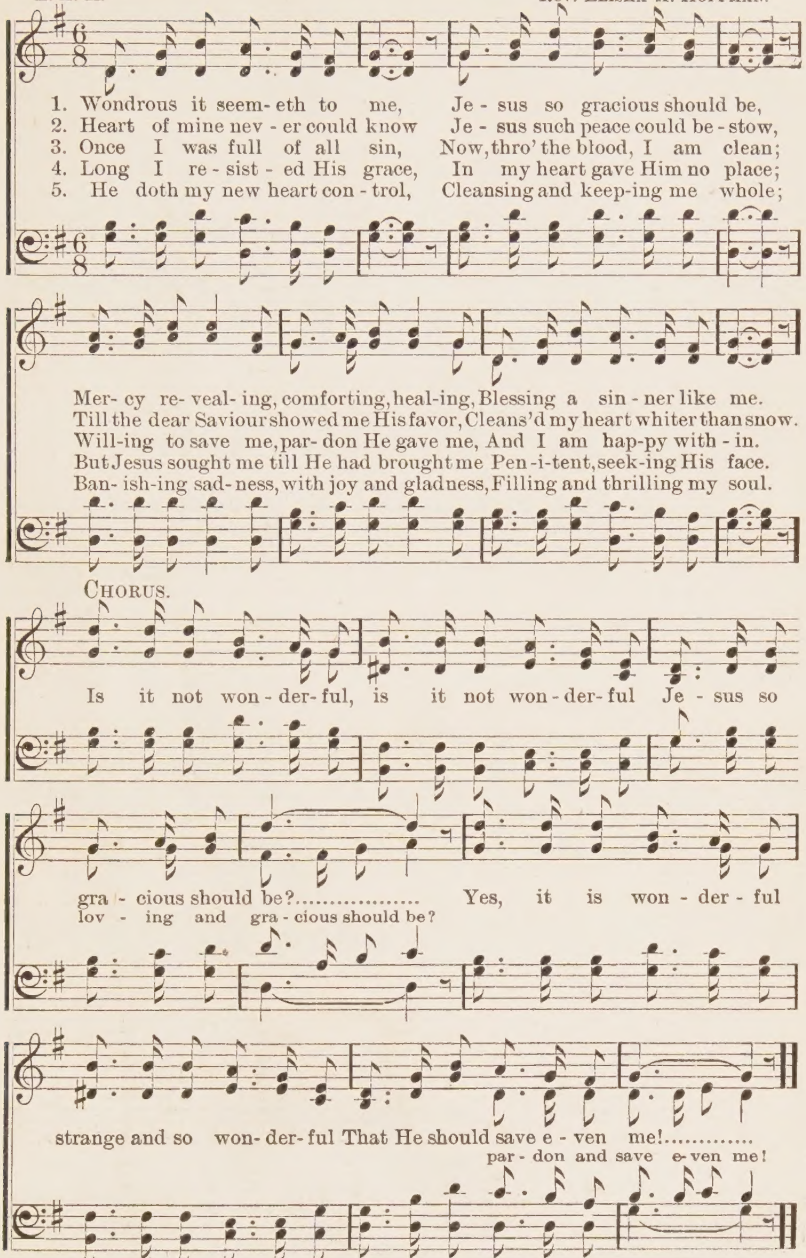
# Is It Not Wonderful?

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Wondrous it seem- eth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev - er could know Je - sus such peace could be - stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place;
5. He doth my new heart con - trol, Cleansing and keep-ing me whole;
Mer- cy re- veal- ing, comforting, heal-ing, Blessing a sin - ner like me.
Till the dear Saviour showed me His favor, Cleans'd my heart whiter than snow.
Will-ing to save me, par- don He gave me, And I am hap-py with - in.
But Jesus sought me till He had brought me Pen-i-tent, seek-ing His face.
Ban- ish-ing sad- ness, with joy and gladness, Filling and thrilling my soul.
CHORUS.
Is it not won - der- ful, is it not won - der- ful Je - sus so
gra - cious should be?..... Yes, it is won - der - ful
lov - ing and gra - cious should be?
strange and so won- der- ful That He should save e - ven me!.....
par - don and save e-ven me!

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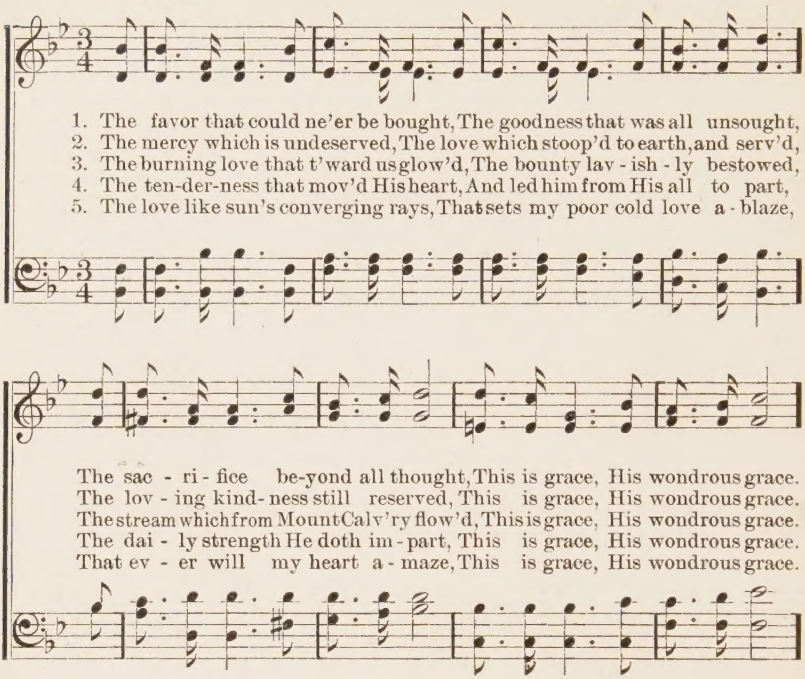
# This Is Grace.

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. viii, 9.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. The favor that could ne'er be bought, The goodness that was all unsought,
2. The mercy which is undeserved, The love which stoop'd to earth, and serv'd,
3. The burning love that t'ward us glow'd, The bounty lav - ish - ly bestowed,
4. The ten-der-ness that mov'd His heart, And led him from His all to part,
5. The love like sun's converging rays, That sets my poor cold love a - blaze,
The sac - ri - fice be-yond all thought, This is grace, His wondrous grace.
The lov - ing kind - ness still reserved, This is grace, His wondrous grace.
The stream which from Mount Calv'ry flow'd, This is grace, His wondrous grace.
The dai - ly strength He doth im - part, This is grace, His wondrous grace.
That ev - er will my heart a - maze, This is grace, His wondrous grace.
CHORUS. Unison.
Grace flow-ing for me,..... Grace flow - ing so free,.....
for me.
O won - der - ful grace, Flow-ing from Cal - va - ry.....

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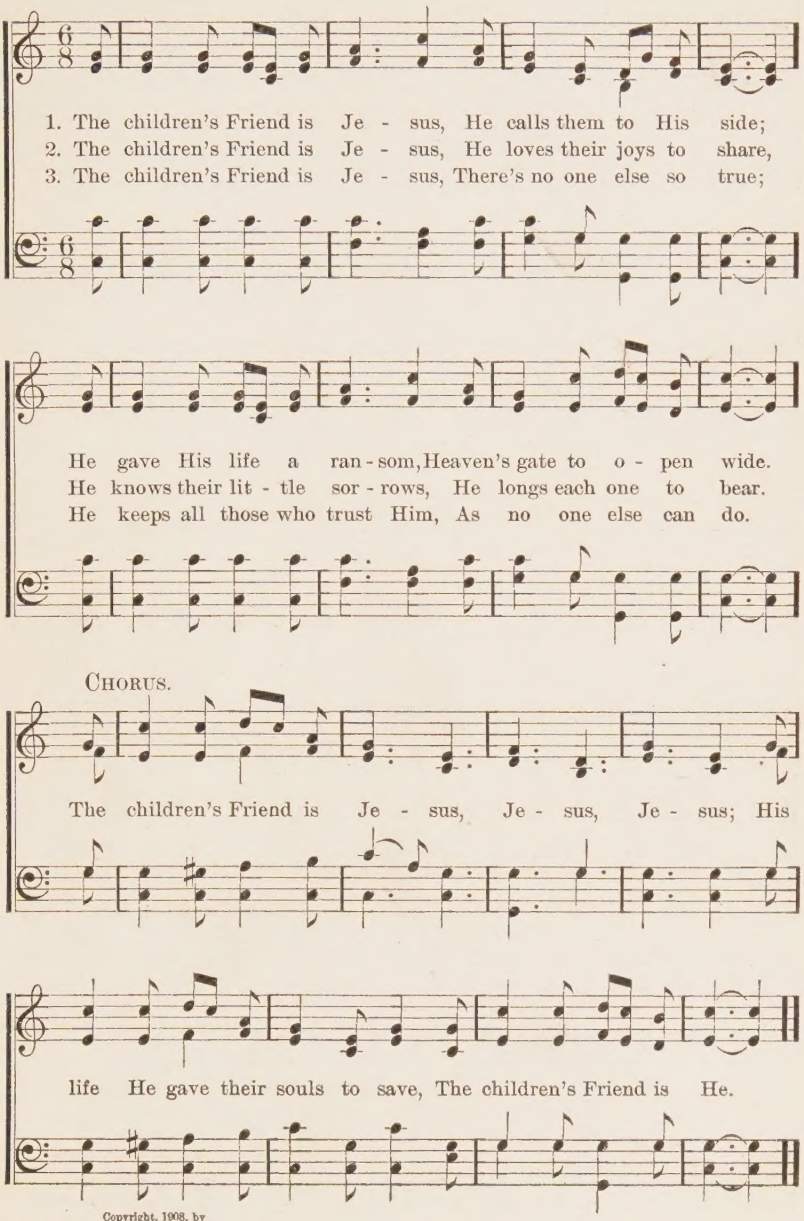
# 111 The Children's Friend is Jesus.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Luke xviii, 16.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.


1. The children's Friend is Je - sus, He calls them to His side;
2. The children's Friend is Je - sus, He loves their joys to share,
3. The children's Friend is Je - sus, There's no one else so true;
He gave His life a ran - som, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide.
He knows their lit - tle sor - rows, He longs each one to bear.
He keeps all those who trust Him, As no one else can do.
CHORUS.
The children's Friend is Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus; His
life He gave their souls to save, The children's Friend is He.

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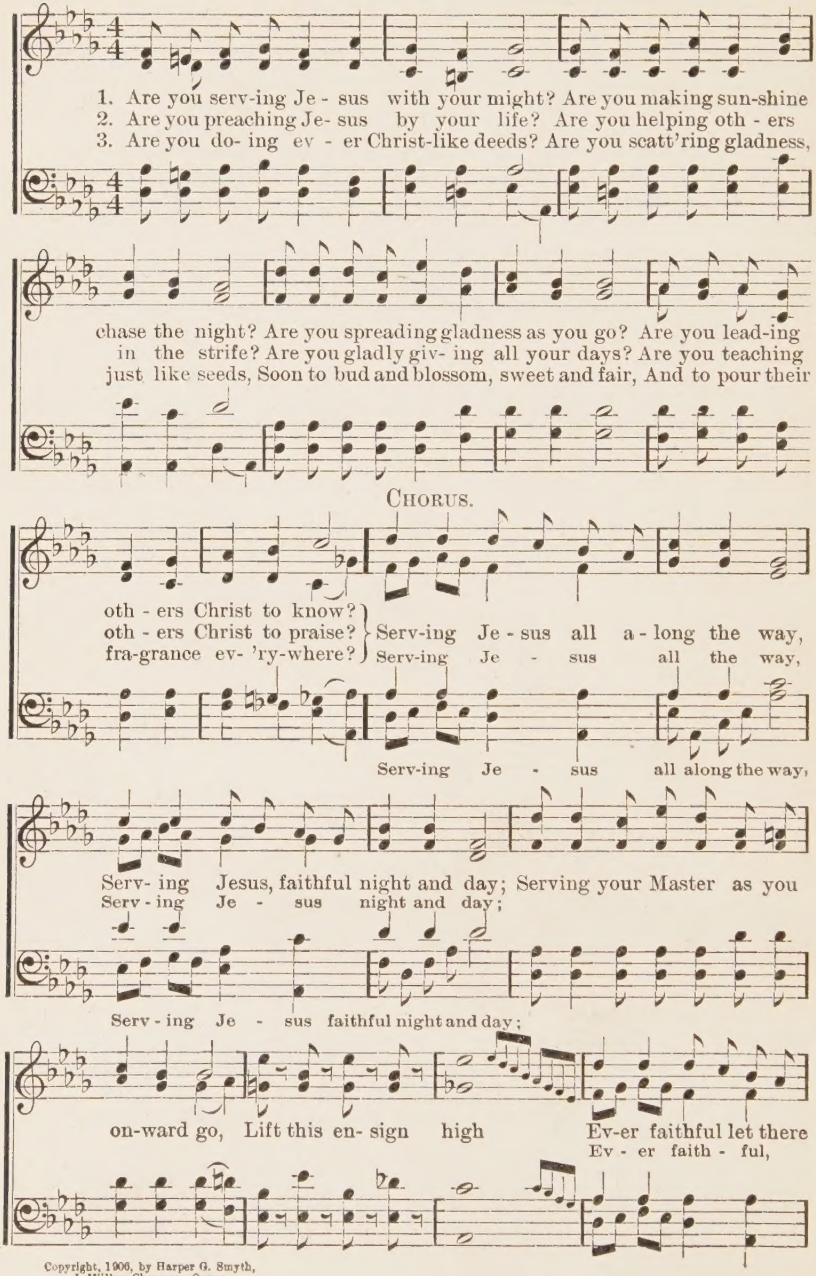
# Serving Jesus.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. HARPER G. SMYTH.

1. Are you serv-ing Je - sus with your might? Are you making sun-shine
2. Are you preaching Je- sus by your life? Are you helping oth - ers
3. Are you do- ing ev - er Christ-like deeds? Are you scatt'ring gladness,
chase the night? Are you spreading gladness as you go? Are you lead-ing
in the strife? Are you gladly giv- ing all your days? Are you teaching
just like seeds, Soon to bud and blossom, sweet and fair, And to pour their
CHORUS.
oth - ers Christ to know?
oth - ers Christ to praise?
fra-grance ev- 'ry-where?
Serv-ing Je - sus all a - long the way,
Serv-ing Je - sus all the way,
Serv-ing Je - sus all along the way,
Serv- ing Jesus, faithful night and day; Serving your Master as you
Serv - ing Je - sus night and day;
Serv - ing Je - sus faithful night and day;
on-ward go, Lift this en- sign high
Ev-er faithful let there
Ev - er faith - ful,

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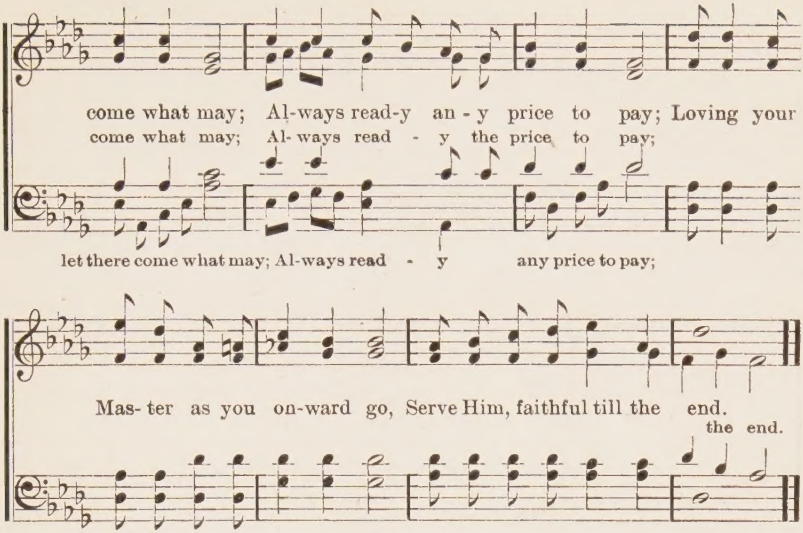
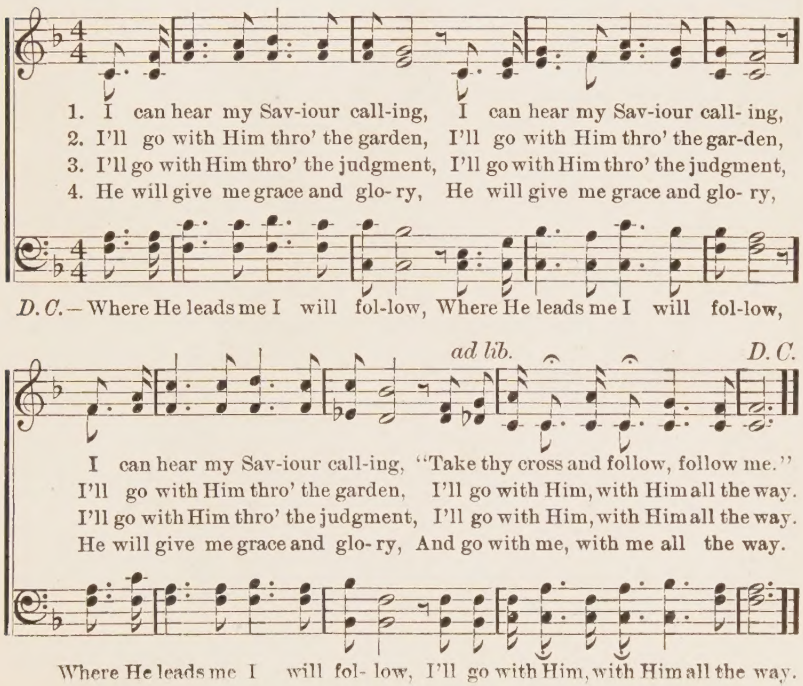
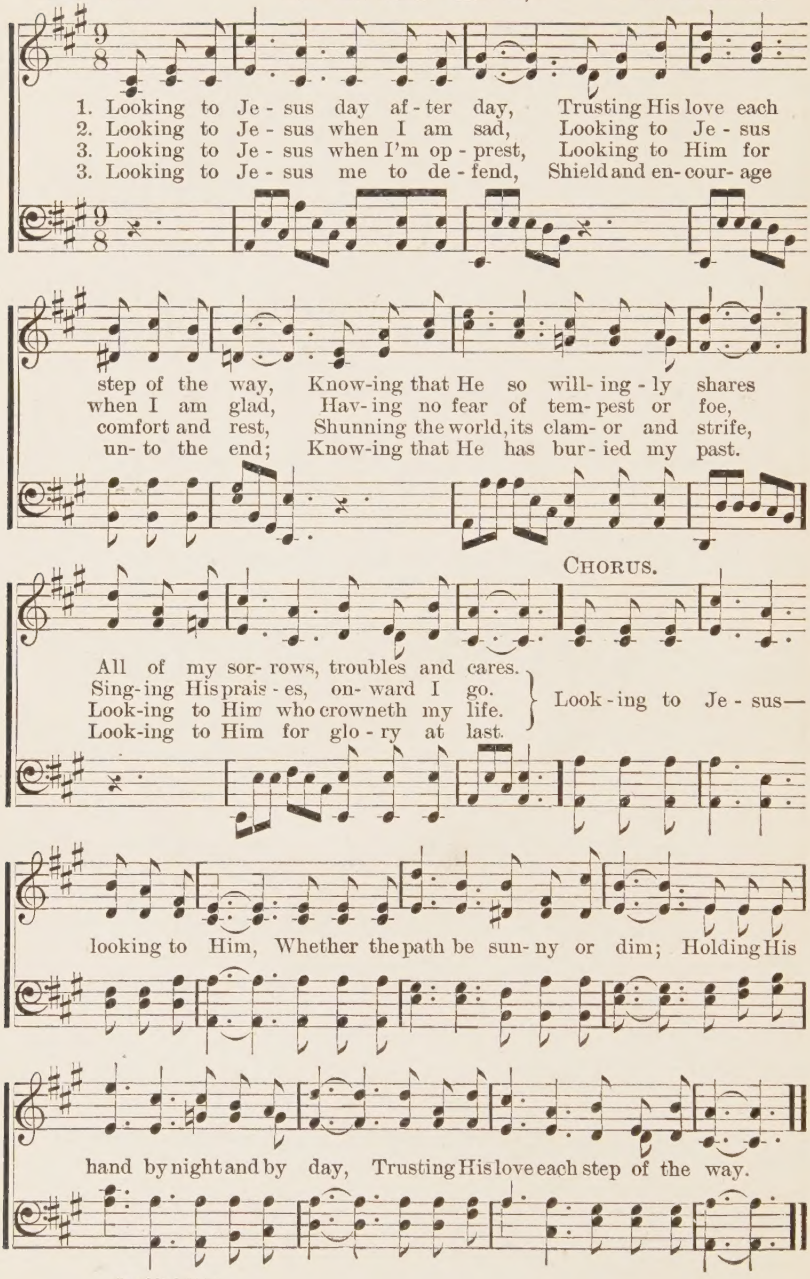

come what may; Al-ways read-y an - y price to pay; Loving your
come what may; Al- ways read - y the price to pay;
let there come what may; Al-ways read - y any price to pay;
Mas- ter as you on-ward go, Serve Him, faithful till the end.
the end.

## 113 The Way of the Cross.

E. W. Blandly. Arr. from P. P. Bliss.


1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call- ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo- ry, He will give me grace and glo- ry,
D. C. — Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
ad lib.
D. C.
I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo- ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol- low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

# Looking To Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. "Look unto Jesus."—Heb. xii, 2. J. E. DELMARTER.

1. Looking to Je - sus day af - ter day, Trusting His love each
2. Looking to Je - sus when I am sad, Looking to Je - sus
3. Looking to Je - sus when I'm op - prest, Looking to Him for
3. Looking to Je - sus me to de - fend, Shield and en- cour- age
step of the way, Know-ing that He so will- ing - ly shares
when I am glad, Hav- ing no fear of tem- pest or foe,
comfort and rest, Shunning the world, its clam- or and strife,
un- to the end; Know-ing that He has bur - ied my past.
CHORUS.
All of my sor- rows, troubles and cares.
Sing-ing His prais - es, on- ward I go.
Look-ing to Him who crowneth my life.
Look-ing to Him for glo - ry at last.
Look - ing to Je - sus—
looking to Him, Whether the path be sun- ny or dim; Holding His
hand by night and by day, Trusting His love each step of the way.

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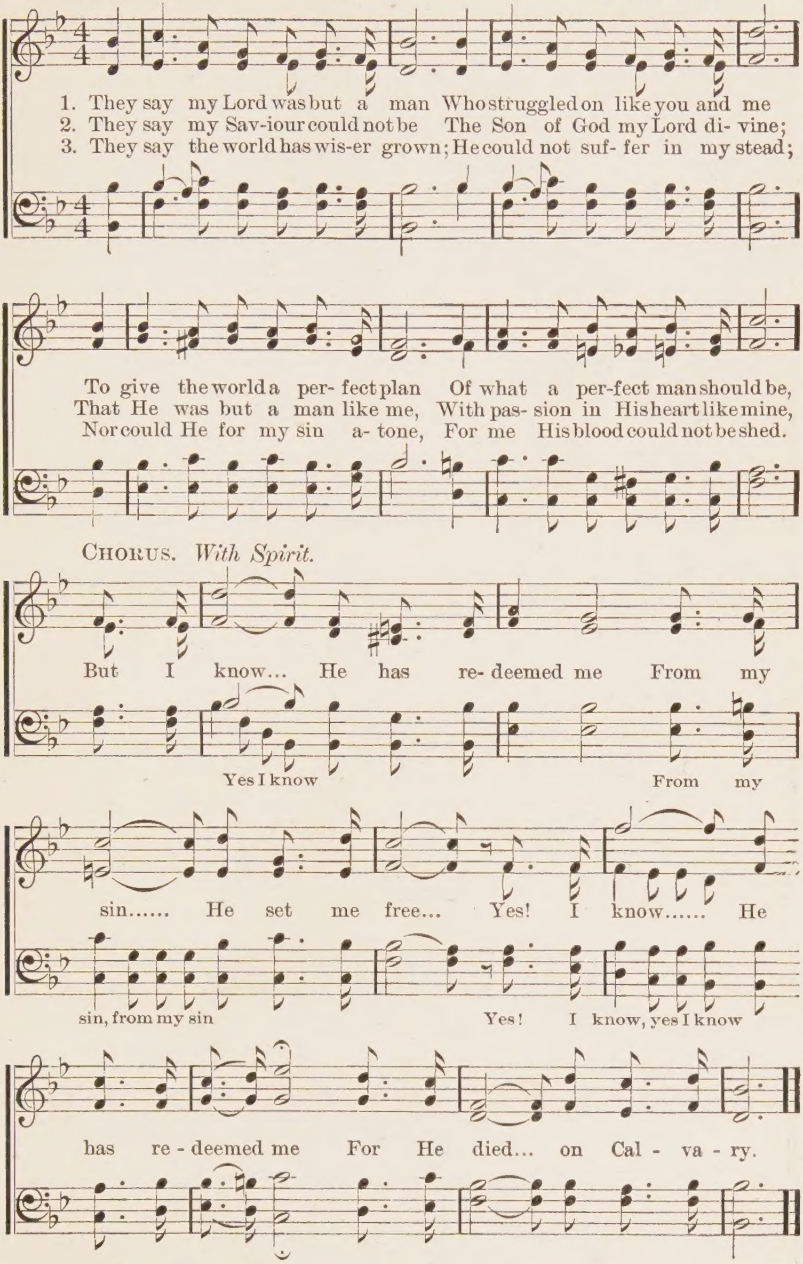
# But I Know!

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. They say my Lord was but a man Who struggled on like you and me
2. They say my Sav-iour could not be The Son of God my Lord di- vine;
3. They say the world has wis-er grown; He could not suf- fer in my stead;
To give the world a per- fect plan Of what a per-fect man should be,
That He was but a man like me, With pas- sion in His heart like mine,
Nor could He for my sin a- tone, For me His blood could not be shed.
CHORUS. With Spirit.
But I know... He has re- deemed me From my
Yes I know
From my
sin..... He set me free... Yes! I know..... He
sin, from my sin
Yes! I know, yes I know
has re - deemed me For He died... on Cal - va - ry.

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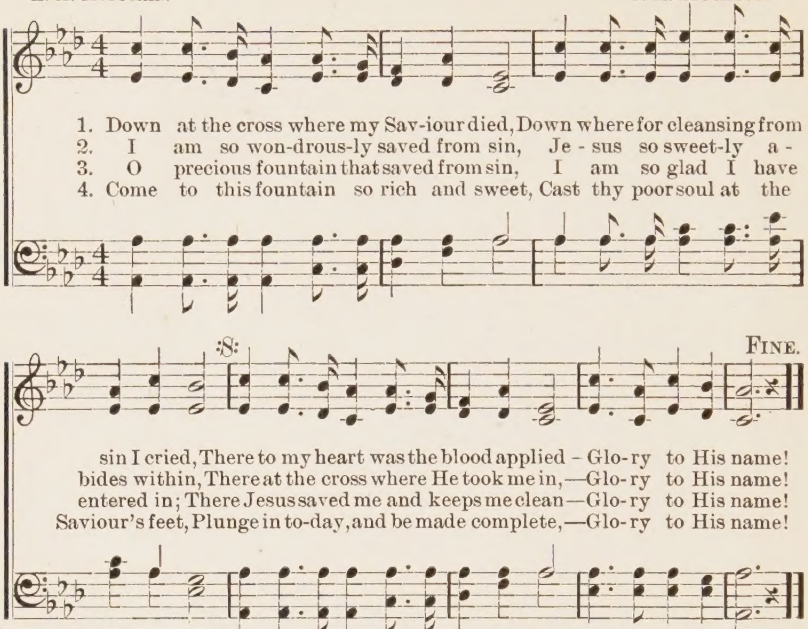
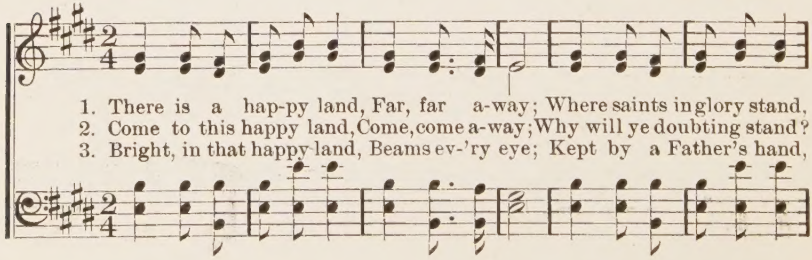
## 116 Glory to His Name!

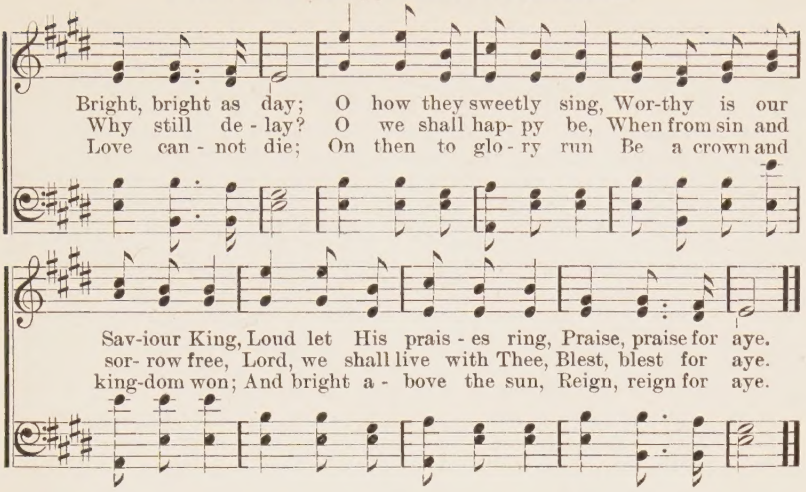
E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a -
3. O precious fountain that saved from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the
:S:
FINE.
sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied - Glo-ry to His name!
bides within, There at the cross where He took me in,—Glo-ry to His name!
entered in; There Jesus saved me and keeps me clean—Glo-ry to His name!
Saviour's feet, Plunge in to-day, and be made complete,—Glo-ry to His name!
D. S.—There to my heart was the blood applied—Glory to His name!
CHORUS.
D. S.
Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name!

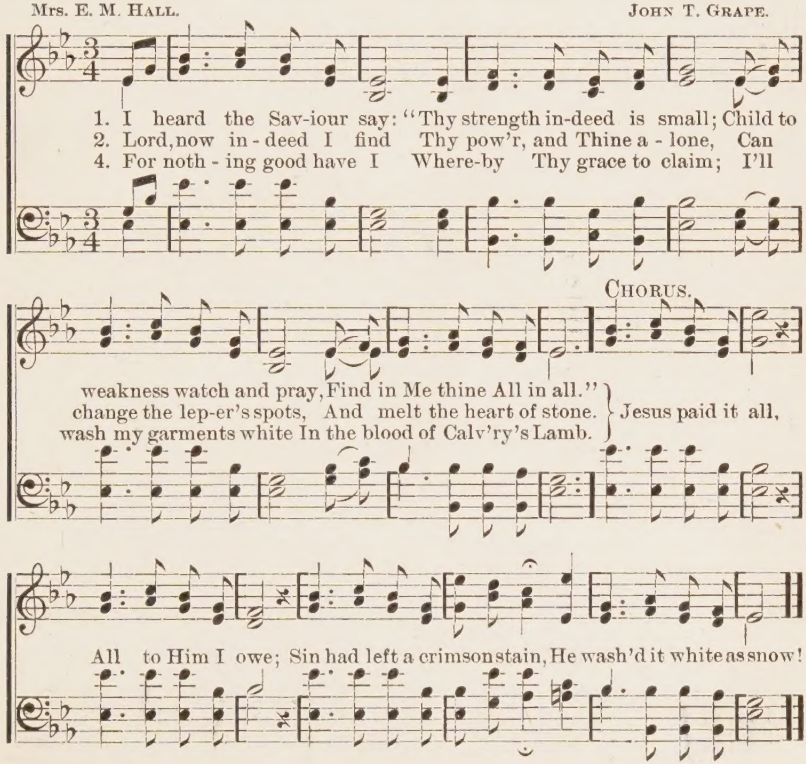
## 117 There is a Happy Land.

ANDREW YOUNG. Hindoo Air.

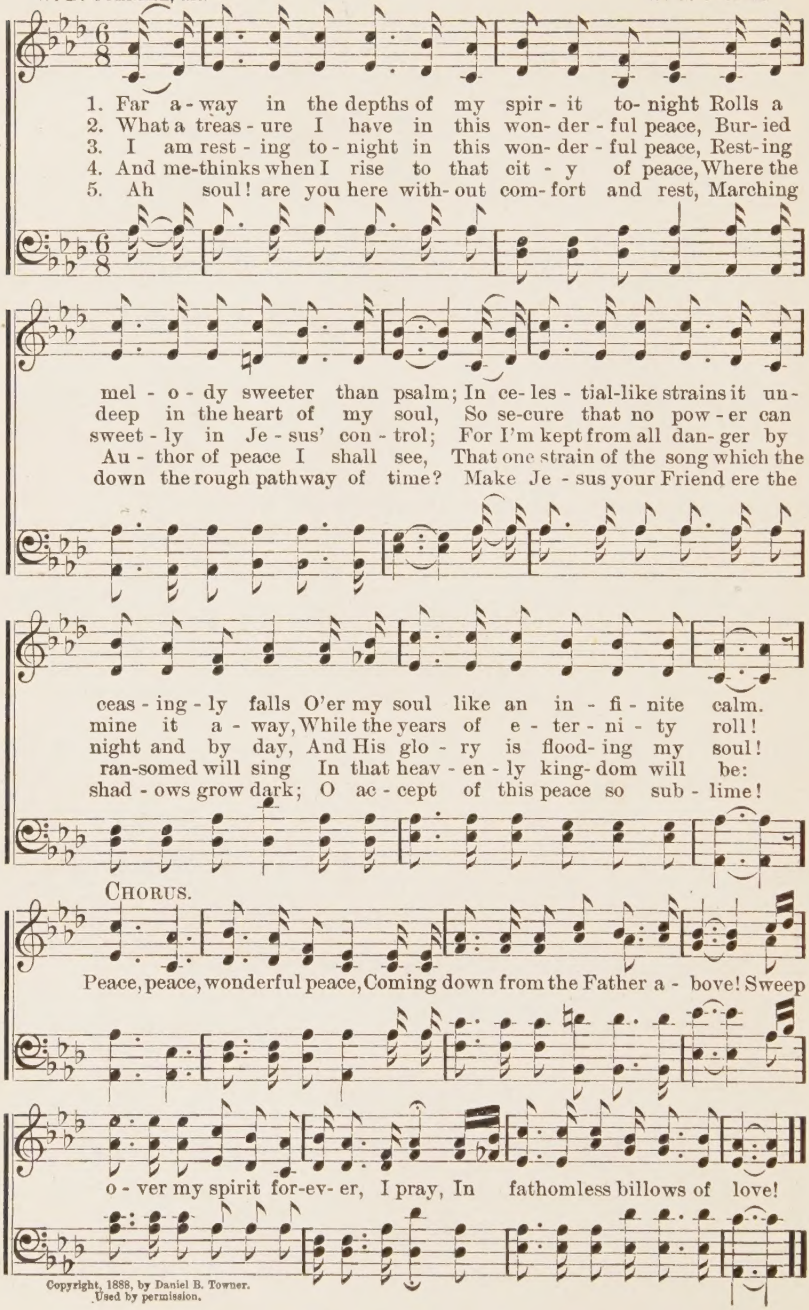

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way; Where saints in glory stand,
2. Come to this happy land, Come, come a-way; Why will ye doubting stand?
3. Bright, in that happy land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,


Bright, bright as day; O how they sweetly sing, Wor-thy is our
Why still de - lay? O we shall hap- py be, When from sin and
Love can - not die; On then to glo - ry run Be a crown and
Sav-iour King, Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
sor- row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
king-dom won; And bright a - bove the sun, Reign, reign for aye.

## 118 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

1. I heard the Sav-iour say: "Thy strength in-deed is small; Child to
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can
4. For noth - ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim; I'll
Chorus.
weakness watch and pray, Find in Me thine All in all."
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He wash'd it white as snow!

# Wonderful Peace.

W. D. CORNELL, alt. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to- night Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won- der - ful peace, Bur- ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won- der - ful peace, Rest- ing
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah soul! are you here with- out com- fort and rest, Marching
mel - o - dy sweeter than psalm; In ce- les - tial-like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul, So se-cure that no pow - er can
sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan- ger by
Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood- ing my soul!
ran-somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king- dom will be:
shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove! Sweep
o - ver my spirit for-ev- er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love!

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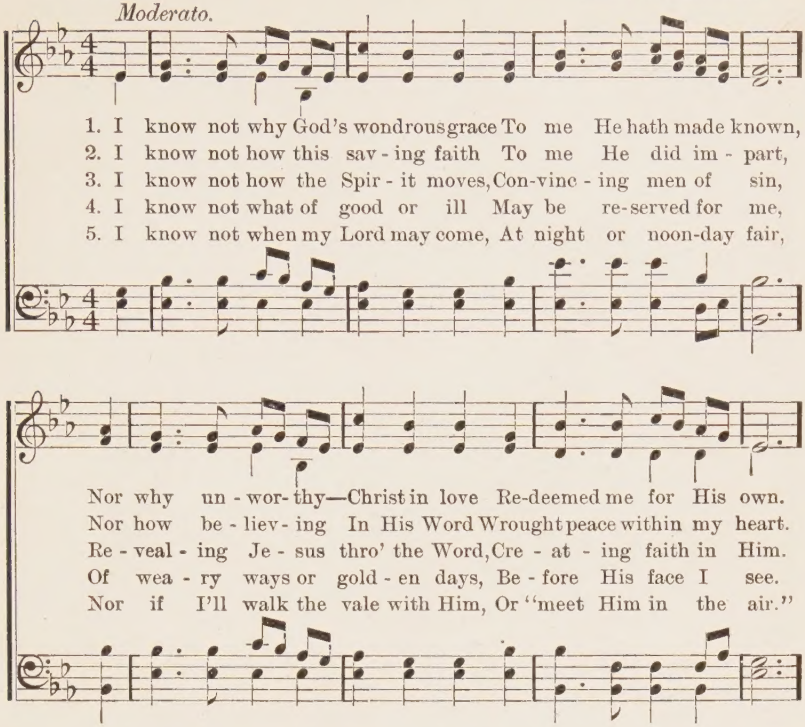
# I Know Whom I Have Believed.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

*Moderato.*


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,
Nor why un - wor- thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing In His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."
CHORUS.
But "I know whom I have be - liev-ed, And am per-suad-ed that He is
a - ble To keep that which I've committed Un-to Him against that day."

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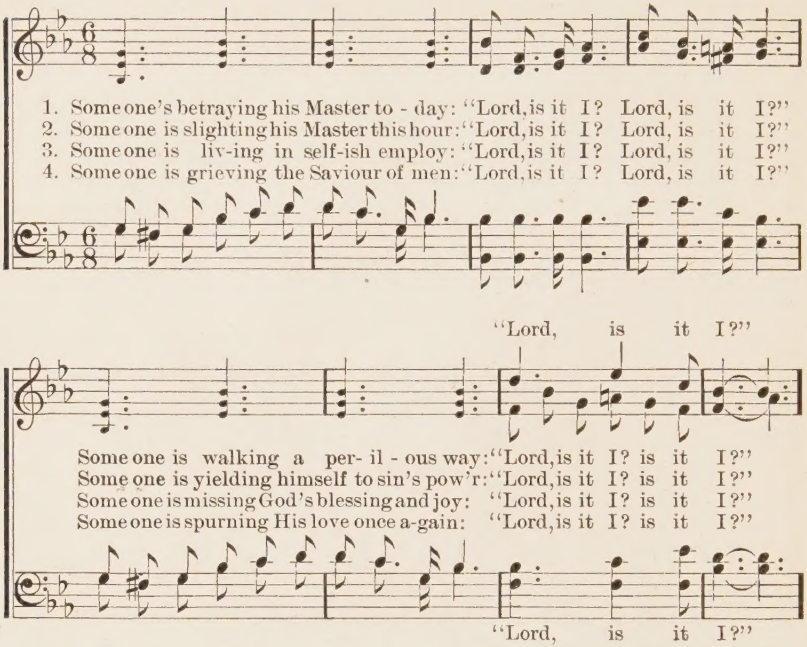
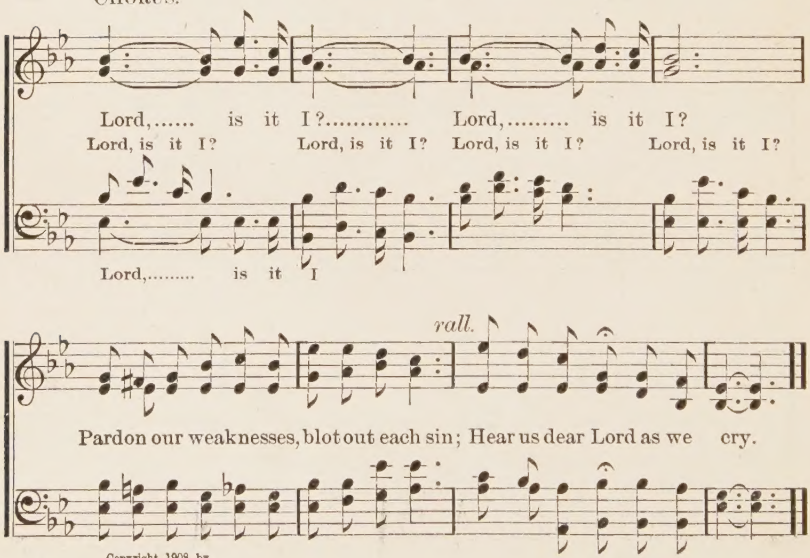
# Lord, is it I?

Lord, is it I?—Matthew xxvi, 22.

J. R. CLEMENTS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Some one's betraying his Master to - day: "Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?"
2. Some one is slighting his Master this hour: "Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?"
3. Some one is liv-ing in self-ish employ: "Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?"
4. Some one is grieving the Saviour of men: "Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?"
"Lord, is it I?"
Some one is walking a per- il - ous way: "Lord, is it I? is it I?"
Some one is yielding himself to sin's pow'r: "Lord, is it I? is it I?"
Some one is missing God's blessing and joy: "Lord, is it I? is it I?"
Some one is spurning His love once a-gain: "Lord, is it I? is it I?"
"Lord, is it I?"

CHORUS.


Lord,..... is it I?..... Lord,..... is it I?
Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?
Lord,..... is it I
rall.
Pardon our weaknesses, blot out each sin; Hear us dear Lord as we cry.

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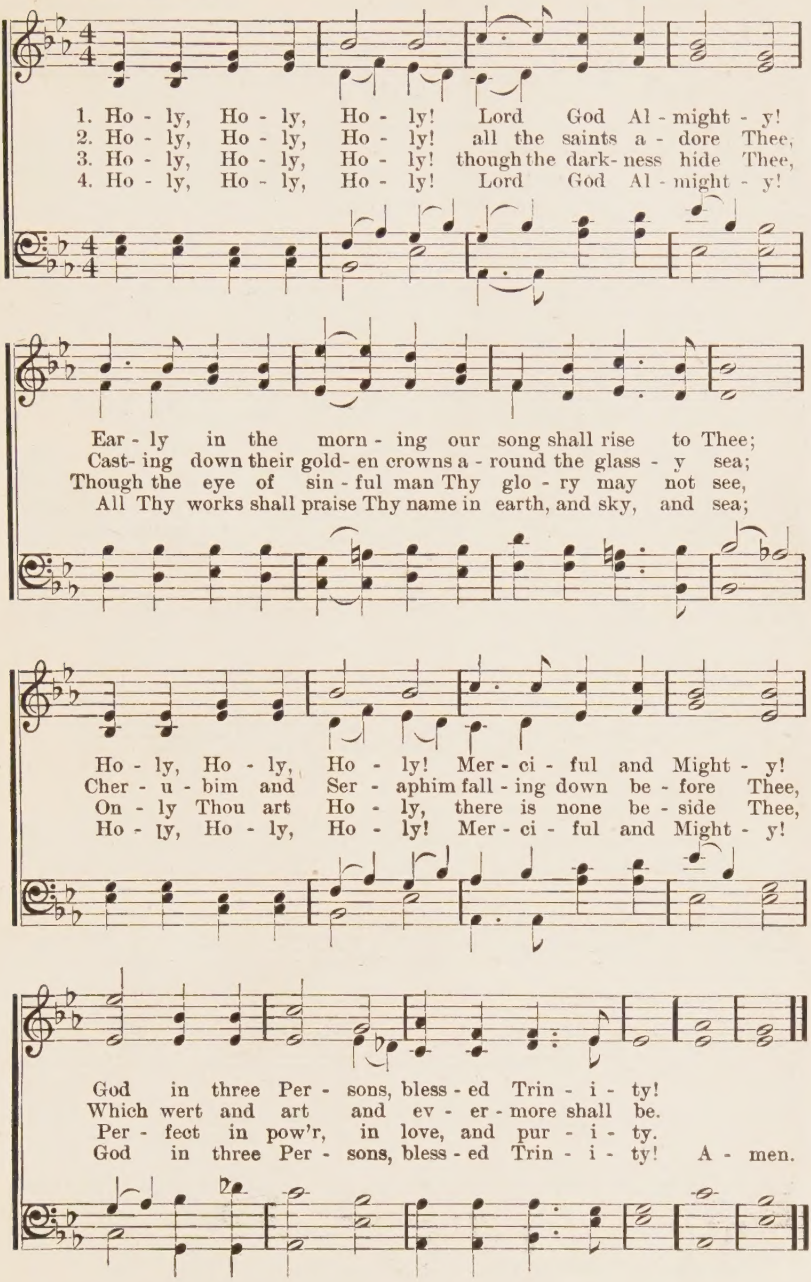
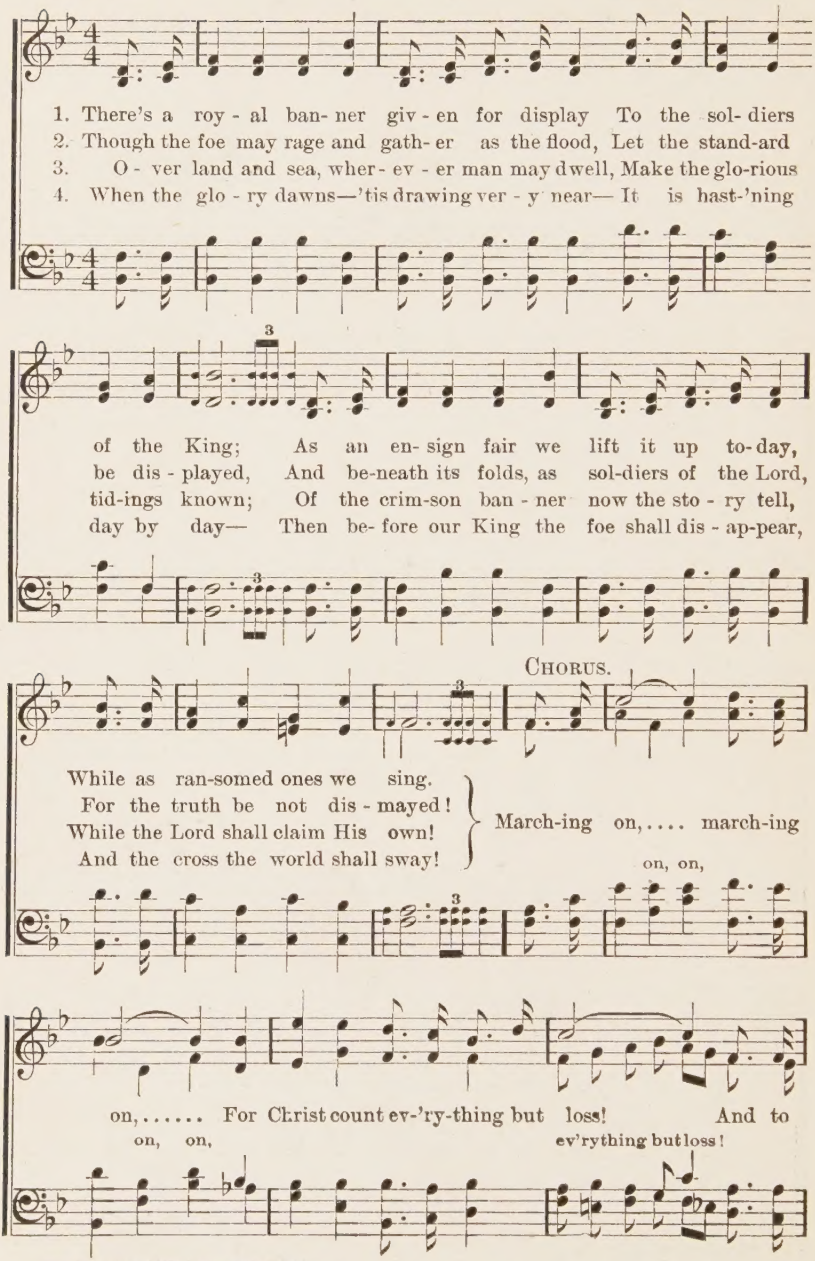
# Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. — REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert and art and ev - er - more shall be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

# The Banner of the Cross.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1. There's a roy - al ban- ner giv - en for display To the sol- diers
2. Though the foe may rage and gath- er as the flood, Let the stand-ard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo-rious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis drawing ver - y near— It is hast-'ning
of the King; As an en- sign fair we lift it up to- day,
be dis - played, And be-neath its folds, as sol-diers of the Lord,
tid-ings known; Of the crim-son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
day by day— Then be- fore our King the foe shall dis - ap-pear,
CHORUS.
While as ran-somed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dis - mayed!
While the Lord shall claim His own!
And the cross the world shall sway!
March-ing on,.... march-ing on, on,
on,..... For Christ count ev-'ry-thing but loss! And to
on, on, ev'rything but loss!

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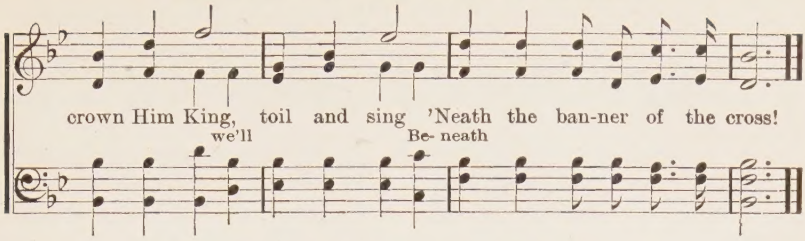
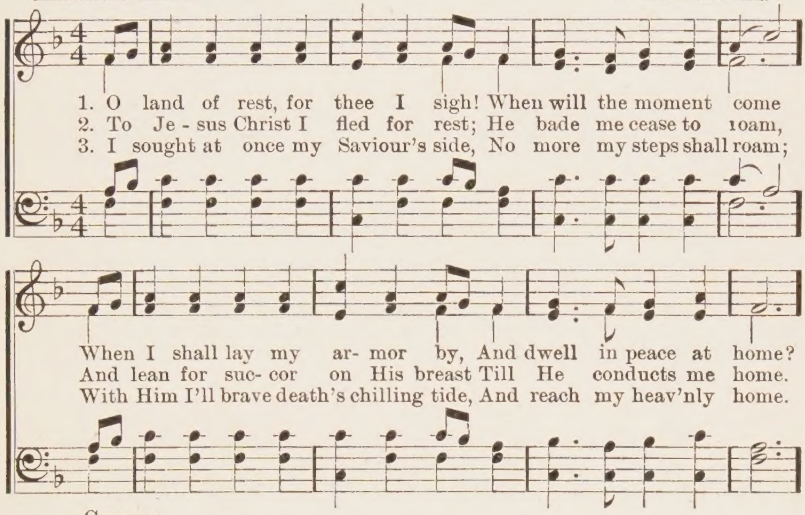
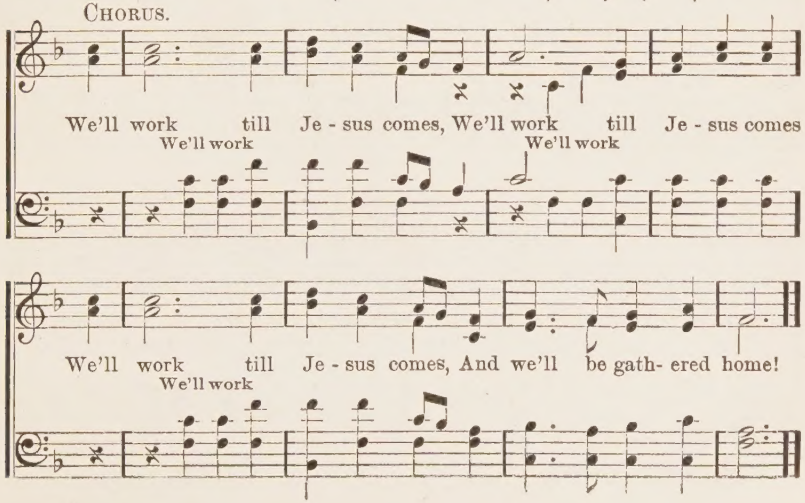



## 124 We'll Work till Jesus Comes

ELIZABETH MILLS. WILLIAM MILLER.

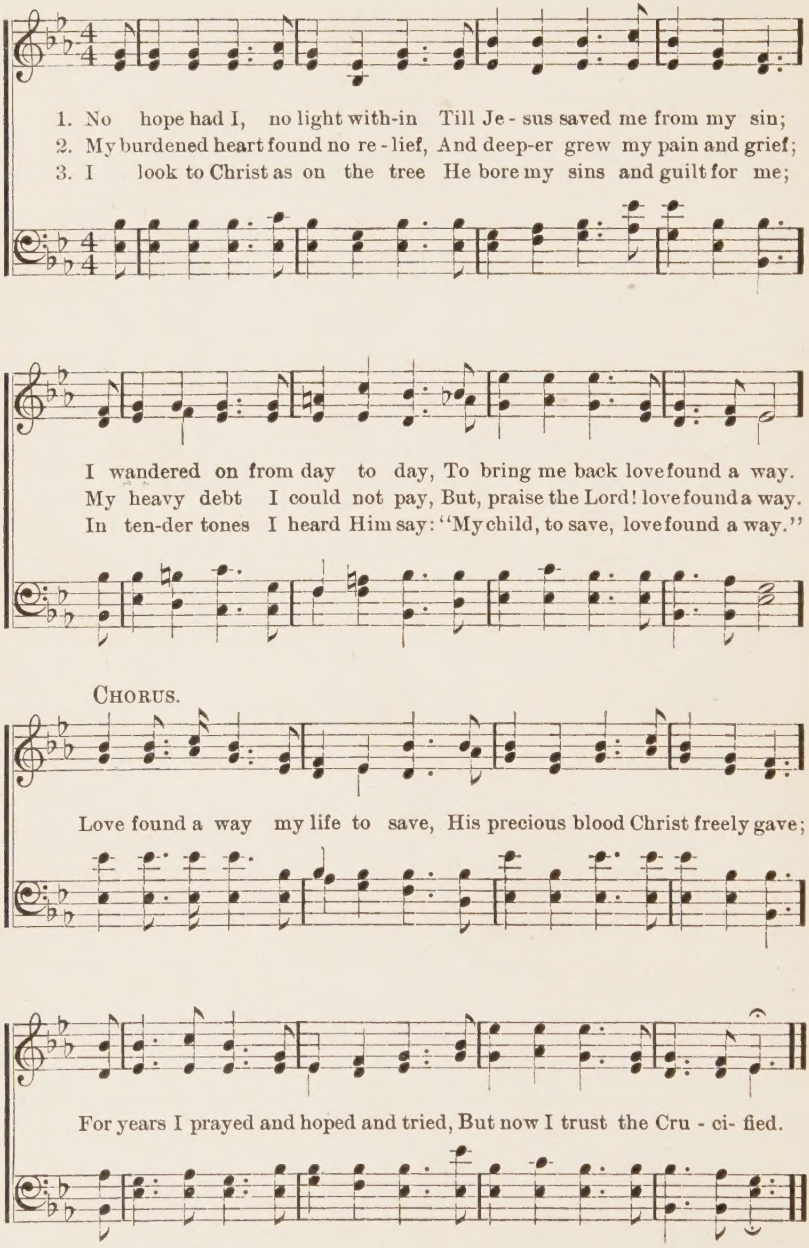

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
3. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam;
When I shall lay my ar- mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
And lean for suc- cor on His breast Till He conducts me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

CHORUS.


We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes
We'll work
We'll work
We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath- ered home!
We'll work

# Love Found a Way.

W. S. MARTIN. D. B. TOWNER.


1. No hope had I, no light with-in Till Je - sus saved me from my sin;
2. My burdened heart found no re - lief, And deep-er grew my pain and grief;
3. I look to Christ as on the tree He bore my sins and guilt for me;
I wandered on from day to day, To bring me back love found a way.
My heavy debt I could not pay, But, praise the Lord! love found a way.
In ten-der tones I heard Him say: "My child, to save, love found a way."
CHORUS.
Love found a way my life to save, His precious blood Christ freely gave;
For years I prayed and hoped and tried, But now I trust the Cru - ci- fied.

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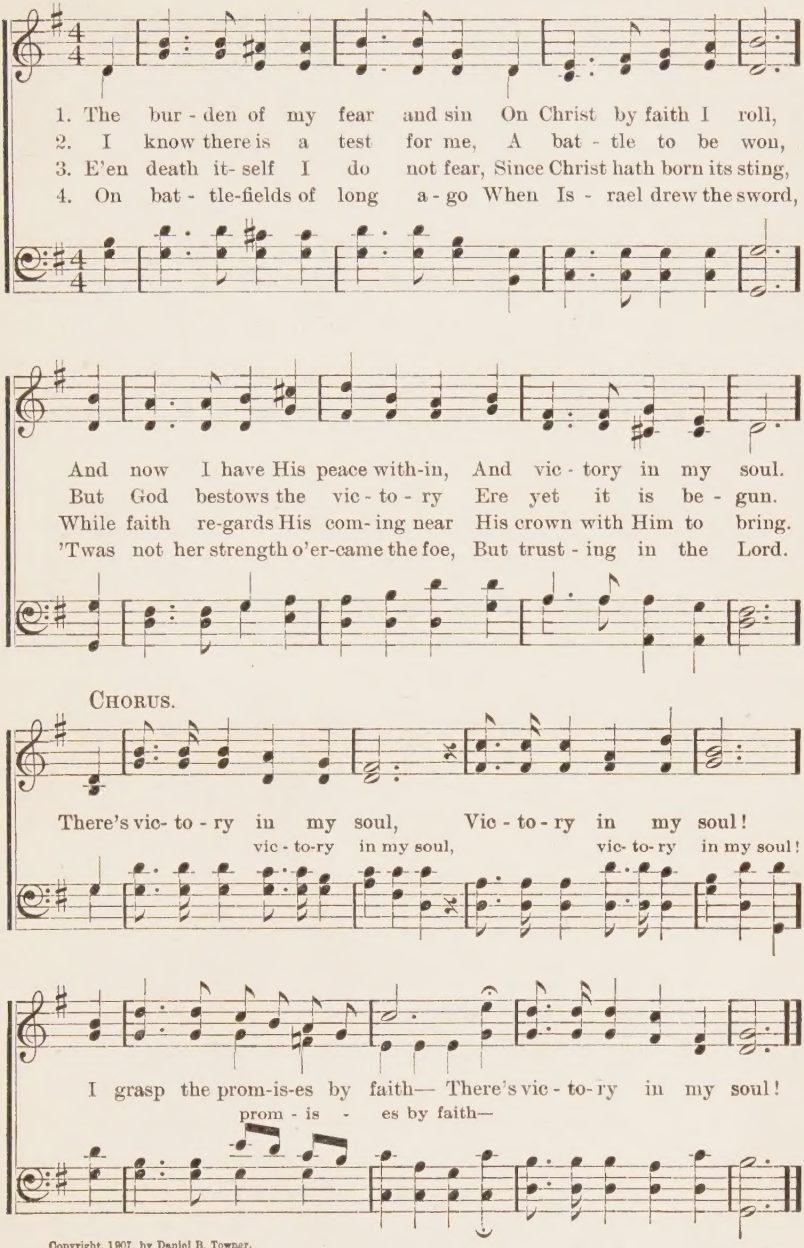
# There's Victory In My Soul!

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.


1. The bur - den of my fear and sin On Christ by faith I roll,
2. I know there is a test for me, A bat - tle to be won,
3. E'en death it- self I do not fear, Since Christ hath born its sting,
4. On bat - tle-fields of long a - go When Is - rael drew the sword,
And now I have His peace with-in, And vic - tory in my soul.
But God bestows the vic - to - ry Ere yet it is be - gun.
While faith re-gards His com- ing near His crown with Him to bring.
'Twas not her strength o'er-came the foe, But trust - ing in the Lord.
CHORUS.
There's vic- to - ry in my soul, Vic - to - ry in my soul!
vic - to-ry in my soul, vic- to-ry in my soul!
I grasp the prom-is-es by faith— There's vic - to-ry in my soul!
prom - is - es by faith—

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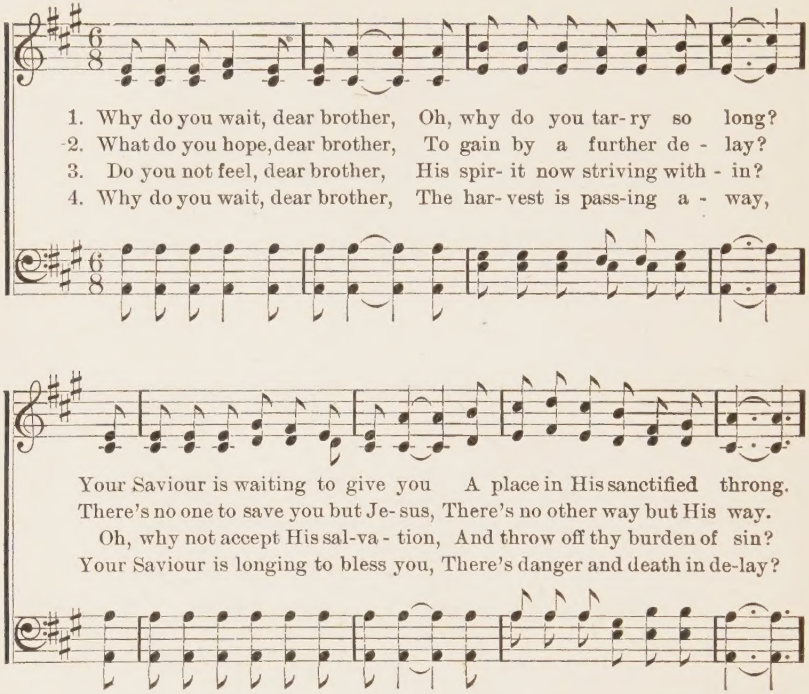
# Why do You Wait?

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a further de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His spir- it now striving with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The har- vest is pass-ing a - way,
Your Saviour is waiting to give you A place in His sanctified throng.
There's no one to save you but Je- sus, There's no other way but His way.
Oh, why not accept His sal-va - tion, And throw off thy burden of sin?
Your Saviour is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay?
CHORUS.
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

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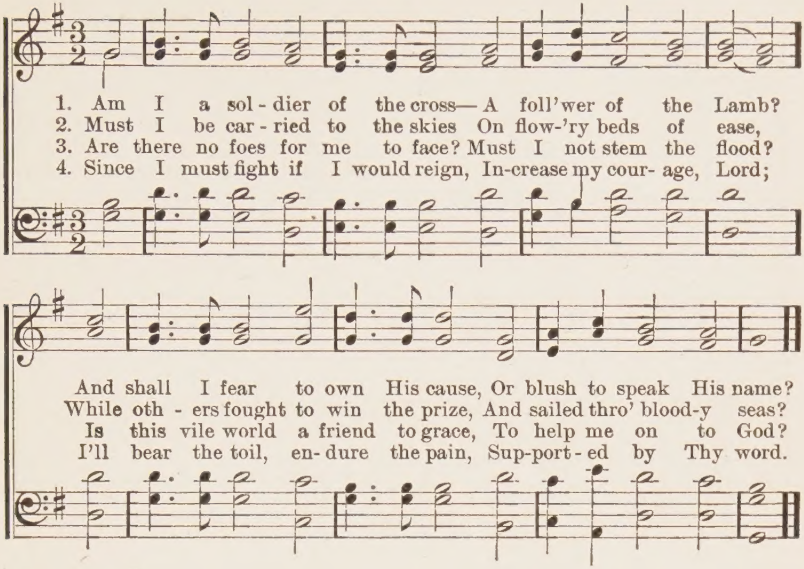
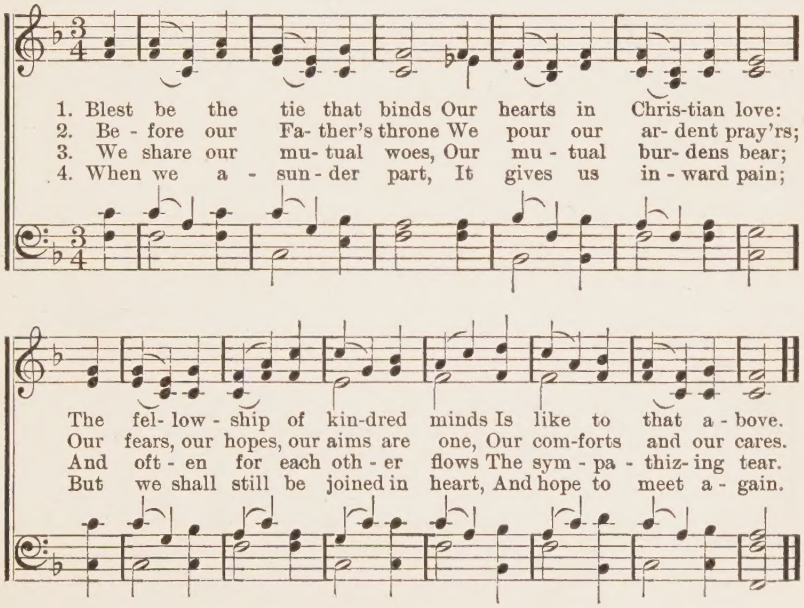
## 128 Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. THOMAS A. ARNE.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A foll'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour- age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en- dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.

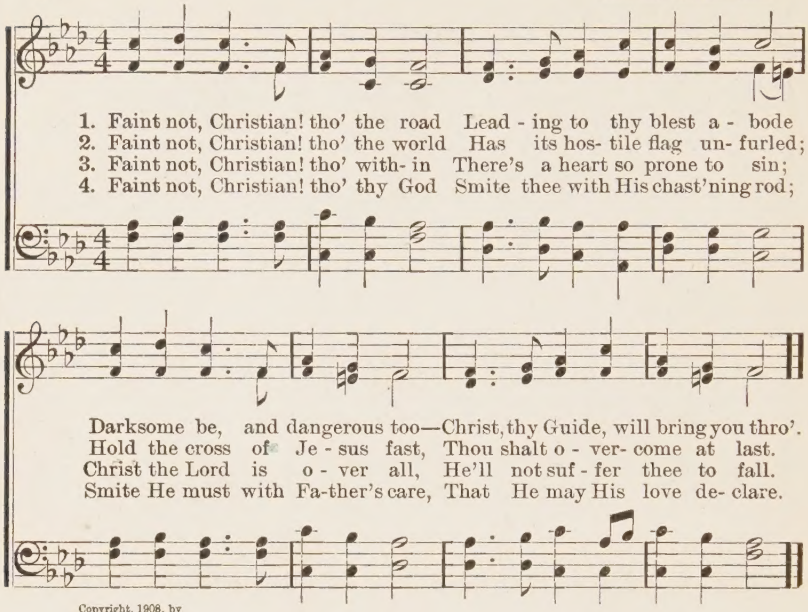
## 129 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. HANS G. NAEGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love:
2. Be - fore our Fa- ther's throne We pour our ar- dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu- tual woes, Our mu - tual bur- dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel- low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz- ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

## 130 Song of Deliverance.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Psalm 34, 7.

T. I. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Faint not, Christian! tho' the road Lead - ing to thy blest a - bode
2. Faint not, Christian! tho' the world Has its hos- tile flag un- furled;
3. Faint not, Christian! tho' with- in There's a heart so prone to sin;
4. Faint not, Christian! tho' thy God Smite thee with His chast'ning rod;
Darksome be, and dangerous too—Christ, thy Guide, will bring you thro'.
Hold the cross of Je - sus fast, Thou shalt o - ver- come at last.
Christ the Lord is o - ver all, He'll not suf - fer thee to fall.
Smite He must with Fa-ther's care, That He may His love de- clare.

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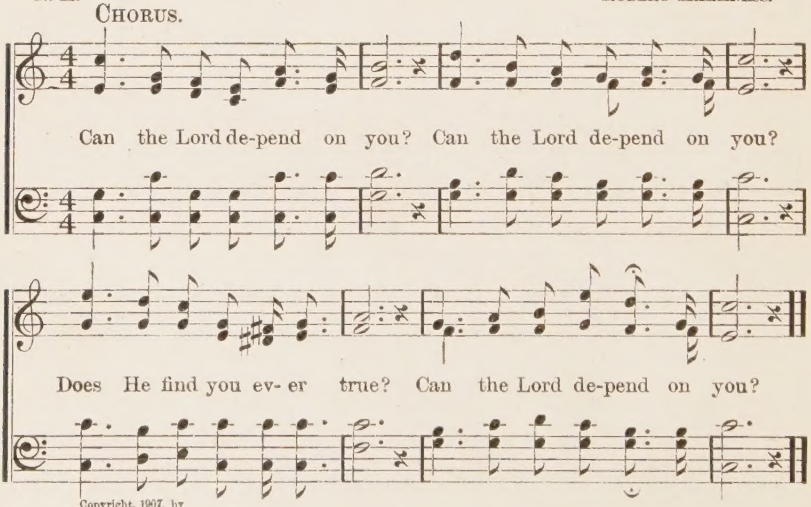
## 131 Can the Lord Depend On You?

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.

CHORUS.

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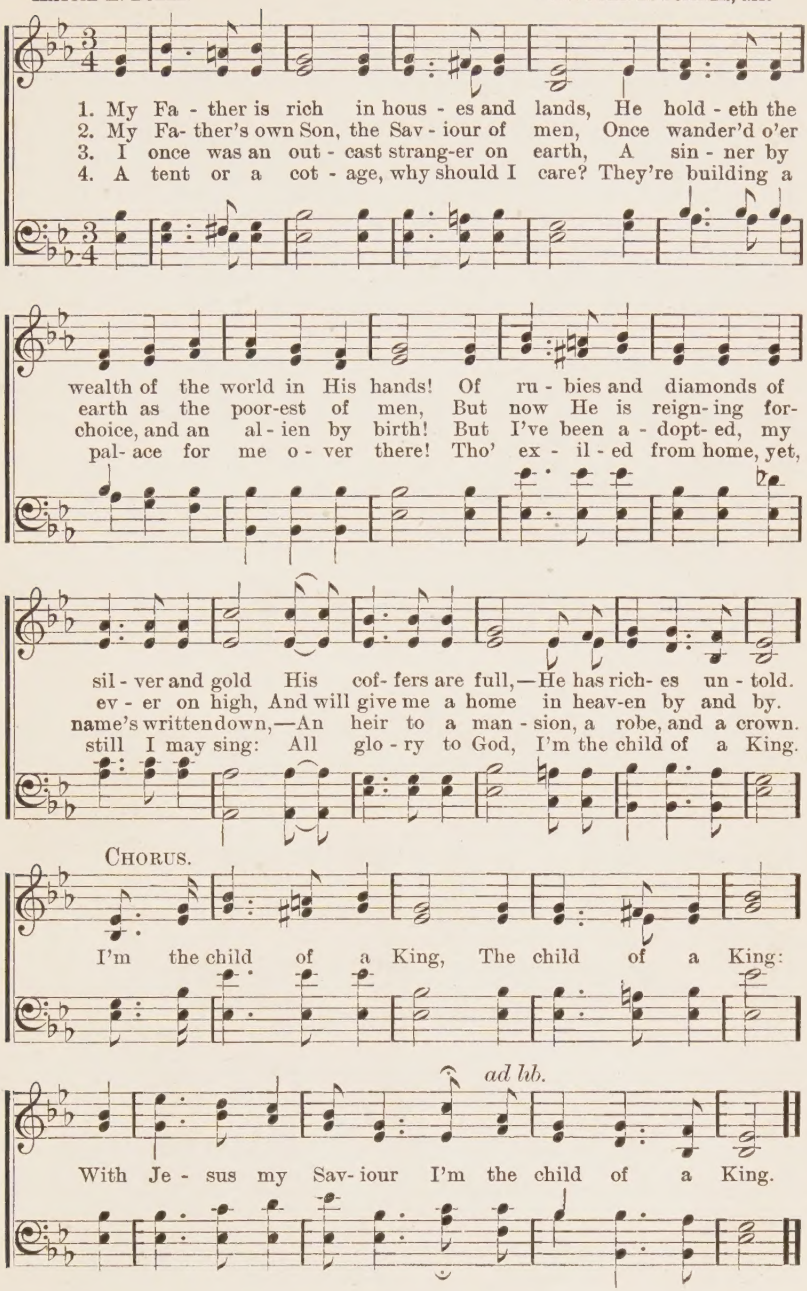
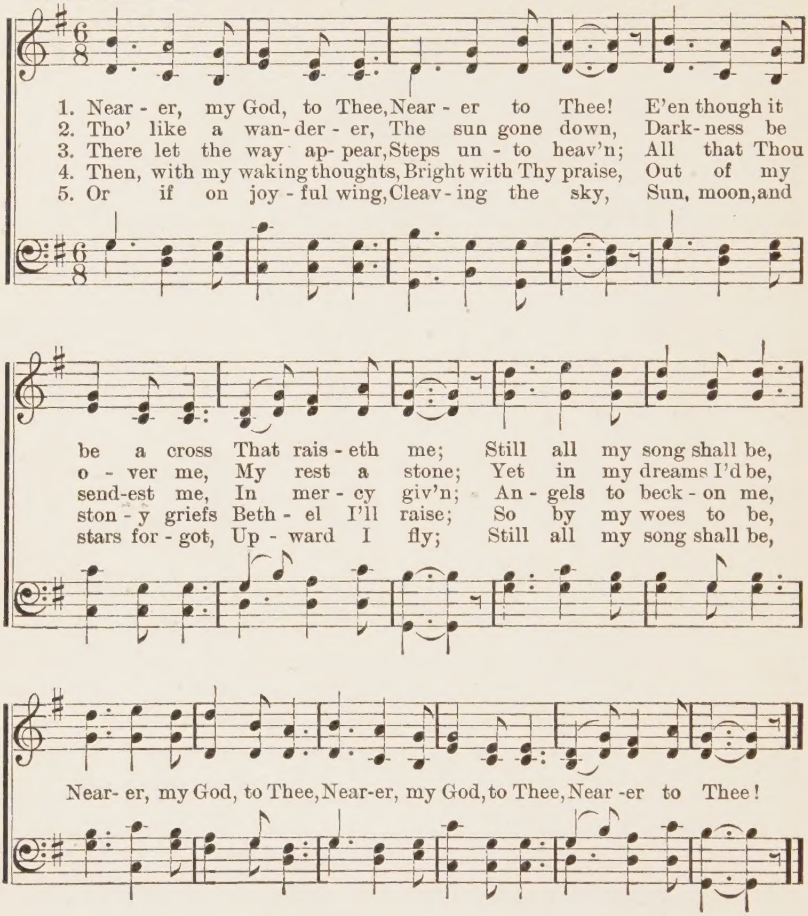
# The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
2. My Fa- ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wander'd o'er
3. I once was an out - cast strang-er on earth, A sin - ner by
4. A tent or a cot - age, why should I care? They're building a
wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds of
earth as the poor-est of men, But now He is reign- ing for-
choice, and an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt- ed, my
pal- ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - il - ed from home, yet,
sil - ver and gold His cof- fers are full,—He has rich- es un - told.
ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav-en by and by.
name's written down,—An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.
CHORUS.
I'm the child of a King, The child of a King:
ad lib.
With Je - sus my Sav- iour I'm the child of a King.

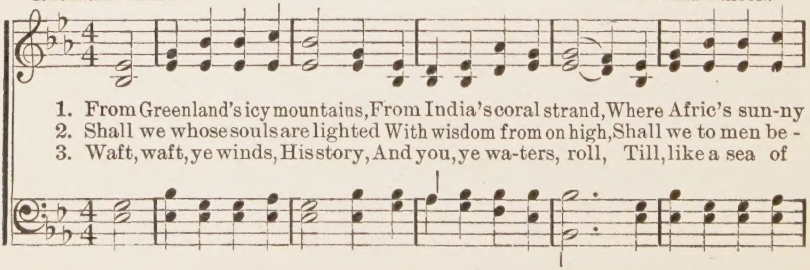
## 133 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

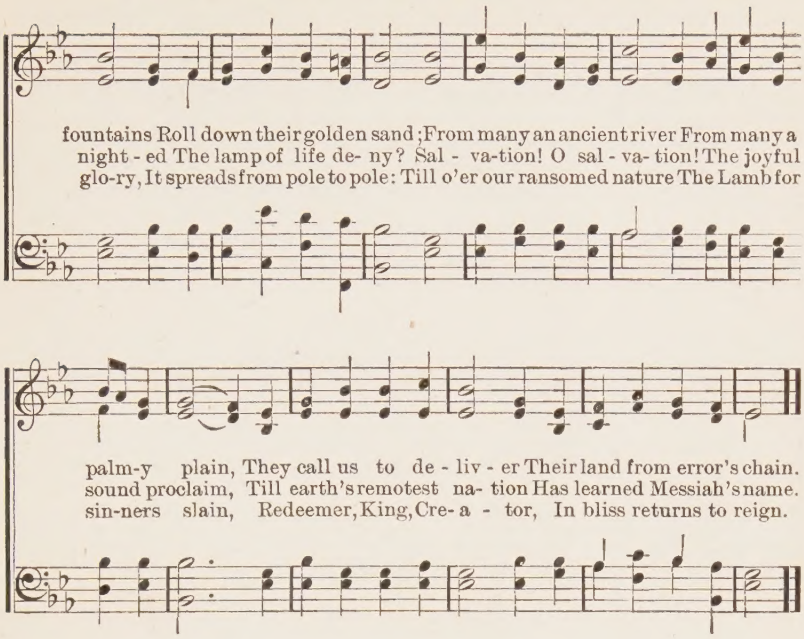
SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Tho' like a wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap- pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Then, with my waking thoughts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me,
ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be,
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be,
Near- er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near -er to Thee!

## 134 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

(Missionary Hymn).

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.


1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sun-ny
2. Shall we whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be -
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a sea of


fountains Roll down their golden sand; From many an ancient river From many a
night - ed The lamp of life de- ny? Sal - va-tion! O sal - va- tion! The joyful
glo-ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed nature The Lamb for
palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest na- tion Has learned Messiah's name.
sin-ners slain, Redeemer, King, Cre- a - tor, In bliss returns to reign.

## 135 The Ninety and Nine.

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the roads be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Or how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

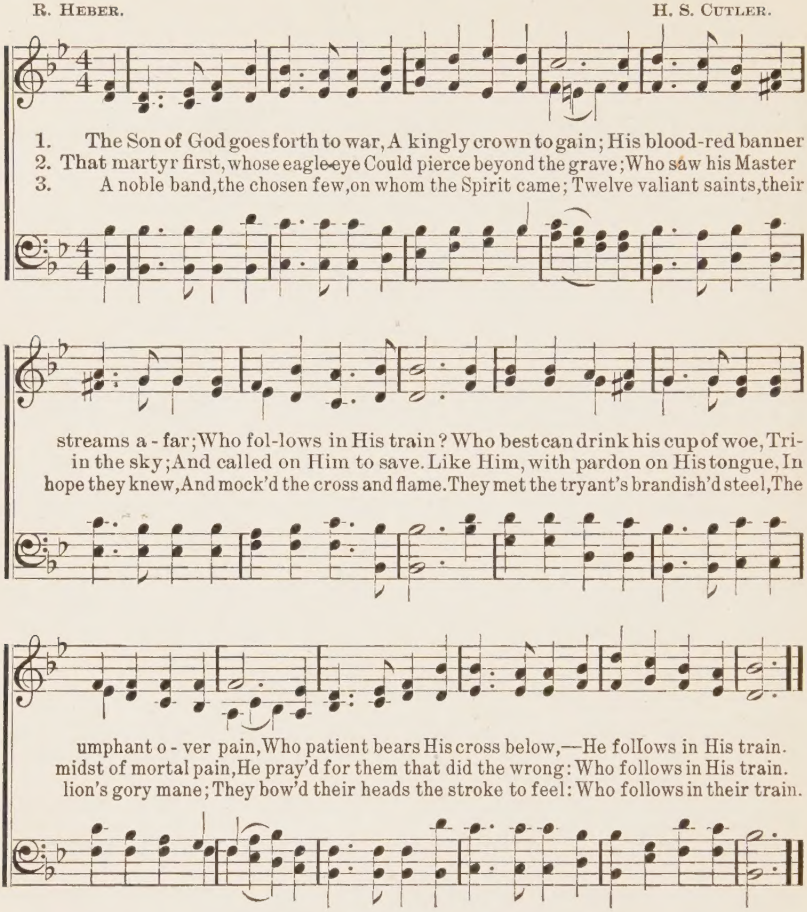
4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-[riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

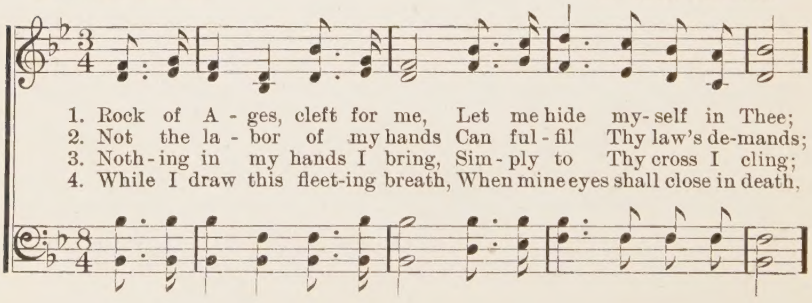
## 136 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

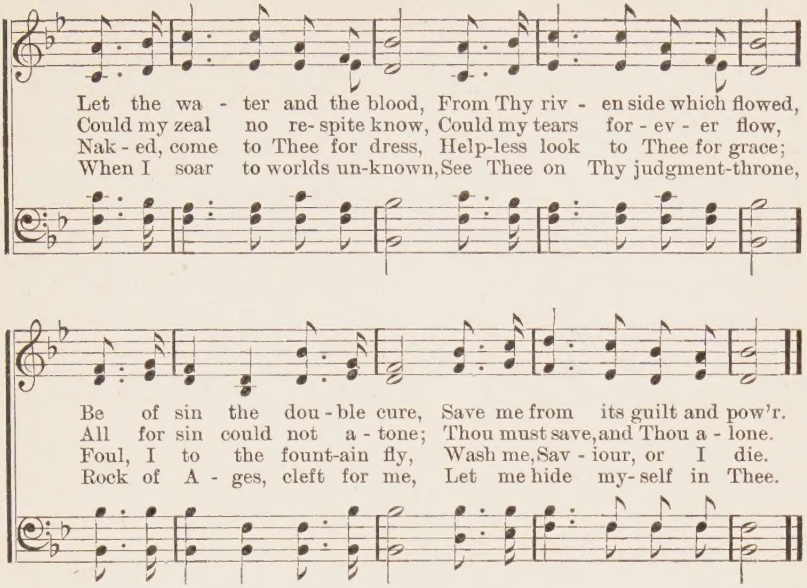
R. HEBER. H. S. CUTLER.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner
2. That martyr first, whose eagle-eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw his Master
3. A noble band, the chosen few, on whom the Spirit came; Twelve valiant saints, their
streams a - far; Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-
in the sky; And called on Him to save. Like Him, with pardon on His tongue, In
hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame. They met the tryant's brandish'd steel, The
umphant o - ver pain, Who patient bears His cross below,—He follows in His train.
midst of mortal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who follows in His train.
lion's gory mane; They bow'd their heads the stroke to feel: Who follows in their train.

## 137 Rock of Ages.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

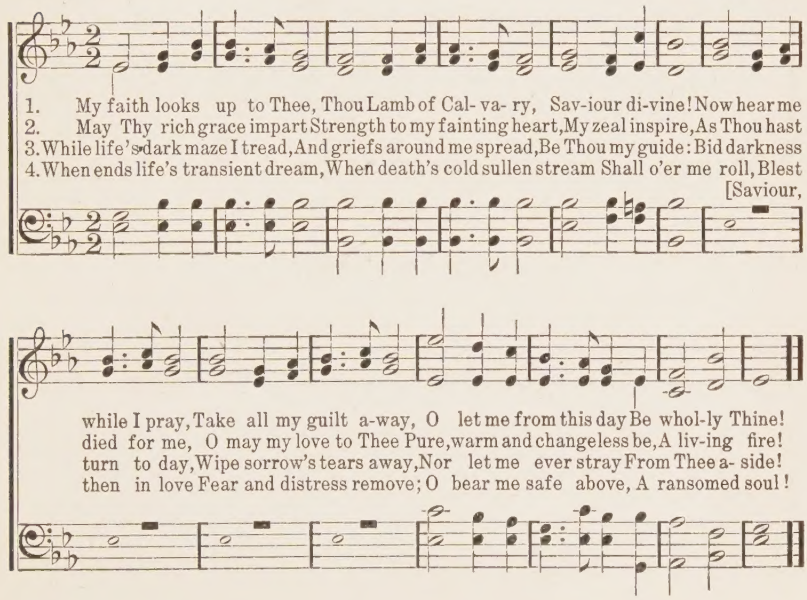

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de-mands;
3. Noth-ing in my hands I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re- spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help-less look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the fount-ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in Thee.

## 138 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

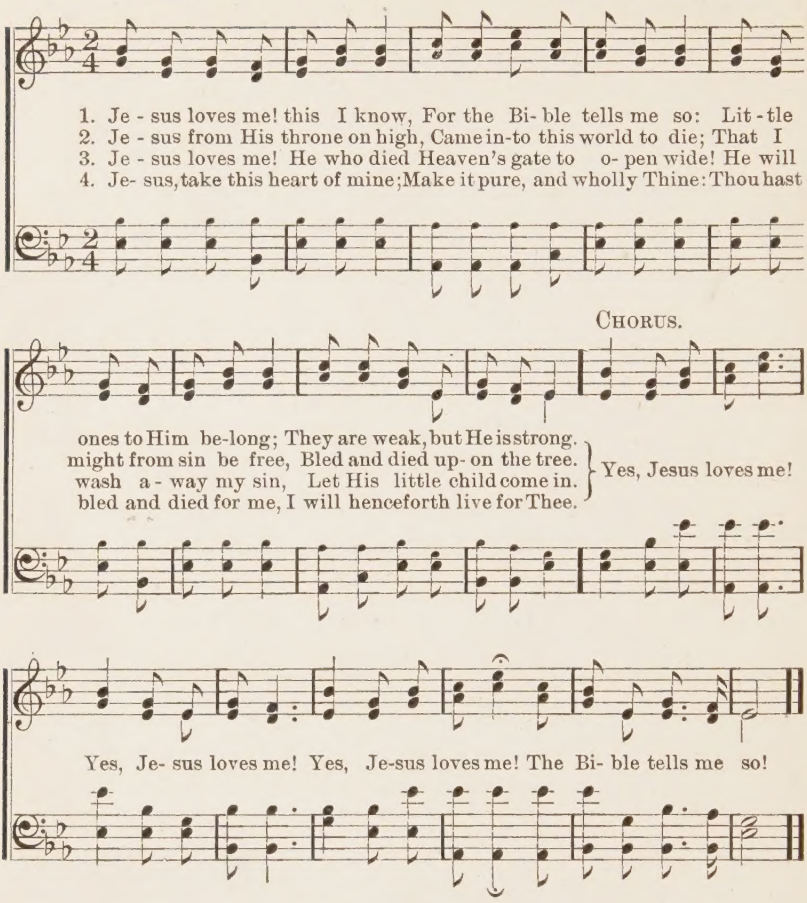
(Olivet).

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal- va- ry, Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire, As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide: Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest
[Saviour,
while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee a- side!
then in love Fear and distress remove; O bear me safe above, A ransomed soul!

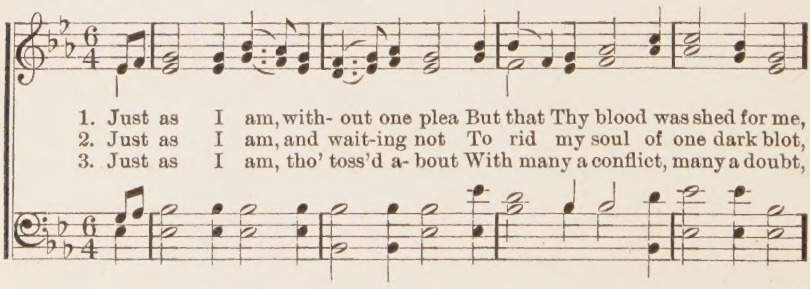
## 139 Jesus Loves Me!

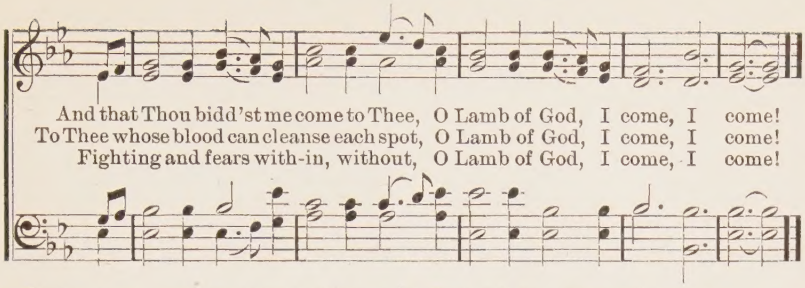
ANNA B. WARNER — WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi- ble tells me so: Lit - tle
2. Je - sus from His throne on high, Came in-to this world to die; That I
3. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gate to o- pen wide! He will
4. Je- sus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure, and wholly Thine: Thou hast
CHORUS.
ones to Him be-long; They are weak, but He is strong.
might from sin be free, Bled and died up- on the tree.
wash a - way my sin, Let His little child come in.
bled and died for me, I will henceforth live for Thee.
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Je- sus loves me! Yes, Je-sus loves me! The Bi- ble tells me so!

## 140 Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. — WM. BRADBURY.

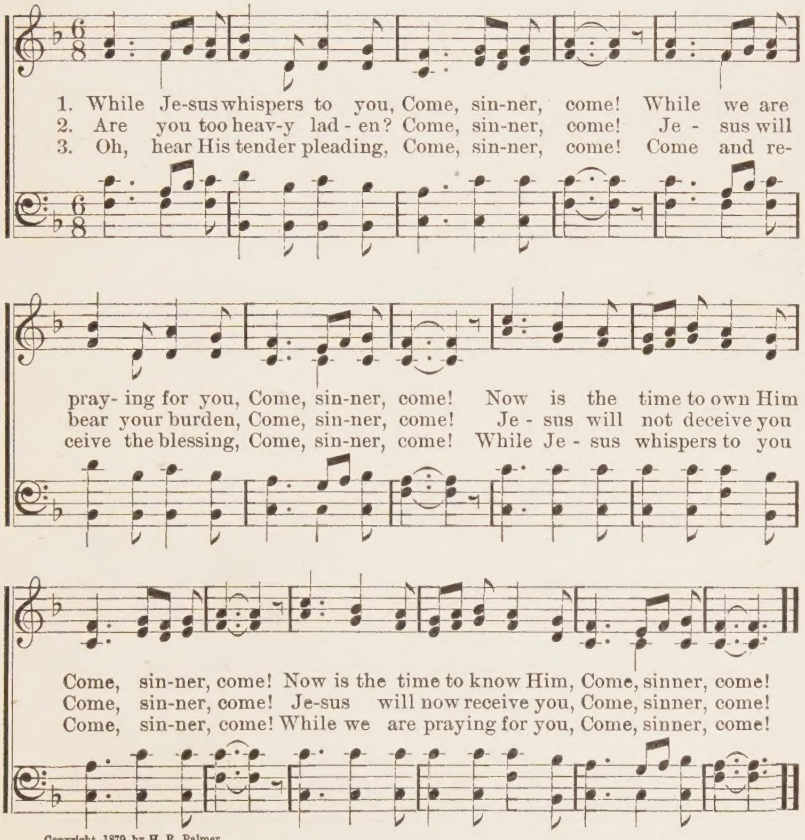

1. Just as I am, with- out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a- bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,


And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fighting and fears with-in, without, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

## 141 Come, Sinner, Come.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav-y lad - en? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His tender pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-
pray- ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him
bear your burden, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you
ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you
Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will now receive you, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

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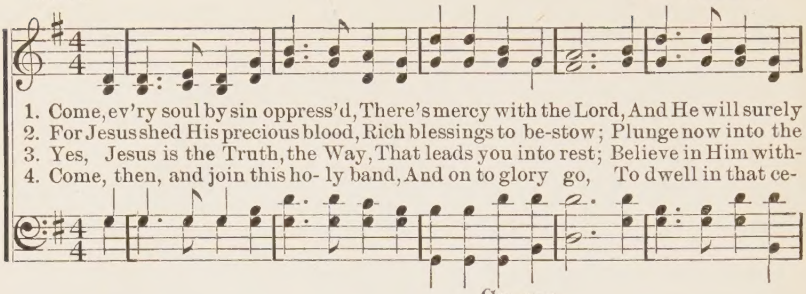
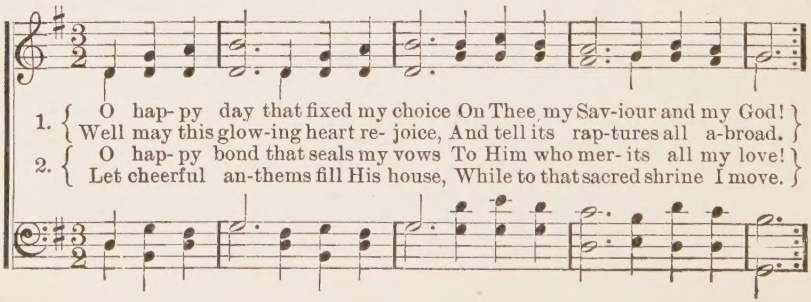
## 142 Only Trust Him.

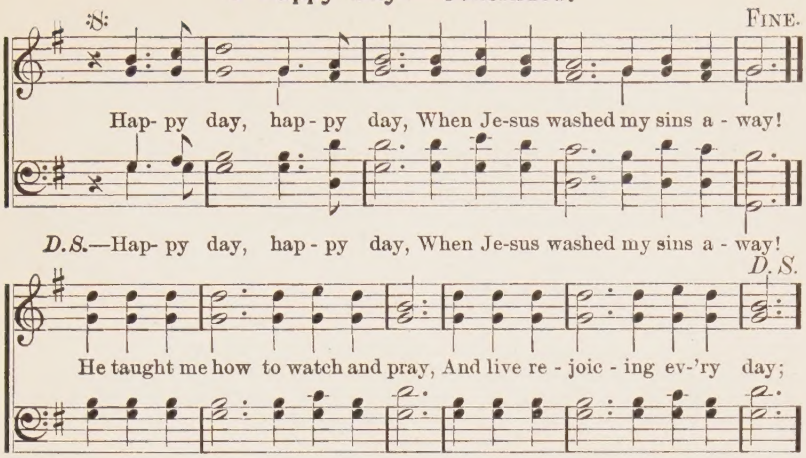
J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.


1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Jesus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to be-stow; Plunge now into the
3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in Him with-
4. Come, then, and join this ho- ly band, And on to glory go, To dwell in that ce-
Chorus.
give you rest, By trusting in His word. On - ly trust Him, on- ly trust Him,
crimson flood, That washes white as snow. Come to Je - sus, come to Je- sus,
out delay, And you are ful-ly blest. Don't re-ject Him, don't reject Him,
lestial land, Where joys immortal flow. I will trust Him, I will trust Him,
Only trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
Come to Je-sus now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
Don't reject Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
I will trust Him now; He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now.

## 143 O Happy Day!

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.


1. O hap- py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re- joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
2. O hap- py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer- its all my love!
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

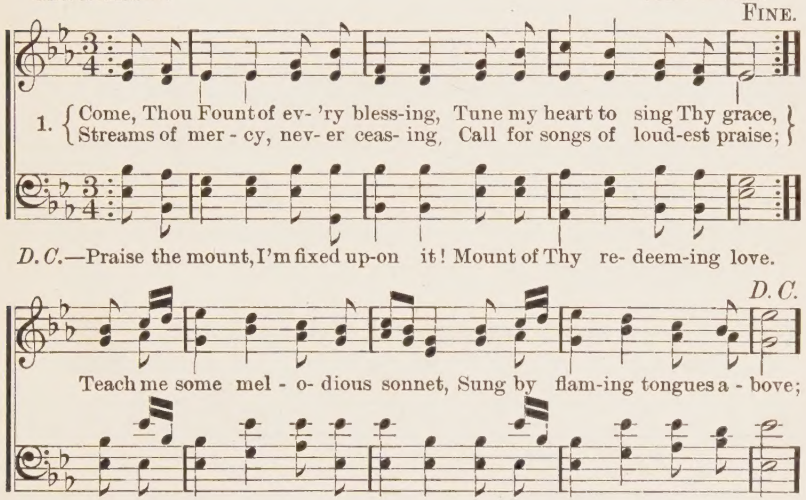

FINE.
Hap- py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a - way!
D.S.—Hap- py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a - way!
D. S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

## 144 Come, Thou Fount.

GEO. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.

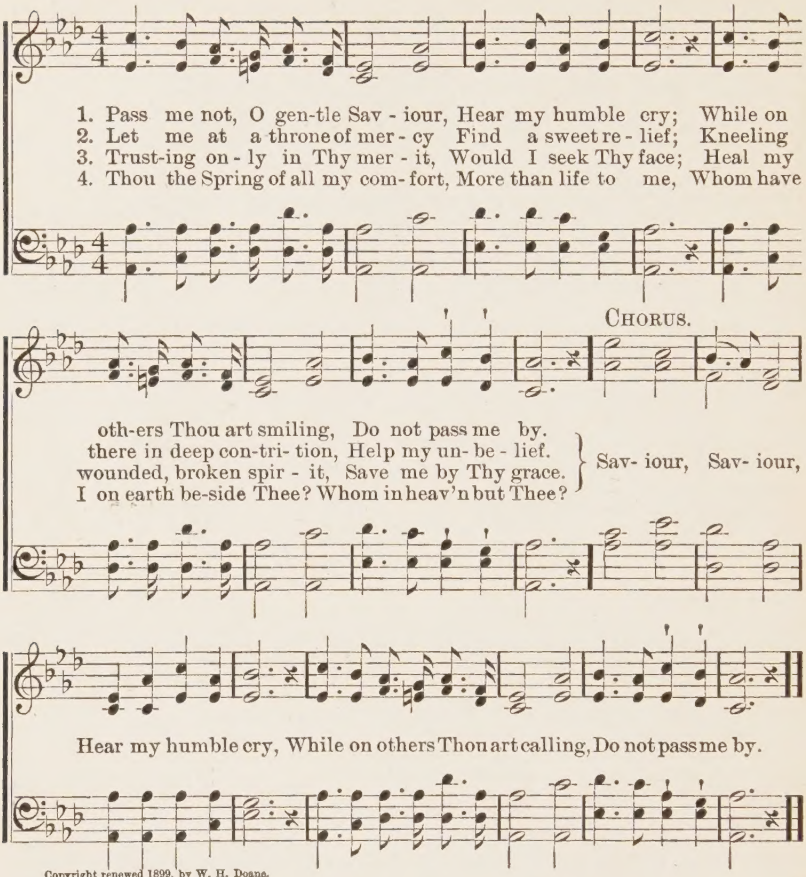

FINE.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev- 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mer - cy, nev- er ceas- ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re- deem-ing love.
D. C.
Teach me some mel - o- dious sonnet, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

## 145 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - iour, Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneeling
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com- fort, More than life to me, Whom have
CHORUS.
oth-ers Thou art smiling, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri- tion, Help my un- be - lief.
wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
Sav- iour, Sav- iour,
Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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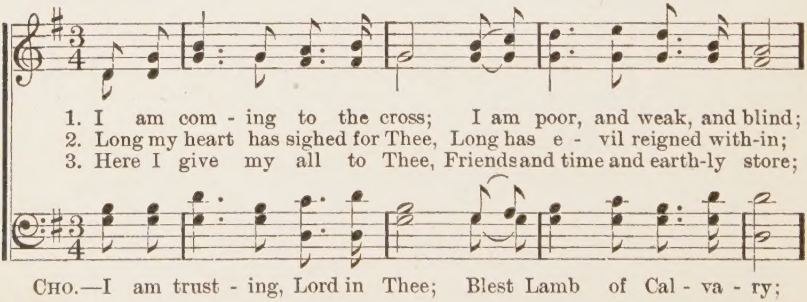
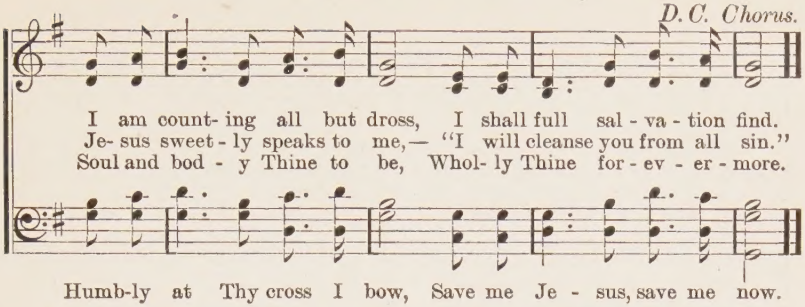
## 146 I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

WM. MCDONALD. W. G. FISCHER.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth-ly store;
CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

## I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.—Concluded.

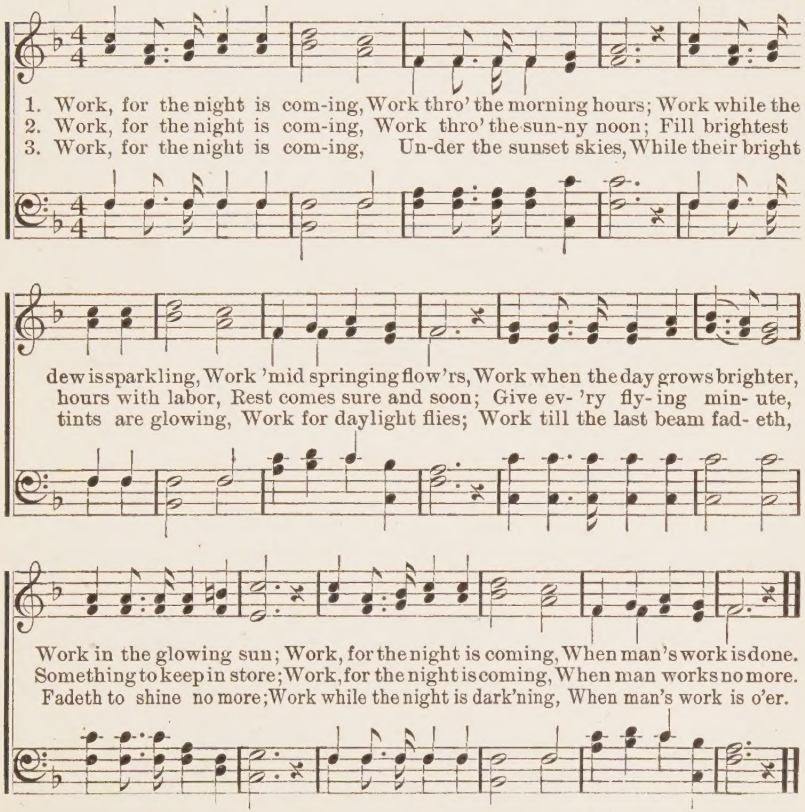
*D. C. Chorus.*


I am count- ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je- sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol- ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
Humb-ly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sus, save me now.

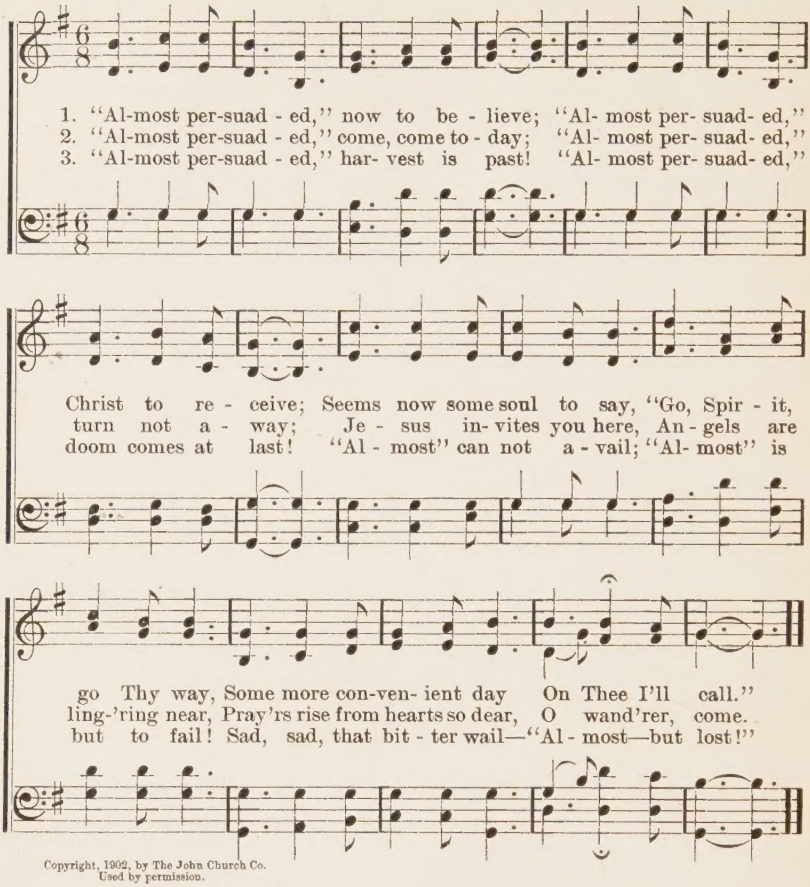
4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfect in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

## 147 Work for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sunset skies, While their bright
dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs, Work when the day grows brighter,
hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute,
tints are glowing, Work for daylight flies; Work till the last beam fad-eth,
Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

## 148 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al-most per-suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al- most per- suad- ed,"
2. "Al-most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al- most per- suad- ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad - ed," har- vest is past! "Al- most per- suad- ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in- vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al- most" is
go Thy way, Some more con-ven- ient day On Thee I'll call."
ling-'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wand'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

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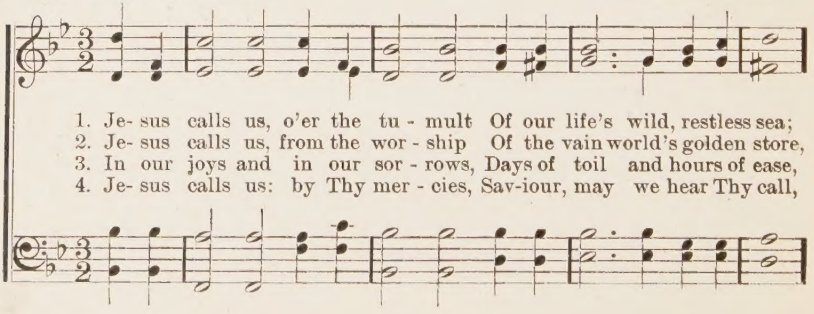
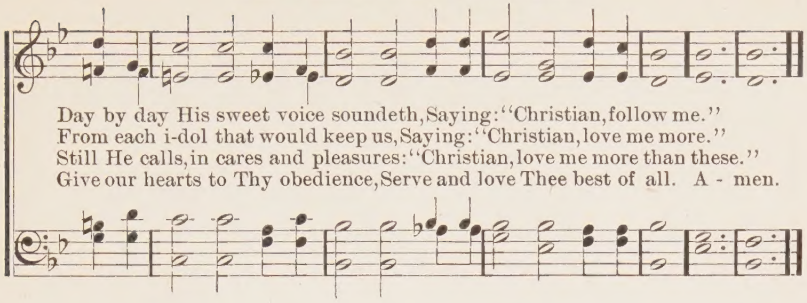
## 149 Jesus Calls Us.

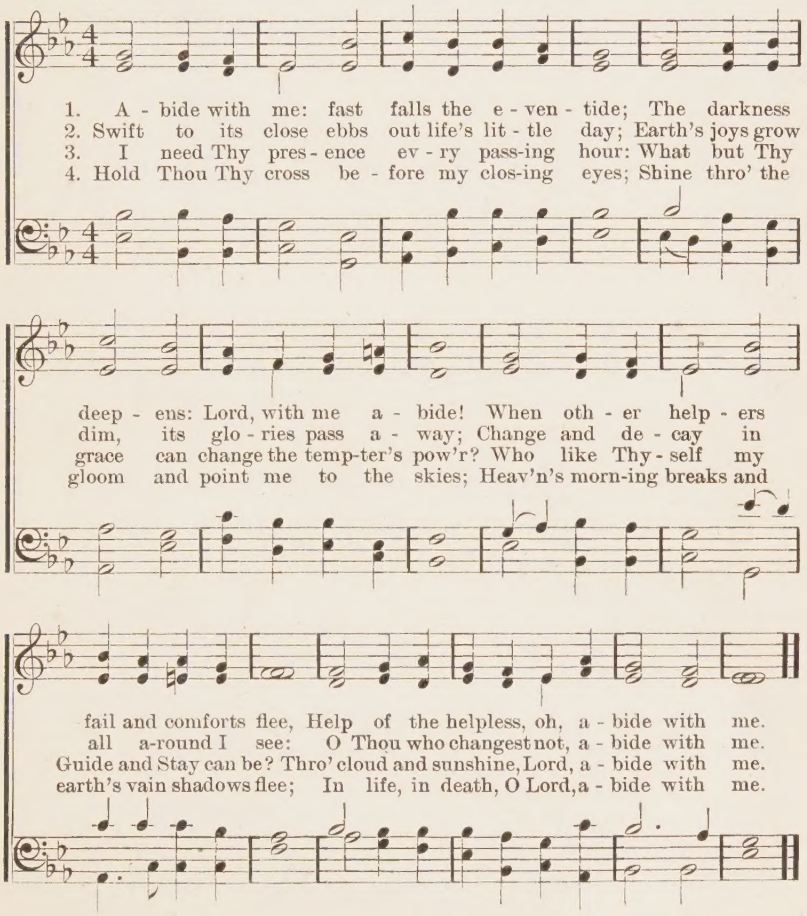
Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. William H. Jude.


1. Je- sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, restless sea;
2. Je- sus calls us, from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je- sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav-iour, may we hear Thy call,


Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying: "Christian, follow me."
From each i-dol that would keep us, Saying: "Christian, love me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures: "Christian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy obedience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - men.

## 150 Abide With Me.

Rev. H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can change the temp-ter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks and
fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me.
all a-round I see: O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me.
Guide and Stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me.
earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

# 151 Why Not Say Yes To-night?

EFFIE WELLS LOUCKS. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

DUET.

1. O why not say Yes to the Sav-iour to-night? He's ten- der - ly
2. For with you the Spir - it will not al-ways plead— O do not re-
3. Take Christ for your Sav-iour, then all shall be well, The mor-row let

plead-ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin-bur-den'd heart
ject Him to - night! To- mor-row may bring you the darkness of death,
bring what it may; His love shall pro- tect you, His Spir - it shall guide,

CHORUS.

For par- don so full and so free....
so free.
Un-brok - en by heav-en - ly light.... Why not say Yes to-
heav'nly light.
And safe - ly keep you in His way.... Why not say Yes to the
His way.

night? Why not? Why not? While He so gen- tly, so
Sav-iour to-night? Say Yes! Say Yes!

Why not say Yes? Why not to-night?

ten - der - ly pleads, O ac - cept Him to - night!.....
ac - cept Him to- night!

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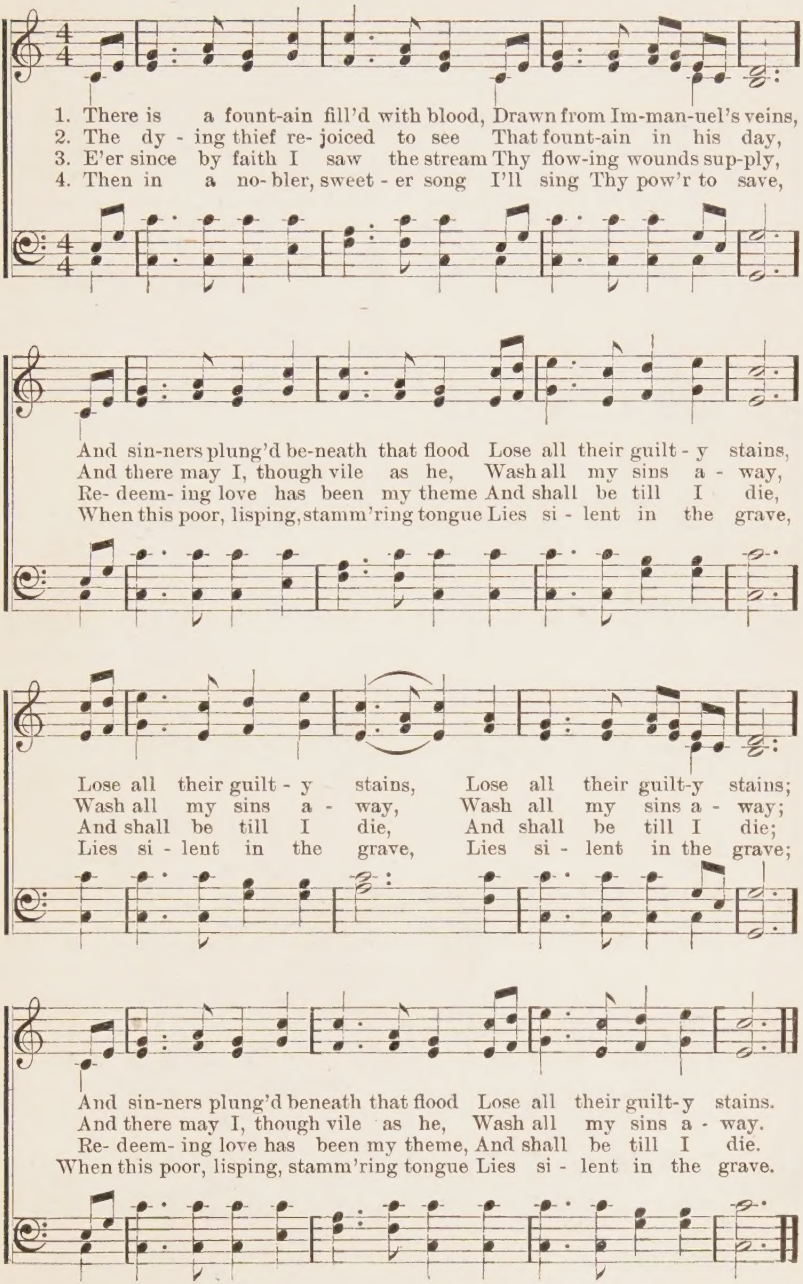
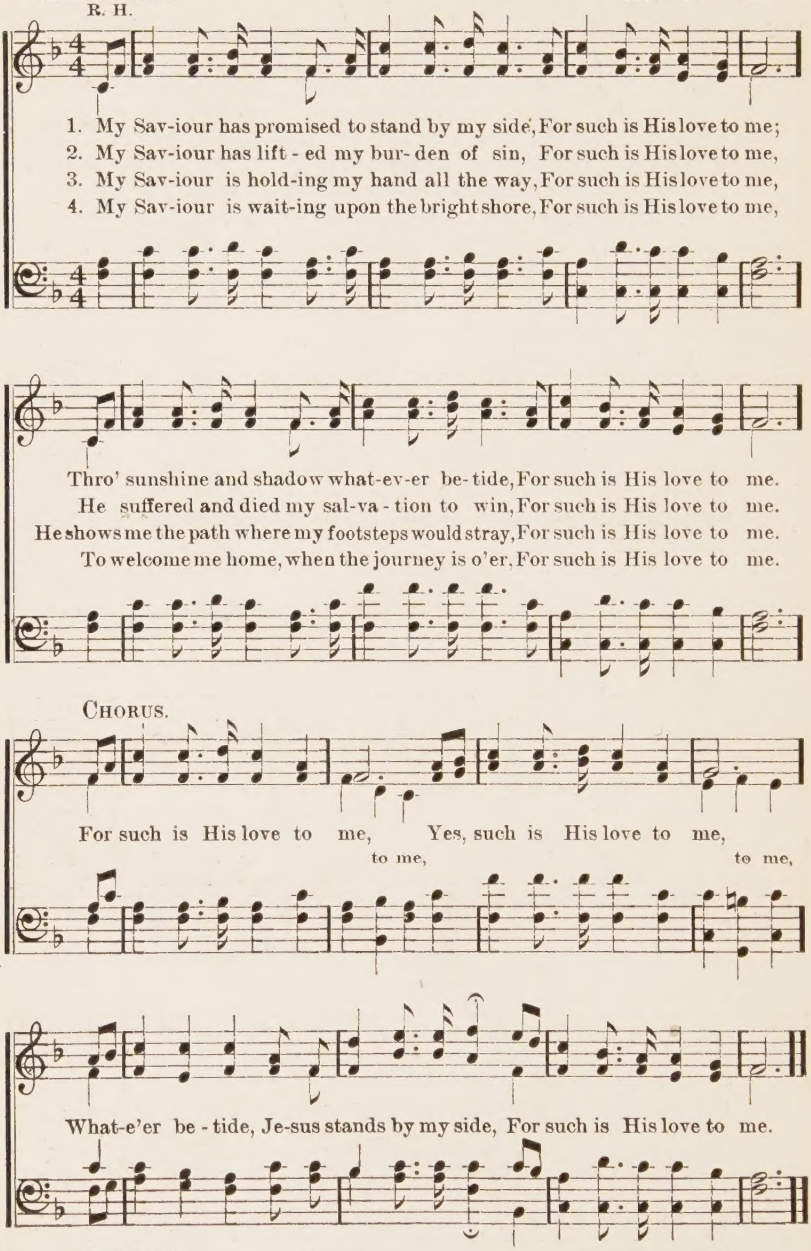
# There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. WESTERN MELODY.

1. There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re- joiced to see That fount-ain in his day,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
4. Then in a no- bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
And sin-ners plung'd be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains,
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,
Re- deem- ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;
And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Re- deem- ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

# Such Is His Love To Me.

FRED P. MORRIS. R. H.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. My Sav-iour has promised to stand by my side, For such is His love to me;
2. My Sav-iour has lift - ed my bur- den of sin, For such is His love to me,
3. My Sav-iour is hold-ing my hand all the way, For such is His love to me,
4. My Sav-iour is wait-ing upon the bright shore, For such is His love to me,
Thro' sunshine and shadow what-ev-er be-tide, For such is His love to me.
He suffered and died my sal-va - tion to win, For such is His love to me.
He shows me the path where my footsteps would stray, For such is His love to me.
To welcome me home, when the journey is o'er, For such is His love to me.
CHORUS.
For such is His love to me, Yes, such is His love to me,
to me, to me,
What-e'er be - tide, Je-sus stands by my side, For such is His love to me.

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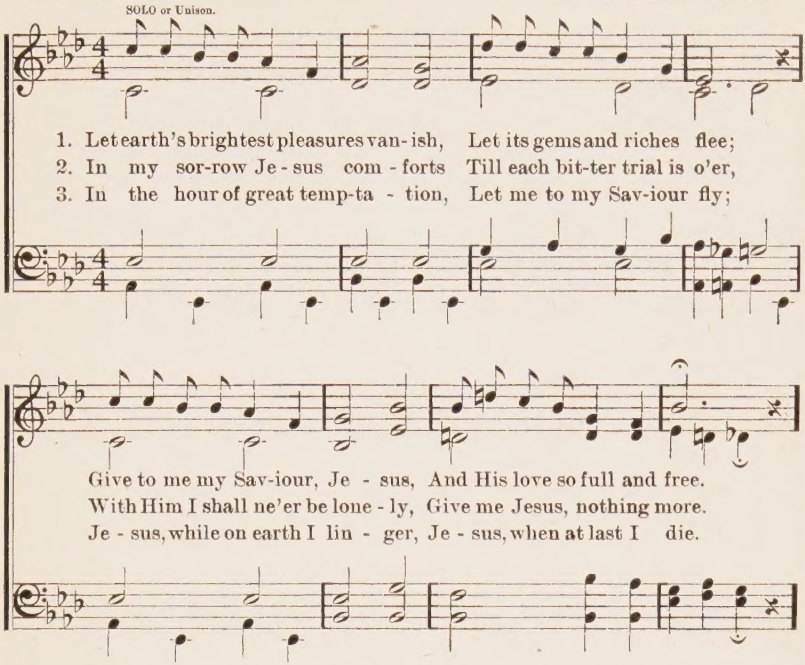
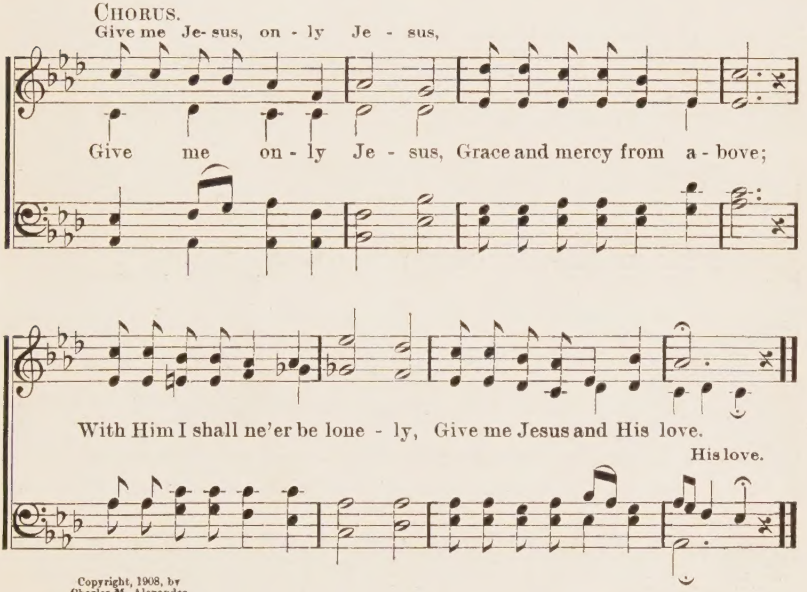
# Give Me Jesus.

MARY BERNSTECHER. ROBERT HARKNESS.

SOLO or Unison.


1. Let earth's brightest pleasures van-ish, Let its gems and riches flee;
2. In my sor-row Je-sus com-forts Till each bit-ter trial is o'er,
3. In the hour of great temp-ta-tion, Let me to my Sav-iour fly;
Give to me my Sav-iour, Je-sus, And His love so full and free.
With Him I shall ne'er be lone-ly, Give me Jesus, nothing more.
Je-sus, while on earth I lin-ger, Je-sus, when at last I die.

CHORUS.


Give me Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus,
Give me on-ly Je-sus, Grace and mercy from a-bove;
With Him I shall ne'er be lone-ly, Give me Jesus and His love.
His love.

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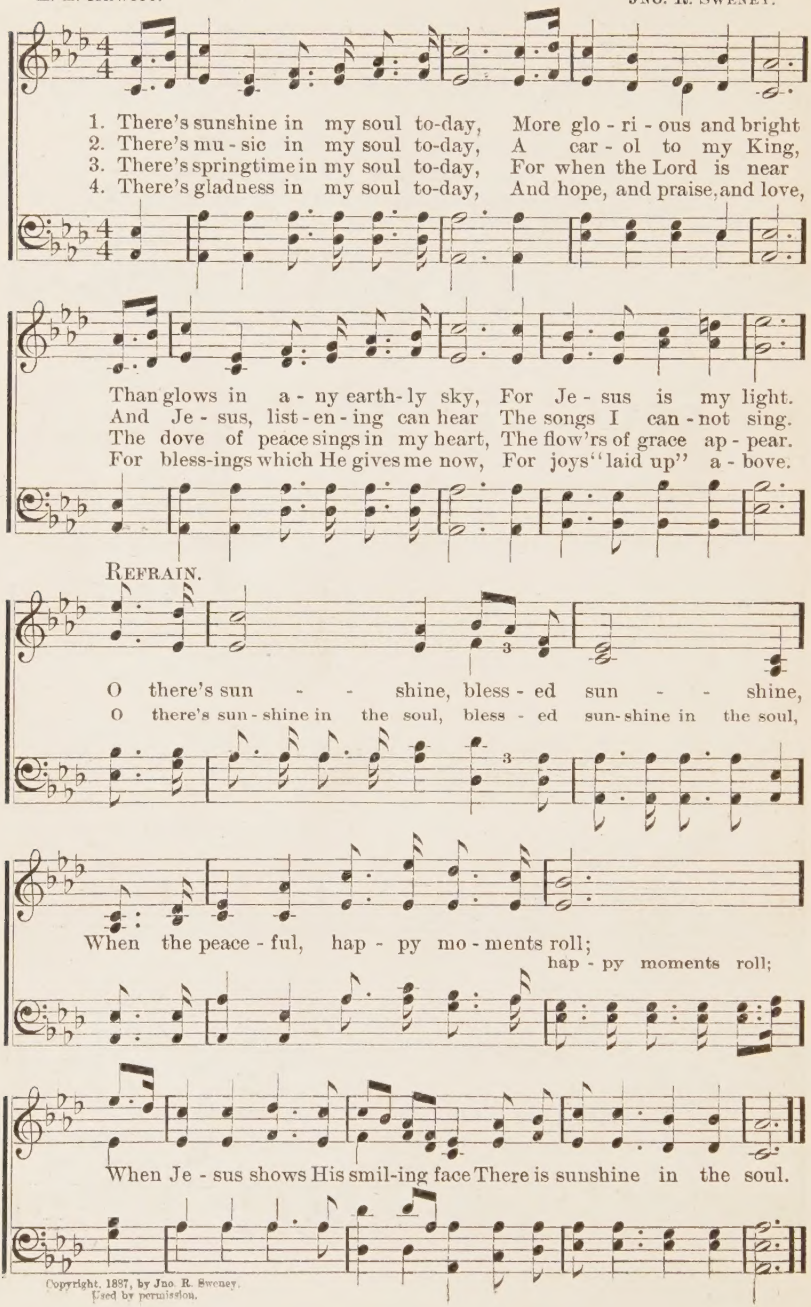
# Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in a - ny earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list - en - ing can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.
Refrain.
O there's sun - - - shine, bless - ed sun - - - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py moments roll;
When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face There is sunshine in the soul.

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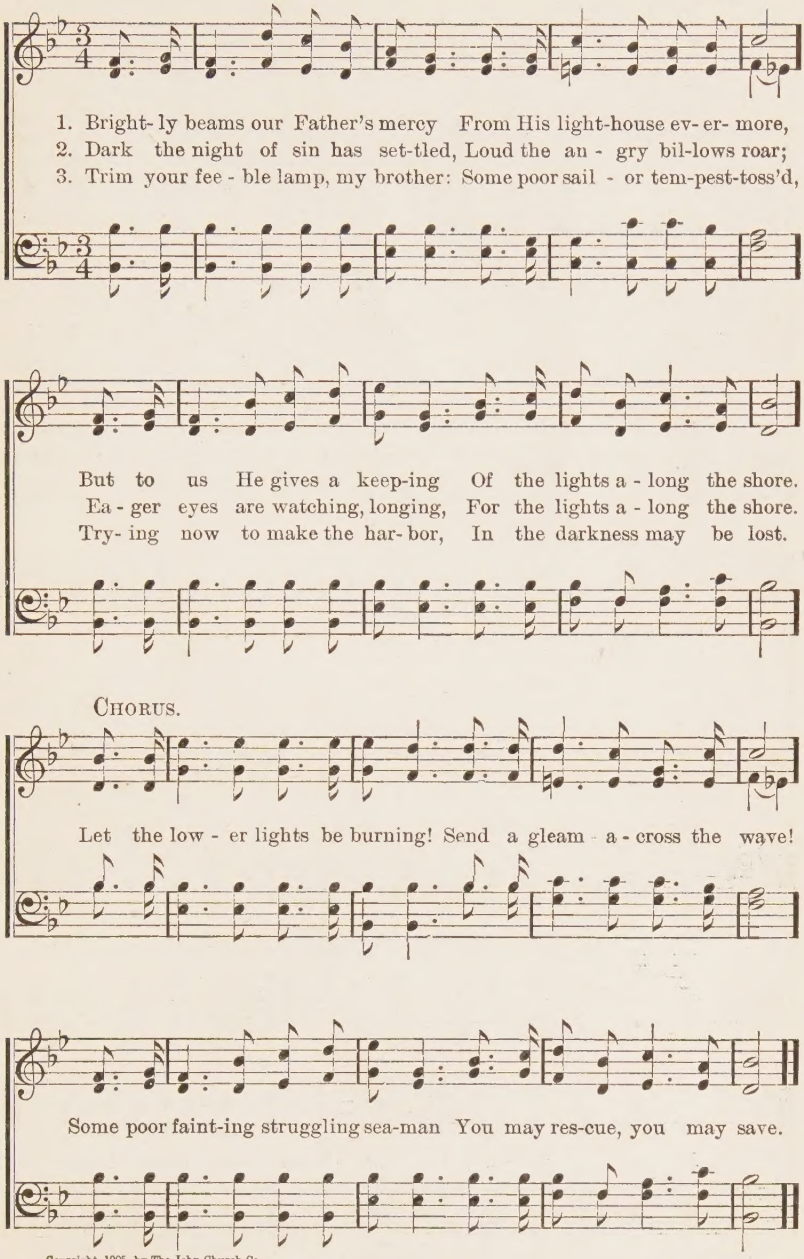
# 156 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Bright- ly beams our Father's mercy From His light-house ev- er- more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or tem-pest-toss'd,
But to us He gives a keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try- ing now to make the har- bor, In the darkness may be lost.
Chorus.
Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!
Some poor faint-ing struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

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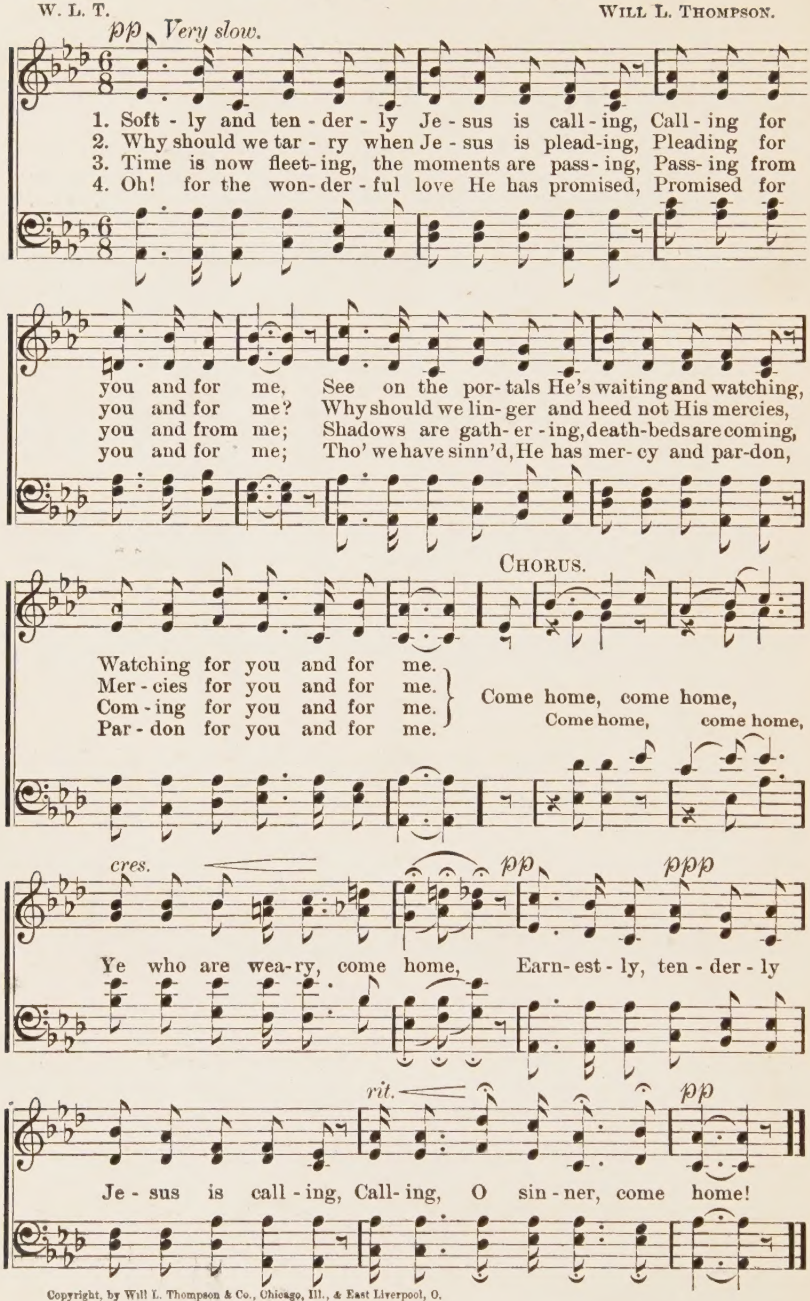
# Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp Very slow.
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me, See on the por - tals He's waiting and watching,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies,
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me; Shadows are gath - er - ing, death-beds are coming,
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par-don,
CHORUS.
Watching for you and for me.
Mer - cies for you and for me.
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.
Come home, come home,
Come home, come home,
cres.
pp
ppp
Ye who are wea-ry, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly
rit.
pp
Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

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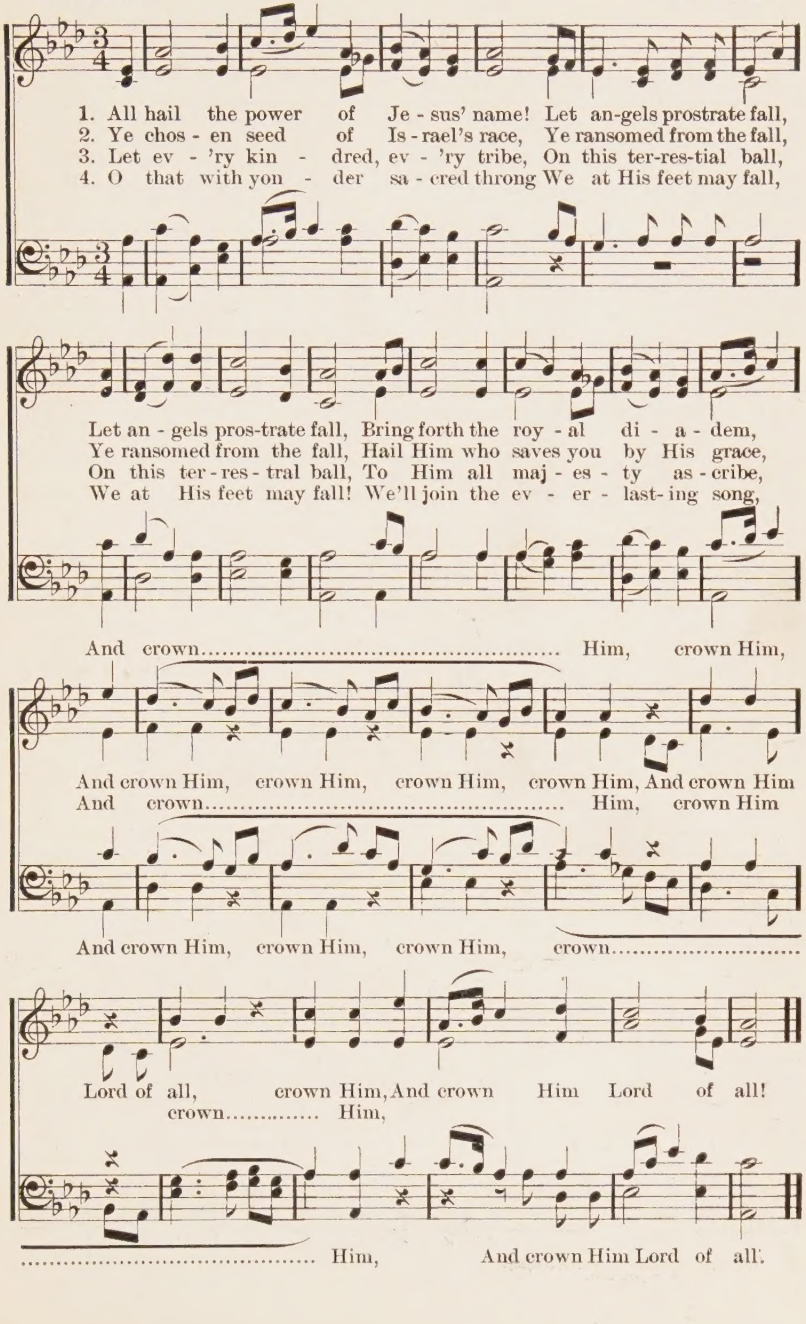
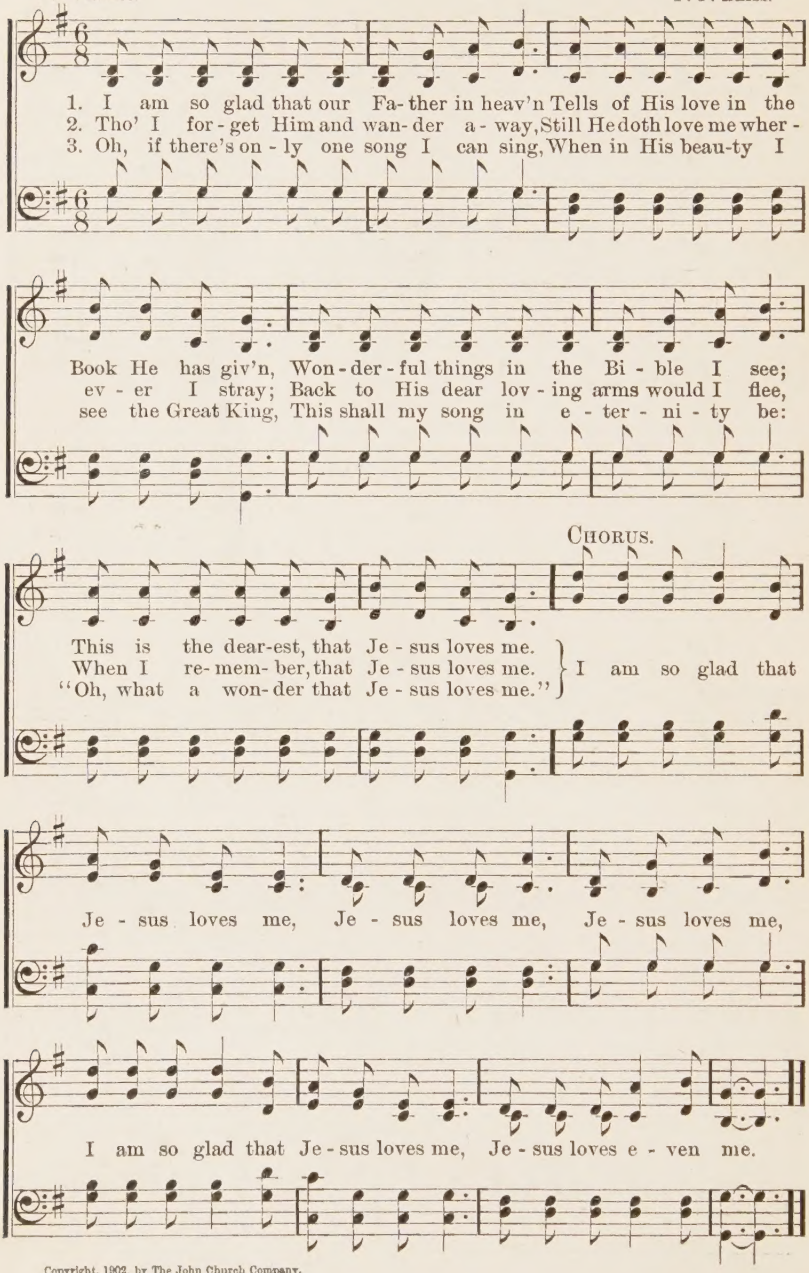
# 158 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

(Diadem. C. M.)

E. PERRONET. JAMES ELLOR.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-tial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,
Let an - gels pros-trate fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - tral ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,
And crown..... Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him
And crown..... Him, crown Him
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown.....
Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
crown..... Him,
..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

# Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—1 John iv, 8.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-
3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I
Book He has giv'n, Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see;
ev-er I stray; Back to His dear lov-ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be:
Chorus.
This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
When I re-mem-ber, that Je-sus loves me.
"Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me."
I am so glad that
Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me,
I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

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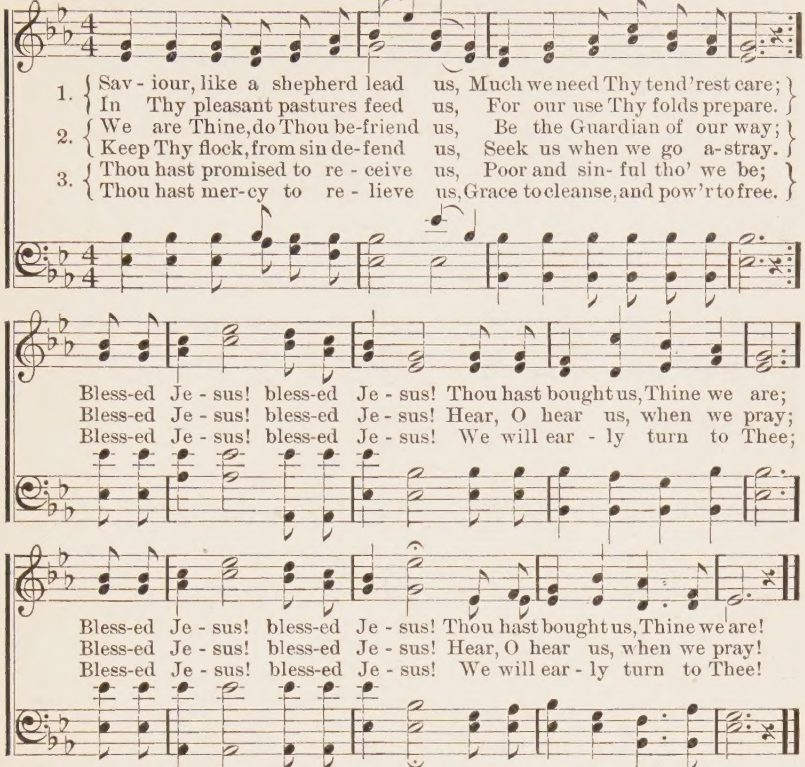
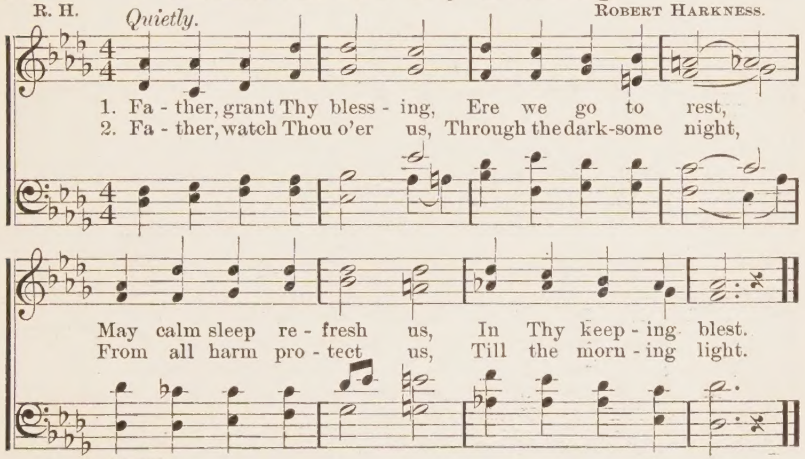
## 160 Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sav - iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare.
2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray.
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin- ful tho' we be;
Thou hast mer-cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.
Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee;
Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are!
Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray!
Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee!

## 161 Father Grant Thy Blessing.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.

*Quietly.*


1. Fa - ther, grant Thy bless - ing, Ere we go to rest,
2. Fa - ther, watch Thou o'er us, Through the dark-some night,
May calm sleep re - fresh us, In Thy keep - ing blest.
From all harm pro - tect us, Till the morn - ing light.

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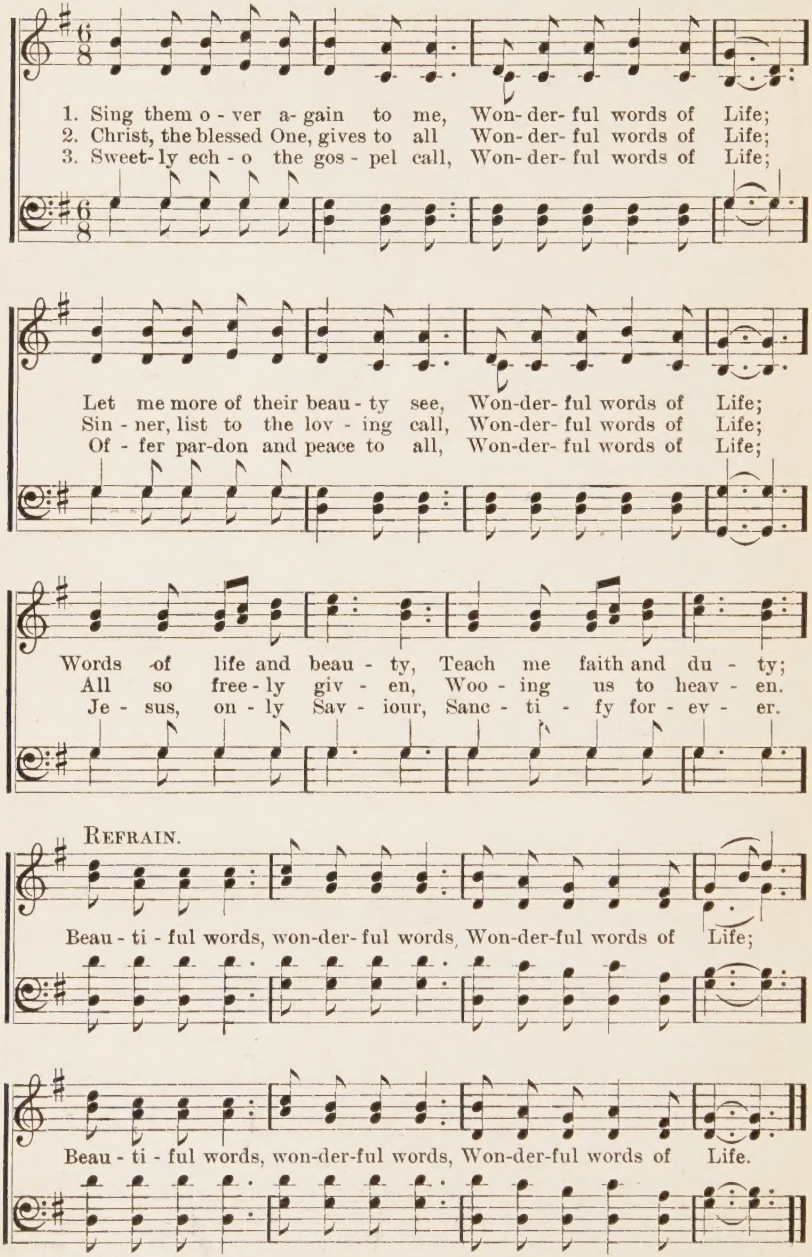
# Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a- gain to me, Won- der- ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Won- der- ful words of Life;
3. Sweet- ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won- der- ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der- ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der- ful words of Life;
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der- ful words of Life;
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
REFRAIN.
Beau - ti - ful words, won-der- ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Beau - ti - ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life.

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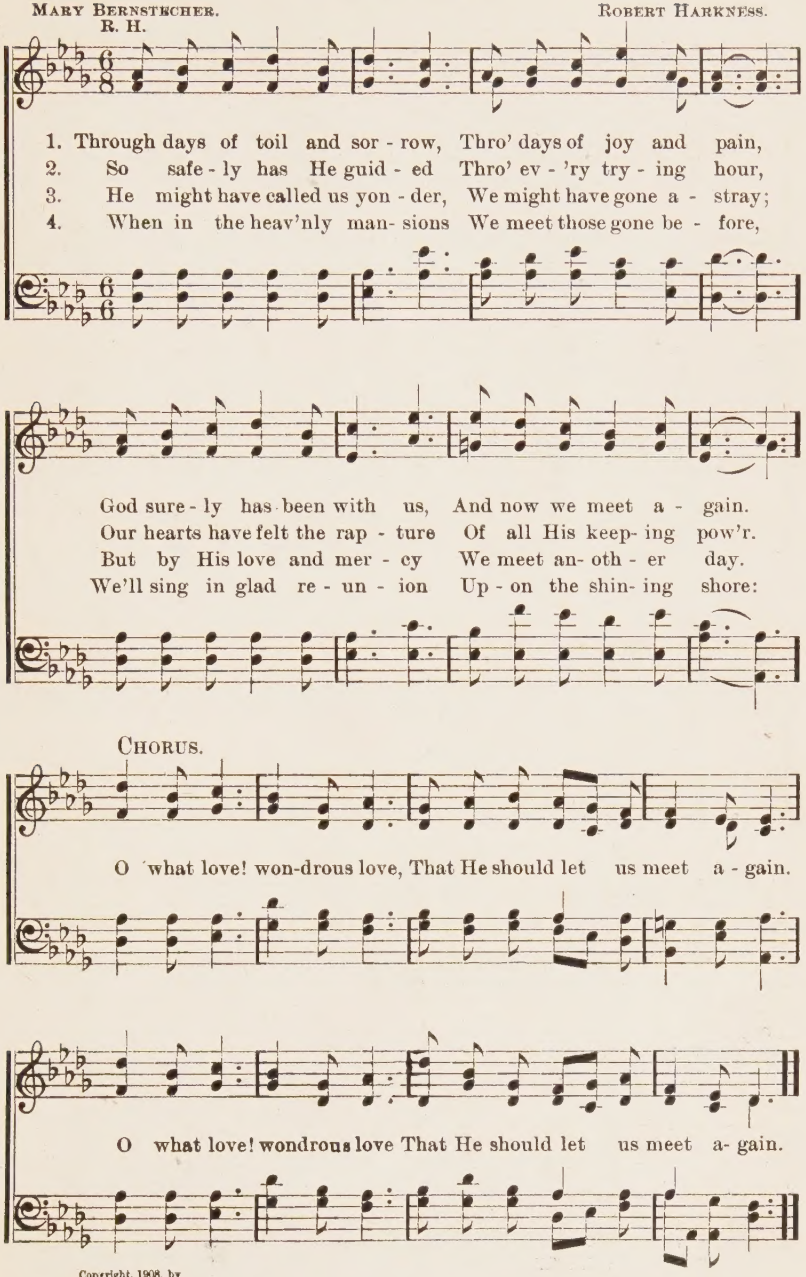
# We Meet Again.

MARY BERNSTECHER. R. H.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Through days of toil and sor - row, Thro' days of joy and pain,
2. So safe - ly has He guid - ed Thro' ev - 'ry try - ing hour,
3. He might have called us yon - der, We might have gone a - stray;
4. When in the heav'nly man- sions We meet those gone be - fore,
God sure - ly has been with us, And now we meet a - gain.
Our hearts have felt the rap - ture Of all His keep- ing pow'r.
But by His love and mer - cy We meet an- oth - er day.
We'll sing in glad re - un - ion Up - on the shin- ing shore:
CHORUS.
O what love! won-drous love, That He should let us meet a - gain.
O what love! wondrous love That He should let us meet a- gain.

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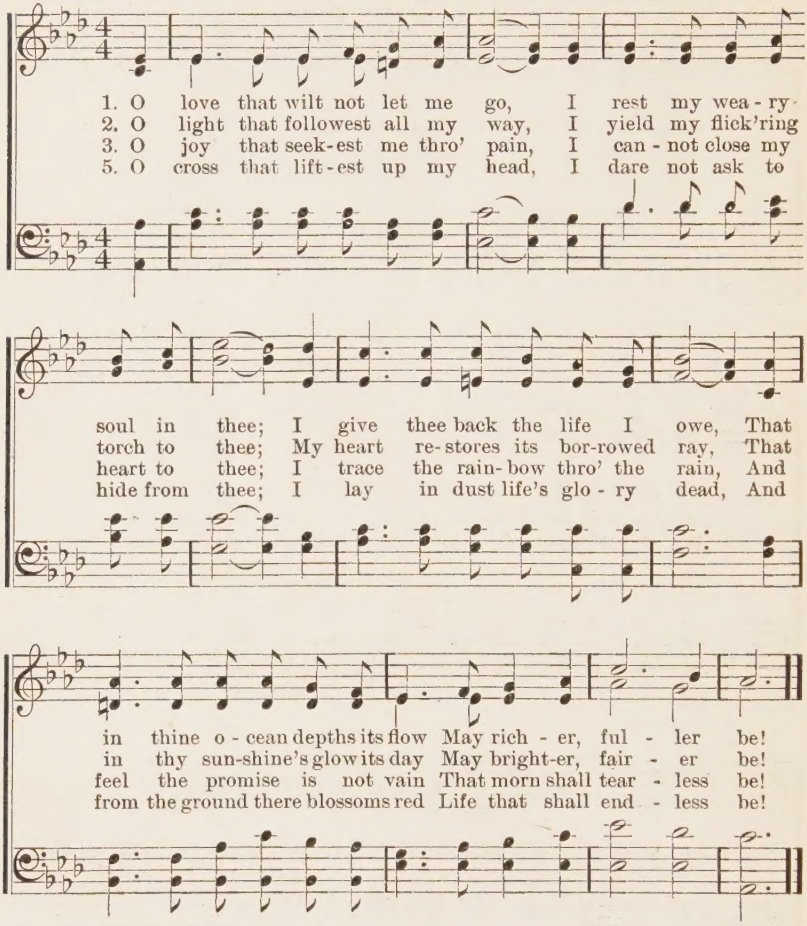
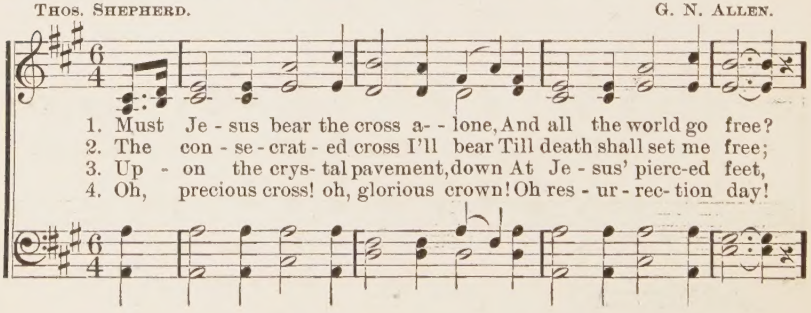
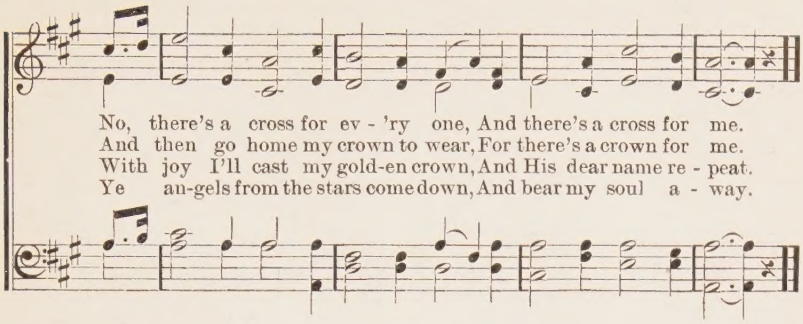
## 164 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go!

GEORGE MATHESON. ALBERT L. PEACE.

1. O love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry
2. O light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring
3. O joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my
5. O cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to
soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe, That
torch to thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That
heart to thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And
hide from thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And
in thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, ful - ler be!
in thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be!
feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be!
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be!

## 165 Must Jesus Bear the Cross.

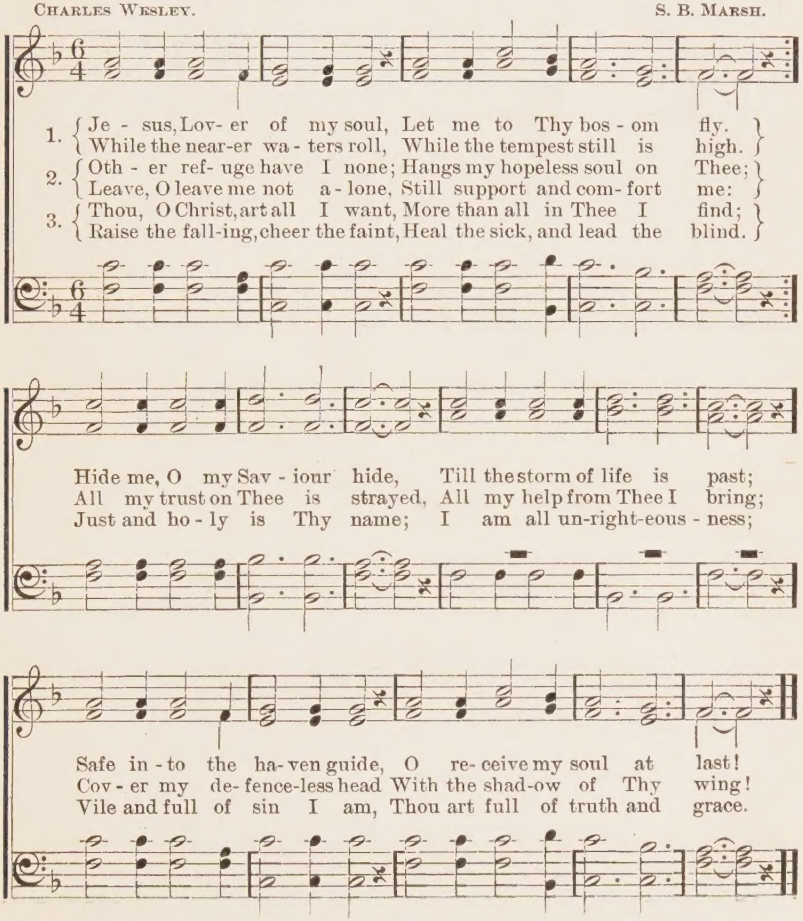
THOS. SHEPHERD. G. N. ALLEN.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys- tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown! Oh res - ur - rec - tion day!


No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an-gels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

## 166 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.


1. Je - sus, Lov- er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly.
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high.
2. Oth - er ref- uge have I none; Hangs my hopeless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still support and com- fort me:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall-ing, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is strayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un-right-eous - ness;
Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re- ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de- fence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing!
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

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